The Complete Works of
Count Tolstóy

Volume I.



Illustrated Cabinet Edition

CHILDHOOD
BOYHOOD • YOUTH
THE INCURSION

Count Lev N. Tolstóy

Translated from the Original Russian and edited by
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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

THE present new translation of Tolstóy has the following distinctive features:

The translator was born and educated in Russia, and the scenes and the life depicted, and the ideas evolved by the author, are familiar to him as to a native; on the other hand, his later youth and his manhood have been passed in America, where for twenty years he has taken active part in the educational and the literary movements of Anglo-Saxon life. Thus he is enabled correctly to interpret the workings of the greatest Russian mind both from the standpoint of a Russian and of an American. Still further to ensure literary accuracy, all the manuscript has been read by Miss Carrie A. Harper, herself an English authoress, whose advice has been invaluable to him.

The translator has treated the author with sympathetic love, which in many instances is due to a common bond of practices of life and of ideas: the translator is a vegetarian and teetotaler of even longer standing than the author, and shares his educational ideas both in theory and in practice. At the same time, the translator is absolutely free from any personal bias, and in dealing with Tolstóy brings to bear a critical spirit, born of the blending of the Russian and the Anglo-Saxon concepts of life.

No liberties are taken with either the language or the expression of the author's diction, which in unconscious artistic moments is sublimely poetical and sonorous, and

in the piling up of Cyclopean thoughts lacks the binding mortar. In such cases the translation leaves him in his original gigantic ruggedness. No attempt has been made to correct Tolstóy's style, which is so frequently practised by his other translators. The last volume will contain a sketch of Tolstóy's life and works, an analysis of all his productions, a complete index to his thoughts, a chronological table of the incidents in his life, and a bibliography of English, French, and German books and magazine articles dealing with all possible aspects of Tolstóy and his works. The copious illustrations accompanying the present translation are mainly from Russian sources, many of them rare, and invariably illustrate the scenes represented; wherever possible, existing illustrations to Tolstóy by native artists have been given.

The present translation contains everything given in the Russian complete edition published in Russia, with such authorized corrections of passages mutilated by the censor as have appeared abroad, and all the publications of Tolstóy's prohibited works which have appeared in Switzerland and in England. The only works omitted are those which Tolstóy himself translated from other languages. In the matter of text, the last reliable source has been given, the corrections in various instances reaching the translator just as the translations were going through the press. No attempt has been made to give older readings or readings mutilated by the censor, as the time for a critical edition has not yet come. Many of the manuscripts, in their correct form, were sent by Tolstóy to the Ryumántsev Museum, with the proviso that they be made public only ten years after his death; and the publications that have appeared abroad sometimes rest on unreliable manuscripts. The dates given for each production are not those of their publication (which will be given in the chronological table), but of their writing.

THE TRANSLATOR.

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CHILDHOOD

A Novel

1852

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CHILDHOOD

I.

KARL IVÁNOVICH, OUR TEACHER

On the 12th of August, 18–, exactly two days after my birthday, when I was ten years old and received such wonderful presents, Karl Ivánovich woke me at seven o'clock in the morning by striking right over my head at a fly with a flap which was made of wrapping-paper attached to a stick. He did that so awkwardly that he set in motion the small picture of my guardian angel which was hanging on the oak headpiece of my bed, and made the dead fly fall straight upon my head. I stuck my nose out of my coverlet, stopped the swinging picture with my hand, threw the killed fly upon the ground, and with angry, though sleepy, eyes measured Karl Ivánovich. But he, dressed in a many-coloured wadded dressing-gown, which was girded by a belt of the same material, in a red hand-knit skull-cap with a tassel, and in soft goatskin boots, continued to make the round of the walls, and to aim and flap at flies.

"I'll admit I am a little fellow," thought I, "but why does he worry me? Why does he not kill flies over Volódya's bed? There are lots of them there! No, Volódya is older than I, and I am the youngest of all;

that's why he is tormenting me. All he is thinking about," whispered I, "is how to cause me annoyance. He knows quite well that he has waked and frightened me, but he acts as though he did not notice it. He is a contemptible fellow! And his dressing-gown, and cap, and tassel, — they are all contemptible!"

While I thus expressed in thought my disgust with Karl Iványovich, he walked up to his bed, took a look at the watch which was hanging above it in a hand-made shoe of glass beads, hung the flap on a nail, and, evidently in the pleasantest mood, turned to us.

"*Auf, Kinder, auf! 's ist Zeit. Die Mutter ist schon im Saal,*" he cried out in his good German voice, then came up to me, seated himself at my feet, and took his snuff-box out of his pocket. I pretended I was asleep. Karl Iványovich at first took a snuff, wiped his nose, snapped his fingers, and then turned his attention to me. He smiled and began to tickle the soles of my feet. "*Nun, nun, Faulenzer!*" said he.

Though I was very much afraid of tickling, I did not jump up from bed and did not answer him, but only hid my head farther under the pillows, kicked my feet with all my might, and made all possible efforts to keep from laughing.

"What a good man he is, and how he loves us, and how could I have thought so ill of him?"

I was angry at myself and at Karl Iványovich, and I wanted to laugh and cry at the same time; my nerves were shattered.

"*Ach, lassen Sie,* Karl Iványovich!" cried I, with tears in my eyes, and stuck my head out of my pillows.

Karl Iványovich was surprised, left my soles in peace, and with a disturbed mien began to ask what the matter was with me, and whether I had not had a bad dream. His good German face and the interest which he evinced in trying to ascertain the cause of my tears made them

flow more copiously; I felt ashamed, and I could not understand how a minute ago I could have disliked Karl Iványovich, and how I could have found his gown, his cap, and his tassel contemptible. Now, on the contrary, all those things appeared particularly charming to me, and even the tassel seemed to be an evident proof of his goodness.

I told him that I was crying because I had had a bad dream, that I dreamt mamma had died and was being buried. I had made up all that myself, because I really did not remember what it was I had dreamt about that night; but when Karl Iványovich, touched by my story, began to console me, it seemed to me that I had actually had such a terrible dream, and my tears began to flow, this time from an entirely different cause.

When Karl Iványovich left me, and I raised myself in bed and began to pull my stockings on my tiny legs, my tears flowed less abundantly, but the gloomy thoughts of my fictitious dream did not leave me. The children's valet, Nikoláy, entered the room. He was a small, neat man, always serious, accurate, respectful, and a great friend of Karl Iványovich. He was carrying our garments and shoes: for Volódya a pair of boots, and for me still the unbearable shoes with ribbons. I felt ashamed to cry in his presence. Besides, the morning sun shone merrily through the windows, and Volódya, who was mocking Márya Iványovna, my sister's governess, was laughing so merrily and loudly, as he stood at the wash-basin, that even solemn Nikoláy, with a towel over his shoulder, and with soap in one of his hands and the water-tank in the other, smiled and said:

"That will do, Vladímir Petróvich! Be pleased to wash yourself!"

I cheered up completely.

"*Sind Sie bald fertig?*" was heard the voice of Karl Iványovich from the study-room.

His voice was stern, and no longer had that expression of kindness which had touched me to tears. In the classroom Karl Iványovich was a different man: he was an instructor. I dressed in a hurry, washed myself, and, with the hair-brush in my hand, trying to smooth down my wet hair, made my appearance in response to his call.

Karl Iványovich had his spectacles on his nose and a book in his hands, and was seated in his usual place, between the door and the window. At the left of the door were two small shelves: one was ours, the children's, the other was his, Karl Iványovich's. On our shelf were all kinds of books, school-books and others: some of these were placed upright, others lay flat. Only two large volumes of the "Histoire des Voyages," in red bindings, were properly placed against the wall. Then followed long, fat, large, and small books, — bindings without books, and books without bindings. We used to stick and jam into it all kinds of things, when, just before recess, we were ordered to fix up the "library," as Karl Iványovich loudly called that shelf.

The collection of books on *his* shelf was not so large as ours, but it was much more varied. I remember three of them: a German pamphlet about the manuring of gardens for cabbage, — without a binding: one volume of a history of the Seven Years' War, — in parchment which was burned at one end; and a complete course of hydrostatics. Karl Iványovich used to pass the greater part of his time reading, and he had even impaired his eyesight in that way; but he never read anything else but these books and the *Northern Bee*.[1]

Among the objects which lay on Karl Iványovich's shelf, there was one which more than any other reminds me of him. It was a circle of cardboard, stuck in a wooden support, in which it moved, by means of pegs. Upon

[1] A periodical.

that circle was pasted a picture which represented a caricature of a lady and a hair-dresser. Karl Iványovich was a good hand at pasting, and he had himself invented and made that circle in order to shield his weak eyes against the bright light.

Vividly I see before me the lank figure in the cotton dressing-gown and red cap, underneath which peep out scanty gray hairs. He is seated at the little table, upon which is placed the circle with the hair-dresser, that throws a shadow upon his face. In one hand he holds a book; his other is resting on the arm of the chair. Near him lies the watch with a chasseur painted on its face, a checkered handkerchief, a round black snuff-box, a green case for his glasses, and snuffers on a holder. All these things are lying so regularly and properly in their places, that by the order itself it is possible to conclude that Karl Iványovich's conscience is pure and his soul at rest.

When we had run ourselves tired in the hall down-stairs, we used to steal up-stairs on tiptoes, into the study, and there we would see Karl Iványovich sitting all alone in his armchair and with a calmly sublime expression reading one of his favourite books. There were moments when I caught him not reading: his spectacles were dropped lower on his large aquiline nose, his blue, half-closed eyes looked with a certain peculiar expression, and his lips smiled sadly. It was quiet in the room; one could hear only the even breathing and the ticking of the watch with the chasseur.

At times he did not notice me, while I stood at the door and thought: "Poor, poor old man! There are many of us: we are playing, we are happy; but he is all alone, and nobody comforts him. He is telling the truth when he says that he is an orphan. The history of his life is terrible, indeed! I remember his telling it to Nikoláy. It is terrible to be in his place!" And I would feel so

sorry for him, that I would go up to him, take his hand, and say: "*Lieber* Karl Iványovich!" He liked my speaking thus to him: he would pat me, and it was evident that he was touched.

Upon the other wall hung maps, nearly all of them torn, but skilfully pasted up by the hand of Karl Iványovich. On the third wall, in the middle of which was a door that led down-stairs, were hanging, on one side, two rulers: one, all cut up, belonged to us, the other, which was new, was *his*, and was used more for encouragement than for ruling; on the other side was a blackboard, on which our great transgressions were marked with circles, and our small ones with crosses. At the left of the board was the corner where we were made to kneel.

How well I remember that corner! I remember the valve in the stove, the ventilator in that valve, and the noise which it made whenever it was turned. When I had stood in the corner quite awhile, until my knees and back were aching, I thought: "Karl Iványovich has forgotten about me. He, no doubt, feels rested, sitting in a soft chair, and reading his Hydrostatics, but how about me?" And to make him think of me, I would softly open and close the valve, or scratch off some stucco from the wall; but if suddenly an unusually large piece fell upon the ground, — then, indeed, the fright it gave me was worse than any punishment. I looked at Karl Iványovich, — but he sat there with his book in his hand, as if he had not heard anything.

In the middle of the room stood a table which was covered with a torn black oilcloth, underneath which peeped out the edges that had been all cut up with penknives. Around the table were a few unpainted tabourets, which had assumed a gloss from long usage. The last wall was occupied by three windows. From these the following view was had: right below the windows was the road, every puddle, every pebble, and every rut of

which had long been familiar and dear to me; beyond the road lay an avenue of lopped linden-trees, and beyond that a wicker-fence could be seen in places, on the other side of the avenue appeared a meadow, on one side of which was a threshing-barn, and opposite it a forest; the hut of the watchman was visible far in the distance.

Through the window on the right was seen a part of the terrace where the grown people used to sit before dinner. At times, while Karl Iványovich was correcting the dictation sheet, I looked in that direction, and I saw my mother's black head and somebody's back, and I dimly heard some conversation and laughter. I felt angry because I could not be there, and I thought: "When I shall be grown, shall I stop studying and eternally reading the Dialogues? And shall I not be sitting with those I love?" Anger passed into sadness, and I fell to musing, God knows why or over what, so that I did not hear Karl Iványovich's angry words over my mistakes.

Karl Iványovich took off his dressing-gown, put on his blue uniform with elevations and gatherings at the shoulders, fixed his cravat before the mirror, and took us down-stairs, to bid mother good morning.

II.

MAMMA

MOTHER was sitting in the drawing-room and pouring out tea. With one hand she held the teapot, with the other the faucet of the samovár, from which the water ran over the teapot to the tray. Though she was looking fixedly at it, she did not notice it, nor that we had entered.

So many memories of the past rise before one, trying to resurrect in imagination the features of a beloved being, that one sees them dimly through these recollections as through tears. When I try to recall my mother as she was at that time, I can think only of her brown eyes, which always expressed the same kindness and love, of a birthmark upon her neck, a little below the place where the small hairs curled, of her white linen collar, of her tender dry hand which had so often fondled me, and which I had so often kissed; her general expression escapes me.

To the left of the sofa stood an old English grand piano. At the piano was seated my swarthy sister Lyúbochka, who with her rosy fingers that had just been washed in cold water was playing with evident expression Clementi's Etudes. She was eleven years old. She wore a short gingham dress and white, lace-bordered pantalets, and she could encompass octaves only by arpeggio. Near her, and half turned around, sat Márya Ivánovna, in a cap with rose-coloured ribbons, and wearing a blue jersey.

Her angry red face assumed a sterner expression the moment Karl Iványovich entered. She looked angrily at him and, without answering his greeting, continued to stamp her foot and to count: *un, deux, trois, un, deux, trois*, louder and more commandingly than before.

Karl Iványovich paid no attention whatsoever to it, and, as was his custom, with German politeness went straight up to take my mother's hand. She awoke from her reverie, shook her head, as if wishing to dispel her gloomy thoughts with that motion, gave her hand to Karl Iványovich, and kissed his furrowed temple, while he was kissing her hand.

"*Ich danke, lieber* Karl Iványovich!" and continuing to speak German, she asked him whether the children had slept well.

Karl Iványovich was deaf in one ear, and just then he could hear nothing because of the noise at the piano. He bent lower down to the sofa, leaned with one arm against the table, while standing on one foot, and with a smile, which then appeared to me the acme of refinement, lifted his cap on his head and said:

"Excuse me, Natálya Nikoláevna!"

Not to catch a cold, Karl Iványovich never took off his red cap, but every time he entered the sitting-room, he asked permission to keep it on.

"Put it on, Karl Iványovich. I am asking you whether the children have slept well," said mamma, quite aloud, as she moved up to him.

But he again had not heard anything. He covered his bald head with his red cap, and smiled even more sweetly.

"Stop a minute, Mimi," said mamma to Márya Iványovna, smiling. "One can't hear a thing."

Whenever mother smiled, her face, which was very pretty, became even more beautiful, and everything around her seemed to grow happier. If, in the heavy moments of my life, I had been able to see that smile,

even in passing, I should not have known what grief is. It seems to me that in the smile alone is contained that which is called the beauty of the face: if the smile adds charm to the face, the face is beautiful; if it does not change it, it is common; if it spoils it, it is homely.

Having greeted me, mamma took my head with both her hands, and threw it back, then looked fixedly at me, and said:

"You have been crying to-day?"

I did not answer. She kissed my eyes, and asked in German:

"What were you crying about?"

Whenever she spoke to us in a friendly manner, she spoke in that language, which she had mastered perfectly.

"I had been crying in my dream, mamma," said I, as I recalled the fictitious dream with all its details and involuntarily shuddered at the thought.

Karl Iványovich confirmed my words, but kept silent about the dream. Having said something about the weather, in which conversation Mimi, too, took part, mamma placed six pieces of sugar on the tray for some especially honoured servants, then arose and walked up to the embroidery-frame which stood near the window.

"Well, go now to papa, children, and tell him to be sure and come to see me before he goes to the threshing-floor."

The music, the counting, and the stern glances began anew, and we went to papa. After passing the room which from grandfather's time had preserved the name of *officiating-room*, we entered his study.

III.

PAPA

He was standing near the writing-table and, pointing to some envelopes, papers, and heaps of money, was speaking excitedly about something to steward Yákov Mikháylovich, who was standing in his customary place, between the door and the barometer, with his hands behind his back, rapidly moving his fingers in all directions.

The more excitedly father spoke, the more rapidly his fingers twitched, and, again, when father stopped speaking, his fingers ceased moving; but when Yákov himself began to speak his fingers came into the greatest commotion and desperately jumped on all sides. It seems to me one could have guessed Yákov's secret thoughts by their motion. But his face was quiet, and expressed the consciousness of his dignity and at the same time of his subserviency, as much as to say: "I am right; however, as you may wish it!"

When papa saw us, he only said:

"Wait a moment."

With a motion of his head he pointed to the door, which he wanted some one of us to close.

"Oh, merciful Lord! What is the matter with you to-day, Yákov?" continued he to the steward, twitching his shoulders, which was a habit of his. "This envelope with the enclosed eight hundred roubles —"

Yákov moved up the abacus, cast 800 upon it, and

fixed his eyes upon an indefinite point, waiting for things to follow.

"— are for farm expenses during my absence. You understand? For the mill you are to get one thousand roubles — is it not so? You will get back deposits from the treasury, eight thousand roubles; for the hay, of which, according to your own calculation, we ought to sell seven thousand puds, — let me say at forty-five kopeks, — you will receive three thousand roubles; consequently, how much money will you have in all? Twelve thousand, — am I not right?"

"Just so, sir," said Yákov.

But I noticed by the rapidity with which his fingers moved that he was about to retort something. Papa interrupted him.

"Well, from these moneys you will send ten thousand to the Council for the Petróvskoe estate. Now, the money which is in the office," continued papa (Yákov had disturbed the former 12,000, and now cast 21,000 on his abacus), "you will bring to me, and you will write it down among the expenses of this date." (Yákov mixed up the accounts and turned over the abacus, no doubt wishing to say by this that the 21,000 would be equally lost.) "But this envelope with the enclosed money you will deliver in my name according to the address."

I was standing near the table and looked at the inscription. It ran: "To Karl Iványch Mauer."

Evidently noticing that I had read what I ought not to know, papa placed his hand upon my shoulder, and with a slight motion indicated a direction away from the table. I did not understand whether that was a favour or a reprimand, but in any case kissed his large venous hand which lay upon my shoulder.

"At your service, sir," said Yákov. "And what is your order in regard to the Khabárovka money?"

Khabárovka was mother's estate.

"Leave it in the office, and never use it without my order."

Yákov was silent for a few moments; then suddenly his fingers began to move with increased rapidity, and, changing the expression of submissive stupidity with which he listened to his master's commands, into one of shrewd cunning, which was peculiar to him, he moved the abacus up to him, and began to speak.

"Permit me to report to you, Peter Aleksándrovich, that your will shall be done, but it is impossible to pay into the Council at the proper time. You have deigned to say," continued he, speaking more slowly, "that money is due from the deposits, the mill, and the hay." (As he mentioned these items, he cast them on the abacus.) "But I am afraid we may have made a mistake in our calculations," he added, after a short silence, and looking thoughtfully at papa.

"Why?"

"Permit me to show you: as to the mill, the miller has come to see me twice to ask for a delay; he swore by Christ that he had no money, and he is here even now; perhaps you would be pleased to speak to him yourself?"

"What does he say?" asked papa, making a sign with his head that he did not wish to speak with the miller.

"The same old thing! He says that there has been no grinding at all, that all the money he had he put into a dam. What advantage would there be for us, sir, to push him for it? As to the deposits, which you mentioned, it seems to me I already have reported that our money is stuck fast there, and that it will not be so easy to get it soon. I only lately sent to town a wagon of flour to Iván Afanásich, and with it a note in regard to this matter: he answered that it would give him pleasure to do something for Peter Aleksándrych, but that the affair was not in his hands, and that, according to appearances

the receipt would not be delivered for two months yet. In regard to the hay you have deigned to remark, suppose even we shall get three thousand roubles — "

He cast 3,000 on the abacus and kept silent for about a minute, looking now at the abacus, now into father's eyes, as much as to say:

"You see yourself how little that is! And the hay, again, will have to be sold first; if we were to sell it now, you can see for yourself — "

He evidently had still a great supply of proofs; it was, no doubt, for this reason that papa interrupted him.

"I sha'n't change my order," said he; "but if there will really be a delay in the receipt of the money, then we can't help ourselves, and you will take as much money of the Khabárovka estate as will be necessary."

"Your servant, sir!"

By Yákov's expression of face and by his fingers one could tell that this latter order afforded him a great pleasure.

Yákov was a serf, but a very zealous and devoted man. Like all good stewards, he was extremely close-fisted for his master, and had the strangest conceptions about his master's advantages. He eternally schemed for the increase of his master's property at the expense of that of his mistress, and tried to prove that it was necessary to use all the income from her estates for the Petróvskoe village, where we were living. He was triumphant at this moment, because he had been completely successful.

Having bid us good morning, papa told us that we had been long enough frittering our time away in the village, that we were no longer babies, and that it was time for us to begin studying in earnest.

"I think you know already that I am this very evening going to Moscow, and that I shall take you with me," said he. "You will be living with grandmother, and mamma will stay here with the girls. And remember

this: her only consolation will be to hear that you are studying well and that people are satisfied with you."

Although from the preparations which had been going on for several days we expected something unusual, yet this news gave us a terrible shock. Volódya blushed and with a trembling voice gave him mother's message.

"So this is what my dream foreboded!" thought I. "God grant only that nothing worse may happen."

I was very sorry for mother; at the same time the thought that we were now grown gave me pleasure.

"If we are to travel to-day, there will be no classes: that is glorious!" thought I. "However I am sorry for Karl Ivánovich. He will, no doubt, be dismissed, or else they would not have fixed an envelope for him. It would be better, after all, to study all our lives and not to go away, not to leave mother, and not to offend poor Karl Ivánovich. He is unfortunate enough without it!"

These thoughts flashed through my head: I did not budge from the spot, and fixed my eyes on the black ribbons of my shoes.

My father said a few words to Karl Ivánovich about the falling of the barometer, and ordered Yákov not to feed the dogs, so that before his leave-taking he might go out in the afternoon and listen to the baying of the young hounds. Contrary to my expectation he sent us back to study, consoling us, however, with a promise to take us out on the hunt.

On my way up-stairs I ran out on the terrace. At the door lay father's favourite greyhound, Mílka, blinking her eyes in the sun.

"Dear Mílka," said I, patting her and kissing her mouth, "we are going away to-day. Good-bye! We shall never see each other again."

I was agitated, and I began to weep.

IV.

THE LESSONS

KARL IVÁNOVICH was not at all in humour. That was evident from his knit brow, from the manner with which he threw his coat into the drawer, from his girding himself angrily, and from his making a deep mark with his thumb in the book of Dialogues, in order to indicate the place to which we were to memorize.

Volódya studied pretty well, but I was so disconcerted that I could do absolutely nothing. I looked for a long time senselessly into the book of Dialogues, but I could not read through the tears which had gathered in my eyes at the thought of the impending departure. But when the time came to recite the Dialogues to Karl Ivánovich, who listened to me with half-closed eyes (that was a bad sign), — particularly when I reached the place where one says, "*Wo kommen Sie her?*" and the other answers: "*Ich komme vom Kaffeehause*," I could no longer restrain my tears, and through my sobs could not pronounce: "*Haben Sie die Zeitung nicht gelesen?*" When we reached penmanship, my tears that fell on the paper made blotches as if I were writing on wrapping-paper.

Karl Ivánovich grew angry, put me on my knees, insisted that it was nothing but stubbornness and a puppet-show (that was his favourite expression), threatened me with the ruler, and demanded that I should ask forgiveness, though I could not pronounce a word through my tears. In the end, he evidently felt that he was unjust

and went away into Nikoláy's room, slamming the door after him.

In the class-room we could hear the conversation in the valet's room.

"Have you heard, Nikoláy, that the children are going to Moscow?" said Karl Iványovich, as he entered the room.

"Indeed, I have."

Nikoláy, it seems, was on the point of rising, because Karl Iványovich said: "Keep your seat, Nikoláy!" and immediately after closed the door. I left my corner and went to the door to listen.

"No matter how much good you may do to people, no matter how attached you may be, you evidently cannot expect any gratitude, Nikoláy?" said Karl Iványovich, with feeling.

Nikoláy, who was sitting at the window, cobbling away at a boot, nodded his head in affirmation.

"I have been living in this house these fifteen years, and I can say before God, Nikoláy," continued Karl Iványovich, raising his eyes and his snuff-box toward the ceiling, "that I have loved them and have worked with them more than if they were my own children. You remember, Nikoláy, when Volódenka had the fever, how I sat for nine days by his bed, without closing my eyes. Yes! when I was good, dear Karl Iványovich, I was needed, but now," added he, smiling ironically, "now *the children have grown, and they must study in earnest.* As if they were not studying here, Nikoláy!"

"I should say they were, it seems!" said Nikoláy, putting down the awl, and pulling through the waxed thread with both his hands.

"Yes, I am superfluous now, so I am sent away; but where are the promises? where is the gratitude? I respect and love Natálya Nikoláevna, Nikoláy," said he, putting his hand on his breast, "but what is she? Her

will has as much power in this house as this!" saying which, he with an expressive mien threw upon the floor a chip of leather. "I know whose tricks they are, and why I am superfluous now; it is because I do not flatter and approve everything, as *other people* do. I am in the habit of speaking the truth at all times and to everybody," said he, proudly. "God be with them! They will not grow rich by not having me here, and I, God is merciful, will find a piece of bread somewhere. Am I right, Nikoláy?"

Nikoláy raised his head and looked at Karl Ivánovich, as if he wanted to assure himself that he would really be able to find a piece of bread, but he did not say anything.

Karl Ivánovich spoke much and long in that strain; he told of how his services had been much better appreciated at some general's, where he used to live (that pained me very much), he told of Saxony, of his parents, of his friend, tailor Schönheit, and so forth.

I sympathized with his sorrow, and I felt pained because my father and Karl Ivánovich, whom I respected about equally, did not understand each other; I again betook myself to my corner, sat down on my heels, and began to consider how to restore the right understanding between them.

When Karl Ivánovich returned to the class-room, he ordered me to get up, and to prepare the copy-book for dictation. When everything was ready, he majestically fell back into his chair, and in a voice which seemed to issue from some depth began to dictate as follows: "'*Von al-len Lei-den-schaf-ten die grau-sam-ste ist*' — *haben Sie geschrieben?*" Here he stopped, slowly snuffed some tobacco, and continued with renewed strength: "'*Die grausamste ist, die Un-dank-bar-keit*' — *ein grosses U.*" Having finished the last word, and in expectation of something to follow, I looked at him.

"*Punctum,*" said he, with a barely perceptible smile,

and made a sign that we should hand him our copy-books.

He read that motto several times, with various intonations and with an expression of the greatest satisfaction. The motto expressed his innermost thought. Then he gave us a lesson from history, and seated himself at the window. His face was not as stern as before; it expressed the satisfaction of a man who had in a fitting manner avenged the insult which had been offered him.

It was fifteen minutes to one, but Karl Ivánovich did not even think of dismissing us; he continued giving us new lessons. Ennui and appetite grew in the same proportion. With the greatest impatience I followed all the tokens which indicated the nearness of the dinner. There was the peasant woman going with a mop to wash the dishes; there the rattle of the plates was heard in the butler's room; the table was drawn out and chairs were placed; and there Mimi was coming from the garden with Lyúbochka and Kátenka (Kátenka was the twelve-year-old daughter of Mimi), but Fóka was not yet to be seen, servant Fóka, who always came and announced that dinner was served. Only then would we be allowed to throw aside our books and run down, without paying any heed to Karl Ivánovich.

Steps were heard on the staircase, but that was not Fóka. I had studied his walk, and always could recognize the creak of his boots. The door opened, and an entirely unfamiliar figure made its appearance.

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V.

THE SAINTLY FOOL

INTO the room entered a man of about fifty years of age, with a pale, pock-marked, oval face, long gray hair, and a scanty reddish beard. He was so tall that, in order to enter, he had to bend not only his head, but his whole body. He was dressed in something torn that resembled a caftan and a cassock; in his hand he held a huge staff. As he entered the room, he with all his might struck the floor with it, and, furrowing his brow and opening his mouth beyond measure, laughed out in a most terrible and unnatural manner. One of his eyes was maimed, and the white pupil of that eye kept on leaping about and giving to his otherwise ugly face a more disgusting expression.

"Aha, caught!" he cried out, running up to Volódya with mincing steps, getting hold of his head, and beginning carefully to examine his crown. Then he walked away from him with an entirely solemn expression on his face, stepped to the table, and began to blow under the oilcloth and to make the sign of the cross over it.

"Oh, a pity! Oh, painful! Dear ones — will fly away," said he then, in a voice quivering with tears, feelingly looking at Volódya, and beginning with his sleeves to wipe off the tears which had really started to fall.

His voice was rough and hoarse, his motions hasty and uneven, his speech senseless and incoherent (he never used any pronouns), but the accents were so touching, and his yellow, maimed face at times assumed such an expres-

sion of sincere sorrow, that, hearing him, it was not possible to abstain from a certain mingled feeling of pity, fear, and sadness.

That was the saintly fool and pilgrim, Grísha.

Whence did he come? Who were his parents? What had incited him to choose the pilgrim's life which he was leading? Nobody knew that. I only know that he had been known as a saintly fool ever since his fifteenth year, that he walked barefoot in summer and winter, that he visited monasteries, presented images to those he took a fancy to, and spoke mysterious words which some regarded as prophecies, that no one had ever known him otherwise, that he at times called on grandmother, and that some said that he was the unfortunate son of rich parents, but a pure soul, while others maintained that he was simply a peasant and a lazy man.

At last long-wished-for and punctual Fóka appeared, and we went down-stairs. Grísha, sobbing and continuing to utter incoherent words, went down after us, and struck the steps with his staff. Papa and mamma were walking hand in hand in the living-room, and discussing something. Márya Iványovna sat stiffly in an armchair, which symmetrically adjoined the sofa at right angles, and in a stern, though reserved voice, gave instructions to the girls, who were sitting near her.

The moment Karl Iványovich entered the room, she glanced at him, immediately turned away, and her face assumed an expression which may be rendered by, "I do not notice you, Karl Iványovich." We could read in the eyes of the girls that they were anxious to transmit to us some very important information, but it would have been a transgression of Mimi's rules to jump up from their seats and come to us. We had first to walk up to her, to say "*Bonjour*, Mimi!" to scuff, and then only we were permitted to enter into a conversation.

What an intolerable person that Mimi was! In her

presence it was not possible to speak about anything; she found everything improper. Besides, she continually nagged us, "*Parlez donc français,*" every time we, as if to spite her, wanted to chat in Russian; or, at dinner, we would just get the taste of some dish and would not want to be interrupted by any one, when she would burst in with "*Mangez donc avec du pain,*" or "*Comment-ce que vous tenez votre fourchette?*" "What business has she with us?" we would think. "Let her teach the girls; we have Karl Iványovich for that." I absolutely shared his hatred of *other people.*

"Ask mamma to take us out to the hunt," said Kátenka, in a whisper, stopping me by my blouse, when the grown people had entered the dining-room.

"All right, we shall try."

Grísha dined in the dining-room, but at a separate table. He did not raise his eyes from his plate, but now and then sobbed, made terrible grimaces, and kept on saying, as if to himself, "A pity! flown away — the dove has flown to heaven — Oh, there is a stone on the grave!" and so on.

Mamma had been out of humour since morning: the presence, words and acts of Grísha perceptibly intensified that feeling in her.

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot to ask you for one thing," said she, as she passed a plate of soup to father.

"What is it?"

"Please have your awful dogs locked up: they almost bit poor Grísha to death as he crossed the yard. They might attack the children some day."

When Grísha heard them speaking about him, he turned toward the table, began to show the torn corners of his garment, and munching, said:

"Wanted to kill. God did not let. A sin to hunt with dogs, a great sin! Strike no big ones, why strike? God will forgive, different days."

"What is he talking about?" asked papa, sharply

and severely surveying him. "I do not understand a word."

"But I understand," answered mamma. "He is telling me that a certain hunter had on purpose urged the dogs against him, and so he says, 'Wanted to kill but God did not let,' and he is asking you not to punish the hunter."

"Oh, that's it?" said papa. "But how does he know that I had intended to punish the hunter? You know, I am not at all fond of these gentlemen," he continued in French, "but this one is especially objectionable to me, and, no doubt — "

"Oh, do not say that, my dear," mamma interrupted him, as if frightened at something, "how do you know?"

"It seems to me I have had occasion to become acquainted with his tribe, — there are a lot of them coming to see you, they are all of the same pattern. Always one and the same story."

It was evident mamma was of an entirely different opinion in regard to that matter, and did not wish to discuss it.

"Hand me that pasty, if you please," said she. "Are they good to-day?"

"No, I am angry," continued papa, taking the pasty in his hand, but holding it at such a distance that mamma could not reach it, "no, I am angry whenever I see intelligent and cultivated people given to such deception."

And he struck the table with his fork.

"I have asked you to hand me the pasty," repeated she, extending her hand.

"They are doing just right," continued papa, moving his hand away, "when they put them in jail. The only good they do is to destroy the otherwise weak nerves of certain persons," added he, with a smile, as he noticed that this conversation did not please mamma. Then he handed her the pasty.

"I shall reply only this much to you: it is hard to be-

lieve that a man who, in spite of his sixty years, in summer and winter walks barefoot, and uninterruptedly wears under his garments chains of two puds in weight, and who more than once has declined the proposition to live in peace and contentment, — it is hard to believe that such a man should be doing it all out of laziness. As to the prophecies," she added, with a sigh and after a short silence, "*je suis payée pour y croire*, it seems to me, I have told you how Kiryúsha foretold papa's death to him to the very hour and day."

"Oh, what have you done with me?" said papa, smiling and placing his hand to his mouth on the side where Mimi was sitting. (Whenever he did so, I listened with redoubled attention, expecting something funny.) "Why did you remind me of his feet? I have looked at them, and now I sha'n't eat anything."

The dinner was coming to an end. Lyúbochka and Kátenka kept on winking to us, moving restlessly in their chairs, and, in general, showing great anxiety. This winking meant, "Why do you not ask to take us to the hunt?" I nudged Volódya with my elbow. Volódya nudged me, and finally took courage; at first speaking in a timid voice, then more firmly and loudly, he declared that, as we were to depart to-day, we should like to have the girls go with us to the hunt, in the carriage. After a short consultation between the grown people, the question was decided in our favour, and, what was even more agreeable, mamma said she would herself go with us.

VI.

PREPARATION FOR THE HUNT

YÁKOV was called during the dessert and orders were given in regard to the carriage, the dogs, and the saddle-horses, — all this with the minutest details, calling each horse by its name.

As Volódya's horse was lame, papa ordered a hunter's horse to be saddled for him. This word, "hunter's horse," somehow sounded strange in mamma's ears; it seemed to her that a hunter's horse must be some kind of a ferocious animal, which must by all means run away with and kill Volódya. In spite of the assurance of papa and of Volódya, who said with remarkable pluck that it was all nothing and that he was very fond of being carried rapidly by a horse, poor mamma continued saying that she should be worrying during the whole picnic.

The dinner came to an end. The grown people went into the cabinet to drink coffee, and we ran into the garden, to scuff along the paths, which were covered with fallen yellow leaves, and to have a chat. We began to talk about Volódya's riding on a hunter's horse, about its being a shame that Lyúbochka did not run so fast as Kátenka, about its being interesting to get a look at Grísha's chains, and so on, but not a word was said of our departure. Our conversation was interrupted by the rattle of the approaching carriage, on each spring of which a village boy was seated. Behind the carriage followed the hunters with their dogs, and behind the hunters, coachman

Ignát, riding on the horse which was intended for Volódya, and leading my old nag by the hand. At first we all rushed to the fence, from which all these interesting things could be seen, and then we all ran up-stairs shouting and rattling, to get dressed, and to get dressed in such a manner as to resemble hunters most. One of the chief means for obtaining that end was to tuck our pantaloons into our boots. We betook ourselves to that work without any loss of time, hastening to get done as soon as possible and to run out on the veranda, to enjoy the sight of the dogs and of the horses, and to have a chat with the hunters.

It was a hot day. White, fantastic clouds had appeared in the horizon early in the morning; then a soft breeze began to drive them nearer and nearer, so that at times they shrouded the sun. Though the clouds moved about and grew dark, it was, evidently, not fated that they should gather into a storm-cloud and break up our last enjoyment. Toward evening they again began to scatter: they grew paler, lengthened out, and ran down to the horizon; others, above our very heads, changed into white, transparent scales; only one large, black cloud hovered somewhere in the east. Karl Iványovich always knew whither each cloud went. He announced that that cloud would go to Máslovka, that there would be no rain, and that the weather would be fine.

Fóka, in spite of his declining years, very nimbly and rapidly ran down-stairs, called out, "Drive up!" and, spreading his feet, planted himself in the middle of the driveway, between the place where the coachman was to drive up the carriage and the threshold, in the attitude of a man who need not be reminded of his duties. The ladies came down, and after a short discussion where each one was to sit, and to whom each one was to hold on (though, it seemed to me, there was no need at all to hold on), they seated themselves, opened their parasols, and started. As the carriage moved off, mamma pointed to the

· hunter's horse" and asked the coachman with a quivering voice:

"Is this horse for Vladímir Petróvich?"

When the coachman answered in the affirmative, she waved her hand and turned away. I was in great impatience. I mounted my pony, looked between its ears, and made all kinds of evolutions in the yard.

"Please not to crush the dogs," said a hunter to me.

"Have no fear, this is not my first time," answered I, proudly.

Volódya seated himself on the "hunter's horse" not without a certain trembling, in spite of the firmness of his character, and, patting it, asked several times:

"Is it a gentle horse?"

He looked very well on a horse, just like a grown person. His tightly stretched thighs lay so well on the saddle that I was envious, because, as far as I could judge by the shadow, I did not make such a fine appearance.

Then papa's steps were heard on the staircase. The dog-keeper collected the hounds that had run ahead. The hunters with their greyhounds called up their dogs, and all mounted their horses. The groom led a horse up to the veranda. The dogs of father's leash, that had been lying before in various artistic positions near the horse, now rushed up to him. Mílka ran out after him, in a beaded collar, tinkling her iron clapper. Whenever she came out, she greeted the dogs of the kennel; with some of them she played, others she scented or growled at, and on others, again, she looked for fleas.

Papa mounted his horse, and we started.

VII.

THE HUNT

TÚRKA, the Chief Hunter, rode ahead of us, on a gray, hook-nosed horse. He wore a shaggy cap, and had a huge horn on his shoulders and a hunting-knife in his belt. From the gloomy and ferocious exterior of that man one would have concluded that he was going to a mortal conflict rather than to a hunt. At the hind feet of his horse ran, in a motley, wavering mass, the hounds, in close pack. It was a pity to see what fate befell the unfortunate hound that took it into his head to drop behind. In order to do so, he had to pull his companion with all his might, and whenever he accomplished it, one of the dog-keepers who rode behind struck him with his hunting-whip, calling out, "Back to the pack!" When he rode out of the gate, papa ordered the hunters and us to ride on the road, but he himself turned into the rye-field.

The harvesting was in full blast. The immeasurable, bright yellow field was closed in only on one side by a tall, bluish forest which then appeared to me as a most distant and mysterious place, beyond which either the world came to an end, or uninhabitable countries began. The whole field was filled with sheaves and men. Here and there, in the high, thick rye, could be seen, in a reaped swath, the bent form of a reaping woman, the swinging of the ears as she drew them through her

fingers; a woman in the shade, bending over a cradle; and scattered stacks in the stubble-field that was overgrown with bluebottles. Elsewhere peasants in nothing but shirts, standing on carts, were loading the sheaves, and raising the dust on the dry, heated field. The village elder, in boots and with a camel-hair coat over his shoulders, and notched sticks in his hand, having noticed us in the distance, doffed his lambskin cap, wiped off his red-haired head and beard with a towel, and called out loud to the women. The sorrel horse on which papa was riding went at a light, playful canter, now and then dropping his head to his breast, drawing out his reins, and switching off with his heavy tail the horseflies and gnats that eagerly clung to him.

Two greyhounds, bending their tails tensely in the shape of a sickle and lifting their legs high, gracefully leaped over the high stubble, behind the feet of the horse; Mílka ran in front and, bending her head, waited to be fed. The conversation of the people, the tramp of the horses, the rattle of the carts, the merry piping of the quails, the buzzing of the insects that hovered in the air in immovable clouds, the odour of wormwood, of straw, and of horses' sweat, thousands of various flowers and of shadows which the burning sun spread over the light-yellow stubble-field, over the blue distance of the forest, and over the light, lilac clouds, the white cobwebs that were borne in the air or that lodged upon the stubbles, — all that I saw, heard, and felt.

When we reached the Viburnum Forest, we found the carriage there and, above all expectation, another one-horse vehicle, in the midst of which sat the butler. Through the hay peeped a samovár, a pail with an ice cream freezer, and a few attractive bundles and boxes. There was no mistaking; we were to have tea, ice-cream, and fruit in the open. At the sight of the vehicle we expressed a noisy delight, because it was regarded as a

great pleasure to drink tea in the woods, on the grass, and, in general, in a spot where no one ever drank tea.

Túrka rode up to the grove, stopped, attentively listened to papa's minute instructions as to where to line up and where to come out (however, he never complied with these instructions, but did as he thought best), unloosed the dogs, fixed the braces, mounted his horse, and, whistling, disappeared behind the young birch-trees. The loosed hounds first expressed their pleasure by wagging their tails, then shook themselves, straightened themselves, and, scenting their way and shaking their tails, ran in different directions.

"Have you a handkerchief?" asked papa.

I took it out of my pocket and showed it to him.

"Well, so, take this gray dog on your handkerchief."

"Zhirán?" said I, with the look of a connoisseur.

"Yes! and run along the road. When you come to a clearing, stop. And look out; do not come back to me without a hare!"

I tied my handkerchief around Zhirán's shaggy neck, and ran headlong to the place indicated. Papa laughed and cried after me:

"Hurry up, hurry up, or you will be late!"

Zhirán kept stopping all the time, pricking his ears, and listening to the calls of the hunters. I did not have enough strength to pull him off, and I began to cry, "Atú! atú!" Then Zhirán tugged so hard that I barely could hold him back and fell down several times before I could reach the place. Having found a shady, level spot at the foot of a tall oak-tree, I lay down in the grass, placed Zhirán near me, and began to wait. My imagination, as generally happens under such circumstances, far outran the actual facts; I imagined that I was baiting the third hare, whereas it was only the first hound that was heard in the woods. Túrka's voice was heard through the forest ever louder and more animated;

the hound whimpered, and his voice was heard more frequently; a second, bass voice joined it, then a third, a fourth. These voices now grew silent, now interrupted each other. The sounds grew in volume and became less irregular, and finally ran together into one hollow, long-drawn tone. The grove was rich in echoes, and the hounds bayed incessantly.

When I heard that, I remained as if petrified in my place. Fixing my eyes on the clearing, I smiled meaninglessly; the perspiration coursed down my face in a stream, and, though its drops, running over my cheek, tickled me, I did not wipe them off. It seemed to me that there could be nothing more decisive than this moment. The strain of this intent feeling was too great to last long. The hounds now bayed at the very clearing, now kept on receding from me. There was no hare. I began to look around me. The same mood seemed to possess Zhirán; at first he tugged to get away and whimpered; then he lay down near me, placed his snout on my knees, and grew quiet.

Near the bared roots of that oak-tree, under which I was sitting, ants were swarming over the gray, dry earth, between the dry oak leaves, acorns, dried up, lichen-covered sticks, yellowish green moss and the thin blades of grass that peeped through here and there. They were hastening, one after the other, along the foot-paths which they had laid out: some of them went with burdens, others without burdens. I took a stick in my hand and barred their way. It was a sight to see how some of them, despising the danger, crawled under the obstacle, while others crept over it; and some, especially those that were with burdens, were completely lost, and did not know what to do: they stopped, looked for a way round, or turned back, or climbing over the stick reached my hand and, it seemed, were trying to get in the sleeve of my blouse. I was distracted from these interesting

observations by a butterfly with yellow wings that enticingly circled about me. The moment I directed my attention to it, it flew away some two steps from me, hovered above an almost withered white flower of wild clover, and alighted upon it. I do not know whether the sun warmed the butterfly, or whether it was drinking the juice of that flower, — in any case, it was evidently happy there. It now and then flapped its wings and pressed close to the flower; finally it remained perfectly quiet. I put my head on both my hands, and looked with delight at the butterfly.

Suddenly Zhirán began to whine, and he tugged with such strength that I almost fell down. I looked around. At the edge of the forest leaped a hare, one of his ears lying flat and the other standing erect. The blood rushed to my head and I, forgetting myself for the moment, cried something in an unnatural voice, let the dog go, and started to run myself. No sooner had I done that, than I began to feel remorse; the hare squatted, took a leap, and I never saw him again.

But what was my shame when Túrka appeared from behind a bush, in the wake of the hounds that with one voice made for the open! He had seen my mistake (which was that I *did not hold out*), and, looking contemptuously at me, he said only: "Ah, master!" But you should have heard how he said it! I should have felt better if he had hung me from his saddle like a hare.

I stood long in the same spot in great despair, did not call the dog back, and only kept on repeating, striking my thighs:

"O Lord, what have I done!"

I heard the hounds coursing away; I heard them beating at the other end of the grove, and driving the hare, and Túrka blowing his huge horn and calling the dogs, — but I did not budge.

VIII.

GAMES

THE hunt was ended. A rug was spread in the shade of young birch-trees, and the whole company seated themselves on it. Butler Gavrílo had stamped down the juicy green grass around him, and was wiping the plates and taking out of a box plums and peaches that were wrapped in leaves. The sun shone through the green branches of the birches, and cast round, quivering bits of light on the patterns of the rug, on my feet, and even on the bald, perspiring head of Gavrílo. A light breeze that blew through the leafage of the trees, and over my hair and perspiring face, greatly refreshed me.

When we had received our shares of ice-cream and fruit, there was nothing else to do on the rug, and we arose, in spite of the burning, oblique rays of the sun, and went away to play.

"Well, what shall it be?" said Lyúbochka, blinking from the sun and hopping about on the grass. "Let us play Robinson."

"No, that is tiresome," said Volódya, lazily throwing himself on the grass and chewing at some leaves, "that everlasting Robinson! If you want to play something, let us rather build an arbour."

Volódya evidently was playing the great gentleman: he, no doubt, was proud of having come on a hunter's horse, and he pretended he was very tired. But, on the other hand, he may have had too much common sense

and too little imagination to take complete enjoyment in the game of Robinson. The game consisted in performing scenes from the "Swiss Family Robinson," which we had lately read.

"Well, why, pray, do you not want to give us that pleasure?" insisted the girls. "You may be Charles, or Ernest, or the father, — whichever you wish," said Kátenka, trying to raise him from the ground by the sleeve of his blouse.

"Really, I don't feel like it, it is tiresome!" said Volódya, stretching himself and at the same time smiling with self-satisfaction.

"I should have preferred to stay at home, if nobody wants to play," said Lyúbochka, through tears.

She was a great blubberer.

"Well, let us have it; only, please, stop weeping, — I can't bear it!"

Volódya's condescension gave us very little pleasure; on the contrary, his lazy and weary look destroyed all the charm of the game. When we seated ourselves on the ground and, imagining that we were rowing out to catch fish, began to row with all our might, Volódya sat down with crossed arms and in a pose which had nothing in common with the attitude of a fisherman. I told him so; but he answered that we should gain nothing from swinging our arms more or less, and that we should not get far away anyhow. I involuntarily agreed with him. When I imagined that, holding a stick over my shoulder, I was going into the woods to hunt, Volódya lay flat on his back, with his hands behind his head, and told me that he was going there too. Such actions and words cooled our zest for the game, and were extremely unpleasant, the more so since, in reality, we could not help admitting that Volódya acted wisely.

I know myself that with a stick it is not possible to kill a bird, or even to shoot at all. That is only a game.

But if one were to judge that way, it would not even be possible to ride on chairs; and yet, Volódya himself remembers, I think, how in the long winter evenings we used to cover an armchair with a cloth, and make a carriage of it; one took the coachman's seat, another the lackey's, the girls were in the middle, three stools were the three horses, — and we started off on the road. And what different kinds of accidents used to happen on that road, and how merrily and swiftly those winter evenings passed away! To judge by what was going on now, there would be no game. And if there were to be no game, what, then, would be left?

IX.

SOMETHING LIKE FIRST LOVE

As Lyúbochka represented that she was plucking some American fruit from a tree, she pulled down, together with a leaf, an immense worm; she threw it away in terror, lifted up her hands, and jumped aside, as if afraid that something might burst from it. The game stopped, we all fell to the ground, touching our heads, to get a glimpse of that peculiar thing.

I was looking over Kátenka's shoulder, who was trying to lift the worm on a leaf which she placed in its way.

I had noticed that many girls were in the habit of shrugging their shoulders, whenever they tried to restore the low-necked dress to its proper place. I remember how Mimi used to get angry at that motion, saying: "*C'est un geste de femme de chambre.*" As Kátenka was bending over the worm, she made that very motion, and at the same time the wind raised her little braid from her white neck. Her shoulder was, during that motion of hers, about two feet from my lips. I was no longer looking at the worm, but right straight at her shoulder, which I gave a smacking kiss. She did not turn round, but I noticed that her neck and ears were blushing. Volódya did not raise his head, but said, contemptuously:

"What tenderness!"

There were tears in my eyes.

I did not take my eyes away from Kátenka. I had long been used to her fresh, fair face, and I always loved

it; but now I began to look more closely at it, and loved it even more. When we walked up to the grown people, papa announced to our great delight that, at mother's request, our departure was postponed till the next morning.

We rode back together with the carriage. Volódya and I, desirous to surpass each other in the art of horse-back riding and in daring, made all kinds of evolutions near it. My shadow was now longer than before, and, judging by it, I supposed that I had the appearance of a fine-looking rider; but the feeling of self-satisfaction which I was experiencing was soon shattered by the following incident. Wishing to gain the final applause of all those who were seated in the carriage, I lagged a little behind, then, with the aid of whip and legs, put the horse to a gallop, assumed a carelessly graceful attitude, and attempted to pass in a whirl on the side of the carriage, where Kátenka was sitting. The only thing I did not know was whether to pass by in silence, or with a shout. But the miserable horse stopped so suddenly the moment it came in a line with the carriage horses, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary, that I flew over the saddle upon its neck, and came very near rolling off.

X.

THE KIND OF A MAN MY FATHER WAS

He was a man of the past age, and had the indefinable character, common to the youths of that time, a compound of chivalry, daring, self-confidence, amiability and merriment. He looked contemptuously at the people of the present generation, which view originated as much in his inborn haughtiness, as in the secret annoyance because in our age he could have neither that influence, nor those successes, which he had enjoyed in his. His two chief passions in life were cards and women; he had won several millions in the course of his life, and he had liaisons with an endless number of women of all classes of society.

A tall, stately stature, a strange, mincing gait, a habit of shrugging his shoulder, small, eternally smiling eyes, a large, aquiline nose, irregular lips that were folded rather awkwardly, but pleasantly, a defective enunciation, — he lisped, — and a head entirely bald: such was the exterior of my father ever since I can remember him, — an exterior with which he managed not only to pass for a man *à bonnes fortunes*, — and he really was such, — but even to be in favour with people of all conditions of life, especially with those whom he wished to please.

He knew how to get the best out of his relations with everybody. Although he had never been a man of very fashionable society, he always cultivated the acquaintance of people of that circle, and he did this in such a manner

as to be respected. He was possessed of that extreme measure of pride and self-confidence which, without offending others, raised him in the opinion of the world. He was original, though not always so, and he used this originality as a means of social advancement which in some cases took the place of worldliness and wealth. Nothing in the world could rouse in him a feeling of surprise: in whatever brilliant position he happened to be, he always seemed to have been born for it. He knew so well how to hide from others and remove from himself the dark side of life which is filled with petty annoyances and grief, that it was impossible not to envy him. He was a connoisseur in all things that furnish comfort and enjoyment, and he knew how to use them.

His hobby was his brilliant connections, which he possessed partly through my mother's family relations, partly through the companions of his youth. But at them he was angered in his heart, because they had far advanced in rank, while he for ever remained a Lieutenant of the Guard, out of service. Like all former military men, he did not know how to dress fashionably; but he dressed originally and with taste. He always wore ample light raiment, beautiful linen, large turned-back cuffs and collars. And everything was well adapted to his tall stature, strong frame, bald head, and quiet, self-confident motions.

He was sensitive and even given to weeping. Frequently, when in reading aloud he reached a pathetic passage, his voice would falter, and tears appear, and he would angrily put down the book. He loved music and sang, accompanying himself at the piano, the ditties of his friend A——, gipsy songs and some arias from operas; but he did not like "scientific" music and, disregarding the commonly accepted opinion, openly said that Beethoven's sonatas made him sleepy and tired, and that he knew nothing better than "Wake me not, while I am young," as Madam Seménov used to sing it, and "Not

alone," as the gipsy maiden Tanyúsha sang it. His nature was one of those which for a good deed need a public. God knows whether he had any moral convictions. His life was so full of distractions of all kinds that he had had no time to form them, and he was so fortunate in his life that he saw no need for them.

In his old age he formed settled opinions and invariable rules for everything, but they were all based exclusively on a practical basis. Those acts and that conduct of life which caused him happiness and pleasure he regarded as good, and he considered that all people ought at all times to act likewise. He spoke with great enthusiasm, and that ability, it seemed to me, increased the flexibility of his rules: he was not able to speak of the same deed as a very pleasant jest and as an act of low rascality.

XI.

OCCUPATIONS IN THE CABINET AND IN THE SITTING-ROOM

It was getting dark when we reached home. Mamma seated herself at the piano, and we children brought paper, pencils, and paint, and took up positions at the round table. I had only some blue paint; yet I began to picture the hunt with that alone. Having very vividly represented a blue boy astride on a blue horse, and blue dogs, I was not quite sure whether it was proper to paint a blue hare, and so I ran into papa's cabinet to take counsel with him. Papa was reading something, and to my question, "Are there any blue hares?" he answered, without raising his head, "There are, my dear, there are." I returned to the round table and painted a blue hare; but I found it necessary later to change the blue hare into a bush. The bush did not please me either; I made a tree of it, and of the tree I made a hay rick, and of the rick a cloud, and finally I so smeared the whole paper over with the blue paint, that I tore it up in anger, and dozed off in an armchair.

Mamma was playing the second concert of Field, her teacher. I was dozing, and in my imagination rose some light, bright and transparent recollections. She began to play a pathetic sonata of Beethoven, and something sad, heavy and gloomy overcast my mind. Mamma often played these two pieces. I very well remember, therefore, the feeling which they evoked in me. That feeling

resembled recollections, but recollections of what? It seemed to me that I was recalling something that had never been.

Opposite me was the door to the cabinet, and I saw Yákov and some other people in caftans and beards entering through it. The door was at once closed after them. "Well, now the occupation has begun!" thought I. It seemed to me there was nothing more important in the whole world than the affairs which were transacted in the cabinet. I was strengthened in this belief because people generally walked up to the door of the cabinet whispering and on tiptoe, while from it was heard papa's loud voice, and was borne the odour of a cigar which, for some reason always attracted me. In my waking moments I was suddenly struck by a familiar creaking of boots in the officiating room. Karl Iványovich walked up on tiptoe, but with a gloomy and firm face, holding some kind of notes in his hand, and lightly knocked at the door. He was admitted, and the door was again closed.

"I wonder whether some misfortune has happened," thought I. "Karl Iványovich is angry, and he is capable of doing almost anything."

I again fell asleep.

There was, however, no misfortune. An hour later the same creaking boots awoke me. Karl Iványovich, with his handkerchief wiping off the tears which I had noticed on his cheeks, issued from the door, and mumbling something to himself, went up-stairs. Papa came out after him, and entered the sitting-room.

"Do you know what I have just decided?" said he in a happy voice, placing his hand on mamma's shoulder.

"What, my dear?"

"I shall take Karl Iványovich along with the children. They are used to him, and he, it seems, is really attached to them. Seven hundred roubles a year does not amount to much, *et puis au fond c'est un très bon diable.*"

I could not at all grasp why papa was scolding Karl Iványovich.

"I am very glad," said mamma, "both for the children and for him; he is an excellent old man."

"You ought to have seen how touched he was when I told him that he should leave the five hundred roubles as a present for the children! But what is most amusing is the bill which he brought me. It is worth looking at," added he, with a smile, as he gave her the note which had been written by Karl Iványovich's hand. "It is fine!"

Here are the contents of the note.

"For the children two fishing-rod — 70 kopek.

"Coloured paper, gold border, glew and form for boxs, as presents — 6 roubles 55 kopek.

"A book and bow, presents to children — 8 roubles 16 kopek.

"Pantaloon to Nikoláy — 4 rouble.

"Promised by Peter Aleksántrofich from Moscow in the year 18— gold watch at 140 roubles.

"Sum total due to Karl Mauer outside of salary — 159 roubles 79 kopek."

Reading this note, in which Karl Iványovich demanded payment for all his expenditures for presents, and even for a present which he had been promised, everybody will conclude that Karl Iványovich was nothing more than an unfeeling and avaricious egoist, but that is a mistake.

When he entered the cabinet with the notes in his hand and with a ready speech in his head, he had intended to expatiate to papa on all the injustice which he had suffered in our house, but when he began to speak in the same touching voice and the same touching intonations in which he generally dictated to us, his eloquence acted most powerfully upon himself, so that when he reached the place where he said, "However sad it will be for me to part from the children," he completely lost himself, his

voice began to tremble, and he was compelled to get his checkered handkerchief out of his pocket.

"Yes, Peter Aleksándrych," said he through tears (that passage was not at all in his prepared speech), "I am so accustomed to the children that I do not know what I am going to do without them. I should prefer to serve you without pay," he added, with one hand wiping his tears, and with the other handing in his bill.

I am absolutely sure that Karl Ivánovich was that moment speaking sincerely, because I know his good heart; but it remains a mystery to me how his bill harmonized with his words.

"If the parting is sad for you, it is still sadder for me," said papa, tapping his shoulder. "I have now changed my mind."

Shortly before supper, Grísha entered the room. He had not ceased sobbing and weeping from the time he had come to our home, which, in the opinion of those who believed in his ability to predict, foreboded some misfortune for our house. He began to take leave, and said that the next morning he would wander on. I beckoned to Volódya, and went out-of-doors.

"What?"

"If you want to see Grísha's chains, let us go up-stairs, to the apartments of the male servants. Grísha sleeps there in the second room, and we can see everything from the lumber-room, and we shall see everything —"

"Superb! Wait here awhile; I will call the girls."

The girls came out, and we proceeded up-stairs. After some dispute as to who should be the first to go into the dark lumber-room, we seated ourselves, and began to wait

XII.

GRÍSHA

We felt ill at ease in the darkness. We pressed close to each other, and did not say a word. Almost right after us Grísha entered with slow steps. In one hand he held his staff, in the other a tallow dip in a brass candlestick. We did not dare to breathe.

"Lord Jesus Christ! Holy Mother of God! To the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost," repeated he, breathing heavily, with all kinds of intonations and abbreviations which are peculiar only to those who often repeat these words.

Having, with a prayer, placed his staff in the corner, and surveying his bed, he began to undress. Ungirding his old black belt, he slowly took off his torn nankeen frock, carefully folded it, and hung it over the back of the chair. His face did not now express, as usually, dulness and haste; on the contrary, he was quiet, pensive, and even majestic. His motions were slow and thoughtful.

When he was left in the linen, he softly let himself down on his bed, made the sign of the cross over it on all sides, and, as could easily be seen, with an effort (he was frowning) rearranged the chains under his shirt. Having remained for a minute in a sitting posture, and carefully examining the linen which had been torn in places, he arose, with a prayer raised the candle on a level with the holy shrine, in which were a few images, made the sign of the cross toward them, and turned the

candle upside down. It went out with a crackling sound.

The almost full moon burst through the windows that looked out upon the forest. The long, white figure of the fool was, on the one side, illuminated by the pale, silvery beams of the moon, and, on the other, it fell as a black shadow, together with the shadows from the frames, upon the floor and the walls, and reached up to the ceiling. In the yard the watchman was beating his brass plate.

Crossing his enormous hands on his breast, dropping his head, and continually drawing deep breaths, Grísha stood silently before the images, then with difficulty let himself down on his knees and began to pray.

At first he softly said familiar prayers, accentuating certain words, then he repeated them, but louder and with more animation. He began to use his own words, with perceptible effort trying to express himself in Church-Slavic. His words were incorrect, but touching. He prayed for all his benefactors (thus he called all who received him), among them for my mother, and for us; he prayed for himself, and asked the Lord to forgive him his heavy sins, and repeated, "O Lord, forgive mine enemies!" He arose with groans, still repeating the same words, prostrated himself upon the ground, and again arose, in spite of the weight of the chains that emitted a grating, penetrating sound as they struck the ground.

Volódya pinched my leg very painfully, but I did not even turn round. I only rubbed the place with my hand and continued, with a feeling of childish wonder, pity, and awe, to follow all the movements and words of Grísha.

Instead of merriment and laughter, which I had expected upon entering the lumber-room, I now experienced a chill and anguish of soul.

Grísha was for a long time in that attitude of religious

ecstasy, and he improvised prayers. Now he repeated several times in succession, "The Lord have mercy upon me," but every time with new strength and expression; now, again, he said, "Forgive me, O Lord, instruct me what to do, instruct me what to do, O Lord!" with an expression, as if he expected an immediate answer to his prayer; now, again, were heard only pitiful sobs. He rose on his knees, crossed his arms on his breast, and grew silent.

I softly put my head out of the door, and did not breathe. Grísha did not move; deep sighs escaped from his breast; in the dim pupil of his blind eye, which was illuminated by the moon, stopped a tear.

"Thy will be done!" he suddenly exclaimed with an inimitable expression, knocked his brow against the floor, and began to sob like an infant.

Much water has flowed since then, many memories of the past have lost all meaning for me and have become dim recollections, and pilgrim Grísha has long ago ended his last pilgrimage; but the impression which he produced on me, and the feeling which he evoked, will never die in my memory.

O great Christian Grísha! Your faith was so strong that you felt the nearness of God; your love was so great that words flowed of their own will from your lips, and you did not verify them by reason. And what high praise you gave to His majesty, when, not finding any words, you prostrated yourself on the ground!

The feeling of contrition with which I listened to Grísha could not last long; in the first place, because my curiosity was satisfied, and, in the second, because my feet had fallen asleep from sitting so long in one posture, and I wanted to join in the general whispering and consultation which was taking place behind me in the dark lumber-room. Somebody touched my hand, and said in a whisper, "Whose hand is it?" It was very dark in

the lumber-room, but, by the mere touch and by the voice that was whispering right over my ear, I immediately recognized Kátenka.

Quite unconsciously I seized her short-gloved arm at the elbow, and pressed my lips against it. Kátenka, it seems, was surprised at this action, and drew her hand back; in doing so, she knocked down a broken chair which was standing in the lumber-room. Grísha raised his head, quietly looked around and, saying his prayer, began to make the sign of the cross in all the corners. We ran out of the lumber-room noisily.

XIII.

NATÁLYA SÁVISHNA

In the middle of the last century there used to run about the yards of the village Khabárovka, in a dress of ticking, the barefoot, but merry, fat, and red-cheeked girl, Natáshka. On account of the deserts, and at the request of her father, the clarinet-player Sávva, my grandfather took her "up-stairs," to be among the female servants of grandmother. Chambermaid Natáshka distinguished herself in that capacity, both by her meekness of manner and by her zeal. When mother was born, and a nurse was needed, this duty fell on Natáshka. In that new field she earned praises and rewards for her activity, faithfulness, and attachment to the young miss. But the powdered head and the buckled stockings of young, dapper, officious Fóka, who had frequent relations with her during his duties, charmed her coarse, but loving heart. She had even made up her own mind to go to grandfather to ask his permission to marry Fóka. Grandfather received her wish as a sign of her ingratitude, grew angry, and sent poor Natálya, as a punishment, into the cattle-yard in a village of the steppes. Six months later, however, since there was no one who could take her place, she was brought back to the estate, and restored to her old position. As she returned from banishment in her ticking garments, she appeared before grandfather, fell down before his feet, and asked him to restore her to his former favour and kindness, and to for-

get her old infatuation which, she swore, would never again return. And, indeed, she kept her word.

Since then Natáshka became Natálya Sávishna, and donned a cap; all the abundance of love which she treasured she transferred to her young lady.

When a governess took her place with my mother, she received the keys of the larder, and all the linen and the provisions were placed in her hands. She executed her new duties with the same zeal and love. She lived only for the good of her masters, and seeing in everything loss, ruin, and misappropriation, tried in all ways to counteract them.

When mamma married, she wished to show her appreciation of Natálya Sávishna's twenty years' labour and faithfulness; so she sent for her, and expressing in the most flattering words all her gratefulness and love for her, handed her a sheet of paper with a revenue stamp upon it, on which was written Natálya Sávishna's emancipation, adding that, no matter whether she continued to serve in our house or not, she would receive a yearly pension of three hundred roubles. Natálya listened to all that in silence, then, taking the document in her hands, angrily looked upon it, mumbled something between her teeth, and ran out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Mamma did not understand the cause of her strange act, so, waiting a few minutes, she went into Natálya Sávishna's room. She was sitting with tearful eyes upon her coffer, fingering her handkerchief, and was looking fixedly at the bits of the torn emancipation document that were lying near her feet.

"What is the matter with you, my dear Natálya?" asked mamma, as she took her hand.

"Nothing, motherkin," answered she. "Evidently I have in some way displeased you, that you are chasing me from the estate. Well, I shall go."

She tore her hand away and, scarcely restraining her

tears, wanted to rush out of the room. Mamma kept her back, embraced her, and they both melted into tears.

As far back as I can remember myself, I remember Natálya Sávishna, her love and her favours; but it is only now, that I am able to estimate them, — for then it never occurred to me what a rare and remarkable being that old woman was. She not only never spoke, but, it seems, she never even thought of herself; all her life consisted of love and self-sacrifice. I was so accustomed to her unselfish, tender love for us that I did not imagine it could have been otherwise, in no way was grateful to her, and never asked myself whether she was happy or satisfied.

At times I would run into her chamber, under the pretext of some absolute necessity, and would sit down and begin to think aloud, not being in the least troubled by her presence. She was always busy with something: she either knitted some stockings or rummaged through the coffers with which her chamber was crowded, or took a list of the linen, and, listening to all the nonsense which I was talking, how, "when I shall be a general, I will marry a famous beauty, will buy me a red horse, will build me a glass house, and will send for Karl Iványovich's relatives in Saxony," and so forth, she would say, "Yes, my dear, yes." Generally, when I got up to go, she opened a blue coffer, on the lid of which were pasted, on the inside, — I remember it as if it happened to-day, — a coloured reproduction of a hussar, a picture with a pomatum can, and a drawing by Volódya, — took out of that box some incense, lighted it, and, fanning, said.

"This, my dear one, is incense from Ochákov. When your deceased grandfather — the kingdom of heaven be his! — went against the Turks, he brought it back from there. There is only this last piece left," she added with a sigh.

In the coffers that filled the room there was absolutely everything. No matter what was needed, they used to

say, "We ought to ask Natálya Sávishna," and, indeed, after rummaging awhile, she would find the necessary article and declare, "Luckily I have put it away." In these coffers there were thousands of such articles of which nobody in the house knew anything, and for which no one cared, except she.

Once I was angry with her. It happened like this. At dinner, as I was pouring out a glass of kvas, I dropped the bottle and spoiled the table-cloth.

"Call Natálya Sávishna to see what her darling child has done," said mamma.

Natálya Sávishna entered, and, seeing the puddle which I had made, shook her head; then mamma said something in her ear, and she went out threatening me with her finger.

After dinner I went into the parlour, leaping about in the happiest frame of mind, when suddenly Natálya Sávishna jumped from behind the door, with the table-cloth in her hands, caught me, and began to wipe my face with the wet part of it, all the time saying: "Don't soil table-cloths, don't soil table-cloths!" That so incensed me, that I bawled from anger.

"What!" said I to myself, as I walked about the parlour and choked with tears, "Natálya Sávishna, simple Natálya, says 'thou' to me, and strikes my face with a wet table-cloth, as if I were a common village boy. No, that is terrible!"

When Natálya Sávishna saw that I was blubbering, she ran away, but I continued to strut about and to consider how to repay insolent Natálya for the insult which she had offered me.

A few minutes later Natálya Sávishna returned, timidly accosted me, and began to console me.

"Do stop, my dear one, stop weeping — forgive me, foolish woman — I have done wrong — you will forgive me, my darling — here is something for you."

She took from her handkerchief a cornet, in which were two pieces of caramels and one fig, and with a trembling hand gave them to me. I did not have enough strength to look into the face of the good old woman; I turned away, as I accepted the present, and my tears began to flow more copiously this time not from anger but from love and shame

XIV

THE SEPARATION

On the day following the incidents described by me, at the twelfth hour, a carriage and a calash stood at the entrance. Nikoláy was dressed in travelling fashion; that is, his trousers were tucked into his boots and his coat was tightly girded by a belt. He was standing in the calash and arranging the ulsters and pillows on the seats; if they seemed too much puffed, he seated himself on the pillows, and, leaping up and down, pressed them into shape.

"For the Lord's sake, do us the favour, Nikoláy Dmítrich, to see whether you can't put in the master's strong box," said papa's valet, breathlessly, as he stuck his head out of the carriage; "it is a small affair."

"You ought to have said so before, Mikhéy Iványch," answered Nikoláy hastily and in anger, throwing with all his might a bundle into the bottom of the calash. "Upon my word, my head is in a whirl as it is, and there you are bothering me with your strong boxes," he added, raising his cap, and wiping off large drops of perspiration from his sun-browned face.

The manorial peasants, in coats, caftans, and shirts and without hats, the women in ticking skirts and striped kerchiefs, with babes in their arms, and the boys barefoot stood around the veranda, examined the vehicles, and conversed with each other. One of the drivers, a stooping old man in a winter cap and a camel-hair coat, held

in his hand the shaft of the carriage, moved it to and fro, and thoughtfully looked at the wheels; another, a fine-looking young lad, clad only in a white shirt with red Bukhara cotton gussets, and wearing a black lambskin cap shaped like a cylindrical buckwheat cake, which he, scratching his blond locks, poised now on one ear, now on the other, put his camel-hair coat on the coachman's box, threw the reins there also and, snapping his plaited whip, looked now at his boots, now at the coachmen who were greasing the calash. One of them, straining himself, was holding a jack; another, bending over the wheel, was carefully greasing the axle and the axle-box, and, not to lose the last bit of grease left on the brush, smeared it on the lower part of the rim.

Variously coloured, weak-kneed post-horses stood at the picket fence and switched the flies off with their tails. Some of them, spreading their shaggy, swollen legs, blinked their eyes and were dozing; others rubbed each other, from ennui, or nibbled at leaves or stalks of rough, dark-green ferns that grew near the veranda. A few greyhounds either breathed heavily, lying in the sun, or walked about in the shade under the carriage and calash, and licked the grease which oozed out of the axles. There was a dusty mist in the air, and the horizon was of grayish olive hue; but there was not a cloud to be seen in the whole sky. A strong westerly wind raised columns of dust from the roads and fields, bent the tops of the tall linden-trees and birches of the garden, and carried far away the falling yellow leaves. I was sitting near the window, and impatiently was waiting for the end of all the preparations.

When all had gathered in the sitting-room near the round table, in order to pass a few minutes together, for the last time, it did not occur to me what a sad moment awaited us. The most trifling thoughts were crossing my brain. I asked myself: which coachman will ride in the

calash, and which one in the carriage? Who will travel with papa, and who with Karl Iványovich? and why do they insist in wrapping me in a shawl and a wadded jacket?

"I am not as tender as that. Don't be afraid, I shall not freeze. If only there will soon be an end to it all! If we just could get seated, and be off!"

"To whom will you order me to give a note about the children's linen?" said Natálya Sávishna, who had entered with tearful eyes and carrying a note in her hand, as she turned to mamma.

"Give it to Nikoláy, and then come to tell the children good-bye!"

The old woman wanted to say something, but suddenly stopped, covered her face with her handkerchief, and, motioning with her hand, left the room. My heart was pinched when I saw her motion; but my impatience to travel was greater than my sympathy, and I continued to listen with complete indifference to the conversation between father and mother. They were evidently speaking about things that interested neither the one nor the other: what it was necessary to buy for the house; what to say to Princess Sophie and Madame Julie; and whether the road would be good.

Fóka entered, and in the same voice in which he announced "Dinner is served," he said, as he stopped on the threshold, "The horses are ready." I noticed how mamma shuddered and grew pale at this bit of news, as if it had been something unforeseen by her.

Fóka was ordered to close all the doors in the house. That amused me very much, "as if everybody were hiding from somebody."

When all seated themselves, — Fóka, too, sat down on the edge of a chair, — but the moment he did that, the door creaked, and everybody looked round. Natálya rapidly entered the room, and, without raising her eyes

seated herself at the door on the same chair with Fóka. I see clearly the bald, wrinkled face of Fóka and the bent, kindly figure in the cap, underneath which gray hair peeped out. They are both pressing together on one chair, and they both feel uncomfortable.

I continued to be careless and impatient. The ten seconds during which we sat with closed doors appeared to me a whole hour. Finally all arose, made the sign of the cross, and began to take leave. Papa embraced mamma, and kissed her several times.

"That will do, my dear!" said papa; "we are not departing for an age."

"It is sad, nevertheless!" said mamma, in a voice trembling with tears.

When I heard that voice and saw her quivering lips and eyes full of tears, I forgot everything, and I felt so sad, so pained, and so utterly wretched, that I wanted rather to run away than to bid her farewell. I understood at that moment that when she embraced father, she really was bidding us farewell.

She began so many times to kiss Volódya and to make the sign of the cross over him that, supposing she was going to turn to me, I pushed myself forward, but she again and again blessed him and pressed him to her breast. At last, I embraced her and, clinging to her, wept and wept, thinking of nothing but my sorrow.

When we went out to seat ourselves in the vehicles, the annoying manorial servants followed to bid us good-bye. Their "Please, your hand, sir," their smacking kisses on the shoulder, and the odour of lard from their heads provoked in me a feeling very much akin to disgust. Under the influence of that feeling I very coldly kissed Natálya Sávishna's cap, while she, all in tears, bade me farewell.

It is strange, but I see all the faces of the servants as if it had happened to-day, and I could paint them with

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horse flapping his tail, and striking one leg against another, which made the driver crack his plaited whip at him, and then his legs began to move more evenly. I saw the harness leaping about, and the rings upon it, and I kept on looking at the harness until it became lathered at the tail. I began to look around me: at the waving fields of ripe rye; at the dark fallow field on which here and there a plow, a peasant, and a mare with her colt could be seen; at the verst posts, and even at the coachman's box, in order to see who the driver was. My face was not yet dry from its tears, when my thoughts were far away from my mother, whom I had left, perhaps, for ever. But every reminiscence led my thoughts to her. I recalled the mushroom which I had found the day before in the avenue of birches; I recalled how Lyúbochka and Kátenka disputed who was to pluck it, and I recalled how they wept when they bade us farewell.

"I am sorry to leave them, and I am sorry for Natálya Sávishna, and for the birch avenue, and for Fóka! I am sorry to leave even growling Mimi. I am sorry for everything, for everything! And poor mamma!" And tears again stood in my eyes, but not for long.

XV.

CHILDHOOD

HAPPY, happy, irretrievable period of childhood! How can one help loving and cherishing its memories? These memories refresh and elevate my soul and serve me as a source of my best enjoyments.

I remember how, having frisked about until tired, I sat at the tea table in my high chair. It was late. I had long ago drunk my cup of milk and sugar; sleep closed my eyes, but I did not budge from the place, and remained there and listened. How could I help listening? Mamma was speaking to somebody, and the sounds of her voice were so sweet and so charming. Those sounds alone spoke so eloquently to my heart! With eyes dimmed by sleepiness I looked fixedly at her face, and suddenly she grew so small, so very small, — her face was not larger than a button, but I saw it just as plainly. I saw her looking at me and smiling. I liked to see her so tiny. I blinked my eyes even more, and she became not larger than those little men one sees in the pupil of the eye. I moved, and the whole charm was broken. I squinted, turned around, and in every manner possible tried to renew it, — it was all in vain.

I rose, scampered away, and comfortably lodged myself in an armchair.

"You will fall asleep again, Nikólenka!" said mamma: "you had better go up-stairs."

"I do not want to sleep, mamma," I answered her, and

indistinct, though sweet, dreams filled my imagination. A healthy childish sleep closed my eyelids, and a few minutes later I lost consciousness and slept until I was awakened. In my waking moments I felt somebody's hand touching me: by the touch alone I could tell her, even in my sleep, and I involuntarily caught that hand and pressed it hard, very hard to my lips.

Everybody had left; one candle was burning in the sitting-room; mamma had said that she would wake me herself. It was she who seated herself on the chair upon which I was asleep, and with her lovely, tender hand patted my hair. Over my ear was heard the familiar voice:

"Get up, my darling, it is time to go to bed."

No indifferent looks embarrassed her: she was not afraid to pour out all her tenderness and love on me. I did not stir, but kissed her hand even harder.

"Do get up, my angel!"

She touched my neck with her other hand, and her soft fingers moved about and tickled me. It was quiet and half-dark in the room; my nerves were aroused by the tickling and by the waking. Mamma was sitting close to me; she touched me; I scented her odour, and heard her voice. All that caused me to leap up, to embrace her neck with both my hands, to press my head to her breast, and, breathing heavily, to say:

"Oh, my dear, dear mother, how I love you!"

She smiled a sad, bewitching smile, took my head into both her hands, kissed my brow, and placed me upon her knees.

"So you love me very much?" She was silent for a moment, then she said: "Remember, you must always love me; you must never forget me! You will not forget your mamma when she is no more? You will not, Nikólenka?"

She kissed me more tenderly yet.

"Stop, don't say that, my darling, my sweetheart!" I called out, kissing her knees, and tears ran in streams from my eyes, — tears of love and ecstasy.

When, after such a scene, I came up-stairs and stood in my wadded cloak before the holy images, what a wonderful feeling I experienced at the words, "Preserve, O Lord, father and mother!" When, in such moments, I repeated the prayers which my childish lips for the first time lisped after my beloved mother, my love for her and my love for God were strangely mingled in one feeling.

After the prayer I rolled myself into my coverlet, and my heart felt light and cheerful. One dream chased another, - but what were they about? They were intangible, but filled with pure love and hope for bright happiness. I thought of Karl Ivánovich and his bitter fate, — of the only man whom I knew to be unhappy, and I felt so sorry for him, and so loved him, that the tears gushed from my eyes, and I thought: God grant him happiness, and me an opportunity of helping him, and alleviating his sorrow; I was ready to sacrifice everything for him. Then I stuck my favourite china toy, — a hare or a dog, — into the corner of the down pillow, and I was happy seeing how comfortable and snug the toy was there. I also prayed the Lord that He would give happiness to everybody, and that all should be satisfied, and that to-morrow should be good weather for the outing, and then I turned on my other side, my thoughts and dreams became mixed and disturbed, and I fell softly, quietly asleep, my face wet with tears.

Will that freshness, carelessness, need of love, and strength of faith, which one possesses in childhood, ever return? What time can be better than that when all the best virtues, — innocent merriment and limitless need of love, — are the only incitements in life?

Where are all those ardent prayers, where is the best gift — those tears of contrition? The consoling angel

came on his pinions, with a smile wiped off those tears, and fanned sweet dreams to the uncorrupted imagination of the child.

Is it possible life has left such heavy traces in my heart that these tears and that ecstasy have for ever gone from me? Is it possible, nothing but memories are left?

XVI.

POETRY

ALMOST a month after we had settled in Moscow, I was sitting at a large table up-stairs, in grandmother's house, and writing. Our teacher of drawing sat opposite me, and gave a final touch to the head of a turbaned Turk, drawn with a black crayon. Volódya, standing behind the teacher, craned his neck and looked over his shoulder. This head was Volódya's first production in black crayon, and it was that very day to be presented to grandmother, it being her name day.

"And won't you throw some shadows here?" said Volódya to the teacher, rising on tiptoes, and pointing to the Turk's neck.

"No, it is not necessary," said the teacher, putting away the crayons and the drawing-pen in a box with a sliding lid. "It is all right this way, and don't touch it again. Well, and you, Nikólenka," he added, rising, and still looking sidewise at the Turk, "tell us, at last, your secret; what are you going to offer to grandmother? Really, it would be well if you, too, gave her a head. Good-bye, young gentlemen!" He took his hat and a ticket, and went out.

That moment I thought myself that a head would be better than what I was working on. When we were told that grandmother's name day would come soon, and that we ought to prepare some presents for that day, it occurred to me to write verses for the occasion, and I immediately picked

out two lines with a rhyme, and hoped shortly to find the rest. I absolutely cannot remember how such a strange idea, for a child, could have got into my head, but I recall that it gave me pleasure, and that to all questions about the matter, I answered that I should not fail to offer grandmother a present, but that I should not tell anybody what it was.

Contrary to my expectation, it soon appeared that, in spite of all my efforts, I was not able to find any other verses except the two lines which I had made up on the spur of the moment. I began to read the poems that were in our readers, but neither Dmítriev, nor Derzhávin helped me at all! On the contrary, they only convinced me of my incapacity. As I knew that Karl Ivánovich was fond of copying poems, I began quietly to rummage through his papers, and among his German poems found one Russian lyric, which, no doubt, belonged to his own pen.

To Madam L. . . Petrovski, 1828, 3 juni.
Remember me near,
Remember me far,
Remember my
Even from now up to ever,
Remember me to my grave,
How faithful I can love.
— *Karl Mauer.*

This poem, written in a beautiful, round hand, on thin letter-paper, took my fancy on account of the stirring feeling which pervaded it. I immediately learned it by rote, and decided to take it for my model. Things now went much easier. On the name day my greeting, consisting of twelve lines, was ready, and, seating myself at the table in the class-room, I copied it on vellum paper.

Two sheets of paper were already spoiled, — not that I wished to change something, the verses seemed perfect to

me, but beginning with the third line, the ends of the verses began to turn upwards more and more, so that one could see, even from a distance, that they were written crooked, and that they were not good for anything.

The third sheet was just as crooked as the other two, but I decided not to copy it again. In my poem I congratulated grandmother, and wished her to live long, and finished as follows:

> We will try never to bother,
> And will love you like our own mother.

It did not look so bad, after all, only the last verse strangely offended my ear.

"And will love you like our own mother," mumbled I. "What other rhyme could I get for mother? other? smother? Oh, well, it will pass anyway; it is not worse than the verses of Karl Iványovich."

I wrote down the last verse. Then I read aloud my production, with feeling and expression, in the sleeping-room. There were lines without any measure, and that did not disconcert me, but the last verse struck me more unpleasantly still. I sat down on my bed, and fell to musing.

"Why did I write *like our own mother?* She was not here, so I ought not even to have mentioned her. It is true, I love grandmother, and I respect her, but still, it is not the same — why did I write that, why did I lie? To be sure this was a poem, still I ought not to have done so."

Just then the tailor entered, and brought the new half-frock coats.

"Well, it will have to remain that way!" said I, in great impatience, as I angrily shoved the poem under the pillow, and ran away to try on the Moscow clothes.

The Moscow clothes turned out to be a fine affair: the

cinnamon-coloured half-frocks, with their brass buttons, were closely fitting, — not as they used to make them in the country for us, by sizes; the black trousers, tightly fitting, too, wonderfully showed the muscles, and hung over the boots.

"At last I myself have pantaloons with foot straps, and real ones!" I thought and, beside myself with pleasure, examined my legs on all sides. Although the trousers were dreadfully tight, and I felt uncomfortable in my new suit, I did not mention it to anybody, but, on the contrary, said that I felt quite at ease, and, if there was any fault in the suit, it was, that it was too loose. After that I stood for a long time before the looking-glass, combing my copiously waxed hair. No matter how much I tried, I could not smooth down the tufts on my crown: the moment I wanted to experiment on their docility, and stopped pressing them down with the brush, they rose and towered in all directions, giving my face an exceedingly funny expression.

Karl Iványovich was dressing in the next room, and they carried through the class-room a blue dress coat to him, and with it some white appurtenances. At the door that led down-stairs was heard the voice of one of grandmother's chambermaids: I went out to discover what she wanted. She was holding in her hand a stiffly ironed shirt-front, and told me that she had brought it for Karl Iványovich, and that she had not slept that night, in order to get it washed in time. I undertook to hand him the shirt-front, and asked whether grandmother had risen.

"Indeed, sir! She has already had her coffee, and the protopope has come. How fine you look!" she added, smiling, and surveying my new garments.

This remark made me blush. I turned around on one foot, clicked my fingers, and leaped up, to let her feel that she did not know yet what a fine fellow I really was.

When I brought the shirt-front to Karl Iványovich, he did not need it any longer: he had put on another, and, bending over a small looking-glass, which stood on a table, was holding the superb tie of his cravat in his hands, and trying whether his smoothly shaven chin would freely go into it and come out again. Having pulled our garments into shape, and having asked Nikoláy to do the same for him, he took us to grandmother. I have to laugh when I think how strongly all three of us smelled of pomatum, as we descended the staircase.

Karl Iványovich had in his hands a small box of his own make; Volódya had the drawing, and I the poem. We all had on our tongue a greeting with which we were to offer our presents. Just as Karl Iványovich opened the door of the parlour, the clergyman was putting on his vestments, and the first sounds of the mass were heard.

Grandmother was in the parlour already: bending and leaning over the arm of a chair, she was standing at the wall and praying fervently. Papa stood near her. She turned around to us and smiled, when she noticed that we were hiding behind our backs the presents which we were to offer, and that we had stopped at the door, in our desire not to observed. All the effect of surprise, on which we had been counting, was lost.

When the blessing with the cross began, I suddenly felt that I was under the oppressive influence of an inconquerable, stupefying timidity, and, feeling that I should never have enough courage to make my offering to her, I hid behind Karl Iványovich's back. He congratulated grandmother in the choicest of expressions, and, transferring the box from his right hand to his left, handed it to her, and walked off a few steps, in order to give Volódya a chance. Grandmother, so it seemed, was delighted with the box, which was bordered with gold paper, and expressed her thanks to him with a most gracious smile. It was, however, evident that she did not know where to

place the box, and, probably for that reason, asked papa to see with what remarkable skill it was made.

Having satisfied his curiosity, papa handed it to the protopope who, it seemed, took a liking to the thing: he shook his head, and now looked at the box, and now at the master who had managed to produce such a beautiful object. Volódya offered his Turk, and he also was the recipient of the most flattering praise on all sides. Then came my turn: grandmother turned to me with a smile of encouragement.

Those who have experienced bashfulness, know that the feeling increases in direct proportion with time, and that decision diminishes in the same proportion; that is, the longer that condition lasts, the harder it is to overcome the bashfulness, and the less there is left of decision.

My last courage and decision left me when Karl Ivánovich and Volódya made their offerings, and my bashfulness reached its extreme limits: I felt my heart-blood continually coursing to my head, my face alternately changing colour, and large drops of perspiration oozing on my forehead and nose. My ears were burning; I felt a chill and a perspiration over my whole body; I stood now on one foot, now on another, and I did not budge from the spot.

"Well, do show us, Nikólenka! What is it you have, a box or a drawing?" said papa to me. There was nothing to be done; with a trembling hand I gave her the crushed, fatal roll; but my voice refused to serve me, and I stopped silent before grandmother. I was beside myself, thinking that, instead of the expected drawing, they would read aloud my worthless poem and the words *like my own mother* which would be a clear proof that I had never loved her, and that I had forgotten her. How am I to tell the agony through which I passed, when grandmother began to read aloud my poem; when, unable to make it out, she stopped in the middle of the verse, in

order to look at papa with a smile, which then seemed to me to be one of mockery; when she pronounced it differently from what I had intended it; and when, her eyes being weak, she did not finish reading it, but handed it to papa and asked him to read it from the beginning? It seemed to me that she did so because she was tired of reading such horrible and badly scrawled verses, and because she wanted papa to read the last line, which was such an evident proof of my heartlessness. I was waiting for him to snap my nose with the poem, and to say: "Naughty boy! Do not forget your mother! Take this for it!" But nothing of the kind happened; on the contrary, after it had been read, grandmother said: "*Charmant!*" and kissed my brow.

The box, the drawing, and the poem were put, by the side of two batiste handkerchiefs and a snuff-box with mamma's portrait, on a sort of extension table connected with the armchair in which grandmother always sat.

"Princess Várvara Ilínichna," announced one of the two huge lackeys who stood in the back of grandmother's carriage.

Grandmother was deep in thought over the portrait, which was fastened to the shell snuff-box, and did not answer.

"Does your Grace command to ask her in?" repeated the lackey.

XVII.

PRINCESS KORNÁKOV

"ASK her in," said grandmother, seating herself deeper in the chair.

The princess was a woman about forty-five years of age, small of stature, sickly, lean, and bilious, with grayish green, disagreeable little eyes, the expression of which clearly contradicted the unnaturally sweet curves of her mouth. Underneath a velvet hat with an ostrich feather could be seen her bright red hair; her eyebrows and eyelashes appeared even brighter and redder on the sickly colour of her face. In spite of all this, she gave a general impression of generosity and energy, thanks to her unaffected movements, her tiny hands, and the peculiar leanness of all her features.

The princess talked a great deal, and by reason of her talkativeness belonged to that class of people who are always speaking as though some one were contradicting them, although not a word is said. She now raised her voice, now gradually lowered it in order to burst forth with new vivacity, and glanced at her silent listeners, as if trying to strengthen herself by that glance.

Though the princess had kissed grandmother's hand, and continually called her *ma bonne tante*, I noticed that grandmother was not satisfied with her; she raised her brows in a peculiar manner, as she listened to the reason why Prince Mikháylo was absolutely unable to come to congratulate grandmother, though he wished very much

to do so, and, answering in Russian to the French speech of the princess, she said, dwelling with emphasis on her words:

"I thank you very much, my dear, for your attention, but as to Prince Mikháylo not being able to come, what is the use mentioning it? He has always a great deal to do. And what pleasure could it be for him to sit down with an old woman?"

And, not giving the princess a chance to contradict her words, she continued:

"Tell me, how are your children, my dear?"

"The Lord be praised, *ma tante*, they are growing, studying, and having a good time — especially Etienne, the eldest, is getting to be so mischievous that there is no getting on with him; but he is bright, *un garçon qui promet*. Just imagine, *mon cousin*," she continued, turning exclusively to papa, because grandmother, who was not in the least interested in the children of the princess, but wanted to praise her own grandchildren, carefully took my poem from under the box, and began to unfold the paper: "Just imagine, *mon cousin*, what he did a few days ago — "

The princess leaned over to papa, and began to tell him something with great animation. Having finished her story, which I did not hear, she burst out laughing and, looking interrogatively at papa, said:

"What do you think of that boy, *mon cousin?* He deserved a whipping; but that trick of his was so bright and amusing, that I forgave him, *mon cousin*."

And the princess fixed her eyes upon grandmother, and continued to smile, without saying anything.

"Do you *beat* your children, my dear?" asked grandmother, significantly raising her eyebrows, and emphasizing the word *beat*.

"Oh, *ma bonne tante*," answered the princess in a kind voice, casting a rapid glance upon papa, "I know your

opinion in regard to this matter, but permit me to disagree with you in this only: however much I have thought, or read, or consulted about the question, my experience has brought me to the conviction that it is necessary to act upon children through fear. To make anything of a child, you need fear — am I not right, *mon cousin?* And what is it, *je vous demande un peu*, children fear more than the rod?"

Saying this, she looked interrogatively at us, and, I must confess, I felt very ill at ease during that moment.

"Say what you may, a boy up to twelve and even fourteen years of age is a child. With girls it is a different matter."

"Yes, that is very nice, my dear," said grandmother, folding my poem and replacing it under the box, as if she did not regard the princess, after these words, worthy of hearing such a production. "That is very nice, only, please, tell me, what refined feelings can you after that expect of your children?"

And, regarding this argument as incontrovertible, grandmother added, in order to break off the conversation:

"However, everybody has his own opinion upon that matter."

The princess did not answer, and only smiled condescendingly, wishing thus to say that she forgave this queer prejudice in a person whom she respected so much.

"Ah, introduce me to your young people," said she, looking at us and smiling politely.

We rose, and, fixing our eyes upon the face of the princess, did not know in the least what to do in order to prove that we had become acquainted.

"Kiss the hand of the princess," said papa.

"I ask you to love your old aunt," said she, kissing Volódya's hair. "Though I am but distantly related to you, I count not by degrees of relationship, but by ties of friendship," she added, speaking more especially to grand-

mother, but grandmother was still dissatisfied with her, and said:

"Ah, my dear, do we nowadays count such relationship?"

"This one will be a worldly young man," said papa, pointing to Volódya, "and this one a poet," he added, while I was kissing the small dry hand of the princess, and with extraordinary distinctness imagined a switch in that hand, and under the switch a bench, and so forth.

"Which one?" asked the princess, keeping hold of my hand.

"This one, the little fellow with the locks," answered papa, smiling merrily.

"What have my locks done to him? Has he nothing else to talk about?" thought I, and went into the corner.

I had the oddest conceptions of beauty, — I even regarded Karl Iványovich as the first beau in the world; but I knew full well that I was not good-looking, and in this opinion was not mistaken. Therefore, every reference to my looks was offensive to me.

I remember very well how once at dinner, — I was then six years old, — they were speaking of my exterior, and mamma was trying to find something comely in my face. She said that I had bright eyes and a pleasant smile, and, finally, yielding to father's proofs and to evidence, was compelled to admit that I was homely. Later, when I thanked her for the dinner, she patted my cheek, and said:

"Know this much, Nikólenka, no one will love you for your face, so you must try and be a good and clever boy."

These words not only convinced me that I was not handsome, but also that I must try by all means to be a good and clever boy.

In spite of this, moments of despair frequently came over me. I imagined that there was no happiness in the world for a man with such a broad nose, fat lips, and

small gray eyes, as mine were. I asked God to do a miracle, and to change me into a handsome boy, and everything I then had, and everything I should ever have in the future, I would gladly have given for a pretty face.

XVIII.

PRINCE IVÁN IVÁNOVICH

WHEN the princess had listened to the poem and had showered praises on the author, grandmother softened, began to speak in French with her, stopped calling her "you, my dear," and invited her to visit us in the evening with all her children. The princess promised she would, and, after staying awhile, departed.

There came so many guests that day to congratulate grandmother that in the courtyard, near the entrance, there were always several carriages standing, the whole morning.

"*Bonjour, chère cousine*," said one of the guests as he entered the room and kissed grandmother's hand.

He was a man of some seventy years of age, of tall stature, in a military uniform, with large epaulets, below the collar of which could be seen a large white cross, and with a calm, open countenance. I was struck by the freedom and simplicity of his movements. Although there was left but a small circle of scanty hair on the back of his head, and although the position of the upper lip gave clear evidence of the absence of teeth, his face was still one of remarkable beauty.

Prince Iván Ivánovich had, while still very young, made a brilliant career at the end of the last century, thanks to his noble character, fine looks, remarkable bravery, distinguished and powerful connections, and,

especially, luck. He remained in the service, and his ambition was soon so well satisfied, that there was nothing more for him to wish in that respect. He had carried himself from his very youth as if he had been preparing himself to occupy that illustrious place in the world where fate had later put him. Therefore, although in his brilliant and somewhat vain life, as in all other lives, there were annoyances, disappointments and failures, he not even once was false to his ever calm character, nor to his high ideals, nor to the fundamental tenets of religion and morality, and he earned universal respect not only on the basis of his high position, but on the basis also of his consistency and fortitude.

He was a man of mediocre mind, but, thanks to his position, which permitted him to look with disdain at all the vain tribulations of life, his ideals were of an elevated character. He was good and sympathetic, but somewhat cold and haughty in manner. That came from his being placed in a position where he could be useful to many, so that by his coldness he endeavoured to guard himself against the unrelenting prayers and requests of people who wished to make use of his influence. His coldness, however, was softened by the condescending civility of a man of the great world. He was well educated and well read; but his education stopped at what he had acquired in youth, that is, at the end of the last century. He had read everything worth while that had been written in France during the eighteenth century in the field of philosophy and eloquence, knew thoroughly all the best productions of French literature, so that he could and did with pleasure quote passages from Racine, Corneille, Boileau, Molière, Montaigne, Fénelon; he was brilliantly versed in mythology, and with benefit had studied, in French translations, the ancient monuments of epic poetry; he had a fair knowledge of history, which he drew from Ségur; but he did not have the least concep-

tion of mathematics, beyond arithmetic, nor of physics, nor of contemporaneous literature; he could in a conversation politely suppress, or even express, a few commonplaces about Goethe, Schiller, and Byron, but he never had read them.

In spite of this French classical education, of which there are but few examples left now, his conversation was simple, and this simplicity at the same time hid his ignorance of certain things, and also gave evidence of his agreeable manner and indulgence. He was a great enemy of all originality, maintaining that originality was a trick of people in bad society. Society was a matter of necessity to him, wherever he happened to be; whether in Moscow, or abroad, he always lived in the same open fashion, and upon certain days received the whole city at his house. The prince was on such a footing in the city, that an invitation from him could serve as a passport into all the parlours, that many young and beautiful women gladly offered him their rosy cheeks, which he kissed, as it were, with the feeling of a father, and that apparently distinguished and decent people expressed indescribable joy when they were admitted to his receptions.

There were but few people left to the prince, like grandmother, who were of the same circle, the same bringing up, the same point of view, and the same age with him, so he particularly valued his old friendship with her, and always showed her great respect.

I did not get tired looking at the prince; the respect which everybody showed him, the large epaulets, the particular joy which grandmother expressed upon seeing him, and the fact that he alone, evidently, was not afraid of her, conversed with her entirely at his ease, and even had the courage to call her "*ma cousine*," inspired in me a respect for him, equal to, if not greater than, that which I felt for my father. When they showed him my poem, he called me to him and said:

"Who knows, *ma cousine*, maybe he will be another Derzhávin."

Saying this, he gave me a painful pinch in my cheek. If I did not cry out loud, it was only because I decided to take it as a favour.

The guests departed, papa and Volódya went out; in the drawing-room were left the prince, grandmother, and I.

"Why did not our dear Natálya Nikoláevna come?" suddenly asked Prince Iván Ivánovich, after a moment's silence.

"*Ah, mon cher!*" answered grandmother, lowering her voice, and putting her hand on the sleeve of his uniform: "She, no doubt, would have come, if she were at liberty to do what she pleases. She writes me that Pierre had proposed her going, but that she had herself declined because, says she, they had had no income this year. She writes, 'Besides, I have no reason to settle in Moscow this year with my whole house. Lyúbochka is too young yet; and as to the boys, who will be living with you, I am more at ease than if they stayed with me.' That is all very nice!" continued grandmother, in a tone that clearly showed she did not find it at all very nice. "The boys ought to have been sent here long ago, to learn something, and to get used to the world, for what kind of an education could they get in the country? The eldest will soon be thirteen years, and the other eleven. You have noticed, *mon cousin*, they are here like savages, — they do not know how to enter a room."

"I can't, however, understand," answered the prince, "what is the cause of their eternal complaint about ruinous conditions? *He* has some very good property, and Natásha's Khabárovka, where you and I, in times long gone, used to play theatre, I know like the five fingers of my hand; it is a magnificent estate, and ought to bring a nice income."

"I will tell you as a true friend," grandmother interrupted him, with a sad countenance, "it seems to me that these are only excuses, so as to give *him* a chance to live here alone, to frequent clubs and dinners, and to do God knows what; but she does not suspect anything. You know what an angelic soul she is; she has complete confidence in him. He had assured her that the children ought to be taken to Moscow, and that she ought to stay all alone, with the stupid governess, in the country, — and she believed him. If he were to tell her that the children ought to be whipped, as Princess Várvara Hínichna whips them, she, I think, would at once consent," said grandmother, moving about in her chair, with an expression of deep disgust. "Yes, my friend," continued grandmother, after a moment's silence, and raising one of her two handkerchiefs, to wipe off a tear which had made its appearance, "I often think that *he* can neither value nor understand her, and that in spite of all her goodness, her love for him, and her desire to hide her grief, — I know that well, — she cannot be happy with him. Remember what I say, he will — "

Grandmother covered her face with her handkerchief.

"*Eh, ma bonne amie*," said the prince, chidingly, "I see you have not become wiser in the least, — you eternally worry and weep for an imaginary sorrow. Really, are you not ashamed? I have known him for a long time, and I have known him as an attentive, good, and excellent husband, and, above all, as a very noble man, *un parfait honnêt homme*."

Having involuntarily heard the conversation, which I ought not to have heard, I slipped out of the room on tiptoe, and in great agitation.

XIX.

THE IVINS

"VOLÓDYA! Volódya! The Ivins!" I cried out when I saw through the window three boys, in blue frogged coats with beaver collars, who, following their young, dandyish tutor, were crossing from the other side of the street toward our house.

The Ivins were some relatives of ours, and almost of the same age with us. Soon after our arrival in Moscow we became acquainted and friendly.

The second Ivin, Serézha, was a swarthy, curly-headed boy, with an upturned, firm nose, very fresh, red lips, which rarely were entirely closed, a somewhat prominent upper row of white teeth, beautiful, dark blue eyes, and an unusually lively countenance. He never smiled, but either looked quite serious, or laughed heartily with a melodious, clear-cut, and exceedingly attractive laughter. His original beauty struck me from the very start. I felt unconquerably attracted by him. It was enough for my happiness to see him, and all the powers of my soul were concentrated upon this desire. When I passed three or four days without seeing him, I grew lonely, and felt sad enough to weep. All my dreams, waking and sleeping, were of him. When I lay down to sleep, I wished that I might dream of him; when I closed my eyes, I saw him before me, and I treasured this vision as my greatest pleasure. I did not dare entrust this feeling to any one in the world, I valued it so.

Perhaps he was tired of feeling my restless eyes continually directed toward him, or he did not feel any sympathy for me, but he visibly preferred to play and to talk with Volódya, rather than with me. I was, nevertheless, satisfied, wished for nothing, demanded nothing, and was ready to sacrifice everything for him.

In addition to the passionate attraction with which he inspired me, his presence provoked in me, in no less degree, another feeling, — a fear of offending him, or in any way grieving him, and not pleasing him; perhaps, because his face bore a haughty expression, or because, disdaining my own looks, I too much valued the advantages of beauty in others, or, what is more likely, since it is a decided sign of love, I was as much in fear of him as I loved him. When Serézha spoke to me for the first time, I so completely lost myself from such unexpected happiness, that I grew pale, and blushed, and did not know what to answer him. He had a bad habit, when he was thinking of something, of resting his eyes on one object, blinking all the time, and twitching his nose and eyebrows. Everybody found that this habit spoiled his face, but I thought it so charming that I came to do the same, and a few days after my acquaintance with him, grandmother asked me whether my eyes were not hurting me, for I was jerking them like an owl. Not a word was ever said between us in regard to our love, but he felt his power over me, and tyrannically, though unconsciously, made use of it in our childish relations. However much I wished to tell him what there was upon my soul, I was too much afraid of him to attempt confidences, and tried to appear indifferent, and without murmuring submitted to him. At times his influence seemed hard and intolerable to me, but it was not in my power to escape it.

It is sad to recall that refreshing, beautiful feeling of unselfish and limitless love, which died without ebullition and without finding any response

It is strange that, when I was a child, I always wanted to be big, and now, since I have ceased being small, I frequently wish I were. How often this desire, not to be like a child, had, in my relations to Serézha, arrested the feeling which was ready to pour forth, and caused me to simulate. I not only did not dare to kiss him, which I frequently wanted to do, to take his hand, to say how glad I was to see him, but did not even dare to call him Serézha, but only Sergyéy: such was the relation established between us. Every expression of sentiment was a proof of childishness, and he who permitted himself such a thing was still a *boy*. Although we had not yet passed those bitter experiences which lead grown people to be cautious and cold in their relations with each other, we deprived ourselves of the pure enjoyment of a tender, childlike attachment, through the one strange desire to imitate grown people.

I met the Ivins in the antechamber, greeted them, and flew headlong to grandmother, I announced to her that the Ivins had come, with an expression as if this news ought to make her completely happy. Then, without taking my eyes off Serézha, I followed him into the drawing-room and watched all his movements. While grandmother said that he had grown much, and directed her penetrating eyes upon him, I experienced that feeling of terror and hope which the artist must experience when he is waiting for the respected judge to pass a sentence upon his production.

The young tutor of the Ivins, Herr Frost, went, with grandmother's permission, down into the garden with us, seated himself on a green bench, picturesquely crossed his legs, placing between them his cane with a brass knob, and, with the expression of a man who is satisfied with his actions, lighted a cigar.

Herr Frost was a German, but of an entirely different type from our good Karl Ivánovich. In the first place he

spoke Russian correctly, and French with a bad pronunciation, and enjoyed, particularly among ladies, the reputation of being a very learned gentleman; in the second, he wore red moustaches, a large ruby pin in a black satin cravat, the ends of which were tucked under his suspenders, and light blue pantaloons with changing hues and with foot-straps; in the third, he was young, had a beautiful, self-satisfied expression, and unusually well-developed, muscular legs. It was evident he very much treasured this advantage; he regarded the effect as irresistible on persons of the feminine sex and, no doubt for this reason, tried to place his legs in a most noticeable position, and, whether he was standing or sitting, continually moved his thighs. It was the type of a young Russian German, who wished to be a beau and a Lovelace.

We had a merry time in the garden. The game of robbers went on as nicely as possible, but an incident came very near putting a stop to it. Serézha was the robber. In running after the travellers, he tripped, and in full career struck his knee against a tree with such force that I thought he would break to splinters. Although I was the rural police, and my duty consisted in catching him, I went up to him sympathetically, and asked him whether he had hurt himself very painfully. Serézha was furious, he clenched his fists, stamped his feet, and, in a voice which showed conclusively that he had hurt himself very much, cried out to me:

"What is that? After this, there is no game! Well, why do you not catch me, why do you not catch me?" he repeated several times, looking away at Volódya and the elder Ivin, who represented the travellers and leaped up and down the path; then he suddenly shouted and with loud laughter rushed forward to catch them.

I can't tell how that heroic act struck and captivated me. In spite of his terrible pain, he not only did not

weep, but he did not even show that he had been hurt, and did not for a minute forget the game.

Soon after that, when Ilínka Grap joined our company and we went up-stairs before dinner, Serézha had occasion to captivate me even more and to impress me with his remarkable manliness and fortitude of character.

Ilínka Grap was the son of a poor foreigner, who had once lived at my grandfather's. He was in some way under obligations to him, and for some reason regarded it as his duty to send his son to us as often as possible. If he thought that our acquaintance would afford his son any honour or pleasure, he was in this respect completely mistaken, because we not only were not friendly with Ilínka, but turned our attention to him only when we wanted to make fun of him Ilínka was a boy of about thirteen years of age, thin, tall, pale, with a birdlike face, and a good-natured, submissive expression He was dressed very poorly, but was always so copiously covered with pomatum that we used to assert that on a warm day the pomatum melted on Grap's head and ran under his blouse. When I think of him now, I find that he was a very obliging, quiet, and good boy; but then he appeared to me such a contemptible being that it was not worth while to pity him or even to think of him.

When the game of robbers stopped, we went up-stairs, and began to show off and to brag before each other with all kinds of gymnastic tricks. Ilínka looked at us with a timid smile of wonderment, and when it was proposed that he should do likewise, he declined, saying that he did not have any strength. Serézha was wonderful; he took off his blouse; his face and eyes were red, for he continually laughed and tried new tricks: he jumped over three chairs placed in a row, turned somersaults through the whole length of the room, stood on his head on Tatíschev's dictionaries, which he had placed in the middle of the room in the shape of a pedestal, and did

such funny tricks with his feet that it was impossible to keep from laughing. After this last peformance, he thought for a moment, winked, and suddenly went up to Ilínka with a very serious expression in his face: "Try that; really it is not hard." Noticing that the eyes of all were directed upon him, Grap blushed and with a scarcely audible voice assured us that he was in no way capable of doing it.

"Now, really, why does he not want to do it? Is he a girl? What? He must, by all means, stand on his head!"

And Serézha took his hand.

"By all means, by all means on his head!" we all cried, and surrounded Ilínka, who was perceptibly frightened and pale. We took his hands and pulled him to the dictionaries.

"Let me, I'll do it alone! You will tear my blouse!" cried the unfortunate victim. But these cries of despair only encouraged us more. We were dying with laughter, and the green blouse cracked in all its seams.

Volódya and the elder Ivin bent down his head and placed it on the dictionaries. Serézha and I got hold of the poor boy's thin legs, which he waved in all directions, rolled up his pantaloons to his knees, and with loud laughter stretched his legs in the air. The younger Ivin sustained the equilibrium of his body.

It so happened that after the noisy laughter we all suddenly grew silent, and it was so quiet in the room that we could hear the heavy breathing of poor Grap. That moment I was not entirely convinced that all this was funny and jolly.

"Now he is a fine fellow!" said Serézha, slapping him with his hand.

Ilínka was silent, and in trying to free himself, threw his legs in all directions. During one of these desperate movements, his heel struck Serézha's eye so painfully that

Serézha at once dropped his legs, put his hand to his eye, from which tears began to flow against his will, and gave Ilínka a blow with all his might. Ilínka was no longer supported by us, and fell to the floor like a lifeless mass. He could only say through tears:

"Why do you torment me so?"

The pitiful figure of poor Ilínka, with his tearful face, dishevelled hair, and tucked-up pantaloons, underneath which could be seen the unblackened boot-legs, struck us forcibly; we were all silent and endeavoured to smile.

Serézha was the first to come to his senses.

"He is an old woman, and a cry baby," he said, lightly touching him with his foot. "It is impossible to play with him. Now, that will do, get up."

"I told you you were a naughty boy," angrily cried Ilínka, and, turning away, sobbed out loud.

"Oh, he strikes with his heels, and then he calls names!" cried Serézha, taking a dictionary in his hands and swinging it over the head of the unfortunate boy, who did not even think of defending himself, but covered his head with his hands.

"Take this, and this! Let us leave him, if he does not know what jokes are. Let us go down-stairs," said Serézha, laughing in an unnatural manner.

I looked sympathetically at the poor fellow, who lay upon the floor, and, hiding his face in a dictionary, wept so much that I thought he would certainly die of the convulsions with which his body was shaking.

"O Sergyéy!" said I to him, "why did you do that?"

"I declare! I did not cry, I hope, when I almost crushed my leg to the bone!"

"Yes, that is so," thought I, "Ilínka is nothing but a cry baby, and Serézha is a brave fellow. Oh, what a brave fellow!"

It did not occur to me that the poor boy was really not crying so much from physical pain as from the thought

that five boys, whom he, no doubt, liked, had without any reason conspired to hate and persecute him.

I positively am not able to explain the cruelty of my act. How is it I did not go up to him, did not defend, or console him? What had become of the sentiment of compassion which used to make me sob at the sight of a young jackdaw thrown out of its nest, or of a pup that was to be thrown over the fence, or a chicken that the cook-boy took out to kill for the soup?

Is it possible this beautiful sentiment was choked in me through my love for Serézha, and my desire to appear before him just such a brave fellow as he was? This love and desire to appear brave were no enviable qualities, for they produced the only dark spots on the pages of my childhood memories.

XX.

GUESTS ARE COMING

To judge from the unusual activity which was noticeable in the buffet, from the bright illumination which gave a new, festive appearance to the old, familiar objects in the drawing-room and parlour, and, more especially, to judge from the fact that Prince Iván Ivánovich had sent his music, there was to be a large gathering of people in the evening.

At the noise of each carriage that passed by, I ran to the window, put my hands to my temples and to the pane, and with impatient curiosity looked into the street. From the darkness, which at first hid all the objects outside the window, slowly emerged: right opposite, the familiar bench with the lamp-post; diagonally across, a large house, with two windows below lighted up; in the middle of the street, some Jehu, with two occupants in his vehicle, or an empty coach, returning home leisurely. Suddenly a carriage drove up to the entrance, and I, quite sure that it must be the Ivins, who had promised to arrive early, ran down to meet them in the antechamber. Instead of the Ivins, appeared, after the liveried arm which had opened the door, two ladies, one, tall, in a blue cloak with a sable collar, the other, small, all wrapped in a green shawl, underneath which could be seen only tiny feet in fur boots. Without paying any attention to my presence in the antechamber, though I had regarded it as my duty to bow to

them at their arrival, the smaller lady walked up to the taller, and stopped in front of her. The tall lady unwound the kerchief that completely hid the head of the small lady and unbuttoned her cloak. When the liveried lackey received these things in his keeping, and had taken off her fur boots, there issued from that bundled-up being a beautiful girl twelve years of age, in a short, open muslin dress, white pantalets, and tiny black shoes. Over her white neck was a black velvet ribbon, her head was all in dark blond curls which so beautifully encased her pretty face in front, and her bare neck behind, that I should not have believed anybody, not even Karl Ivánovich, that they curled in this way because, ever since morning, they had been tied in bits of the *Moscow Gazette*, and because they had been curled with hot curling-irons. It seemed to me she was born that way, with her curly head.

The striking feature of her face was the unusual size of her bulging, half-closed eyes, which formed a strange, but pleasant contrast with the tiny mouth. Her little lips were closed, and her eyes looked so serious that the general expression of her face was such that one did not expect a smile from it, and, consequently, her smile was the more enchanting.

Trying not to be noticed, I slunk through the door of the parlour, and thought it necessary to walk up and down, pretending that I was deep in thought, and that I did not know that guests had come. When the guests reached the middle of the parlour, I, as it were, came to, scuffed, and announced to them that grandmother was in the sitting-room. Madame Valákhin, whose face I liked very much, especially since I discovered in it a resemblance to the face of her daughter Sónichka, graciously nodded her head to me.

Grandmother was apparently very glad to see Sónichka, called her to her, fixed a lock upon her head, which had fallen on her forehead, and, looking fixedly at her, said:

"*Quelle charmante enfant!*" Sónichka smiled, blushed, and looked so sweet, that I, too, blushed, looking at her.

"I hope you will not be lonely at my house, dear girl," said grandmother, raising her face by the chin. "I ask you to have a good time and dance as much as possible. Here are already one lady and two gentlemen" she added, speaking to Madame Valákhin, and touching my hand.

This way of connecting me with herself was so pleasing that it made me blush once more.

As I felt that my bashfulness was increasing, and hearing the rumble of an approaching carriage, I thought it necessary to withdraw. In the antechamber I found Princess Kornákov with a son and an incredible number of daughters. Her daughters had all the same looks, they all resembled the princess, and they were all homely, so that not one of them arrested the attention. After doffing their cloaks and boas, they suddenly began to speak in thin voices, fluttered about, and laughed at something, no doubt because there were so many of them. Etienne was a boy of about fifteen years of age, tall, flabby, with a washed-out face, sunken, blue-ringed eyes, and enormous arms and legs for his age. He was awkward, and his voice was uneven and harsh, but he seemed to be satisfied with himself, and was just the kind of boy I had expected of one who was whipped with switches.

We stood quite a while facing and examining each other, without saying a word. Then we moved up to each other and, it seems, were about to kiss, but having taken another look at one another, somehow changed our minds. When the dresses of all his sisters had rustled by us, I asked him, in order to start a conversation, whether they had not been crowded in the carriage.

"I do not know," he answered, carelessly. "You know, I never travel in the carriage, because, the moment I seat myself in it, I get a sick headache, and mamma knows that. When we go out for the evening, I always take my

place on the coachman's box, — it's jollier, — I can see everything, and Filípp lets me guide the horses, and sometimes I take the whip, too. And those that drive by sometimes get it," he added, with an expressive gesture. "It's nice!"

"Your Grace," said a lackey, who had just entered the antechamber, "Filípp wants to know what you have deigned to do with the whip?"

"How? What? I gave it back to him."

"He says you didn't."

"Well, then I hung it on the lamp-post."

"Filípp says that it is not on the lamp-post either, and you had better admit that you have lost it, and so Filípp will with his own money answer for your jokes," continued the angry lackey, becoming more and more animated.

The lackey, whose appearance was that of a respectable and stern man, evidently took Filípp's side with zeal, and was determined by all means to clear up the matter. By a natural feeling of delicacy, I stepped aside, as if I had not noticed anything; but the lackeys present acted differently, they came nearer, and approvingly looked at the old servant.

"Well, if I lost it, I lost it," said Etienne, avoiding any further explanations. "I'll pay him whatever the whip is worth. How funny!" he added, walking up to me, and drawing me after him into the drawing-room.

"No, excuse me, master, what are you going to pay with? I know how you pay. You have not paid Márya Vlásevna her two dimes these eight months; it is now two years you have not payed me, and Petrúsha —"

"Will you shut up?" cried out the young prince, turning pale from anger. "I will tell it all —"

"I will tell it all, I will tell it all!" said the lackey. "It is not good, your Grace!" he added with great emphasis, just as we entered the parlour, and as he was going with the cloaks to the clothes-press.

"That's it! That's it!" was heard somebody's approving voice in the antechamber behind us.

Grandmother had the special gift, by applying, with a certain tone, and at certain occasions, the plural and singular number of the pronoun of the second person, to express her opinion of people. Although she used "thou" and "you" in a reversed sense from the commonly accepted form, these shades received an entirely different meaning in her mouth. When the young prince walked up to her, she said a few words to him, calling him "you," and glanced at him with an expression of such contempt that if I had been in his place, I should have gone to pieces. But Etienne was, apparently, a boy of a different composition: he not only did not pay any attention to grandmother's reception, but not even to her person, and bowed to the whole company, with the greatest ease, if not very gracefully.

Sónichka occupied all my attention. I remember how I spoke with the greatest pleasure, whenever Volódya, Etienne, and I were conversing in a place in the parlour where Sónichka could be seen, and she could see and hear us — Whenever I had occasion to say something that, in my opinion, was either funny or clever, I spoke louder, and looked at the door that led into the drawing-room; but when we went over to another place, where we could not be seen or heard, I was silent, and no longer found any pleasure in the conversation.

The drawing-room and the parlour were slowly filling up with guests. Among them, as is always the case at evening parties for children, were some older ones, who would not let slip an opportunity of making merry and dancing, as if only to please the lady of the house.

When the Ivins arrived, the pleasure which I generally experienced at meeting Serézha gave way to a strange annoyance, because he would see Sónichka, and would be seen by her.

XXI.

BEFORE THE MAZURKA

"Oh, there will be some dancing here, I see," said Serézha, as he left the sitting-room, and took out of his pocket a new pair of kid gloves. "I must put on my gloves."

"What shall I do? We have no gloves," thought I, "and I must go up-stairs and look for some."

Although I rummaged through all the drawers, I found in one of them only our travelling mittens, and in another one kid glove, which could be of no use whatsoever to me: in the first place, because it was exceedingly old and dirty, in the second place, because it was entirely too large; and chiefly, because it lacked the middle finger, which had, no doubt, been cut off by Karl Ivánovich for some ailing hand. I put the remnant of a glove, however, on my hand, and attentively examined that spot on the middle finger which is always black with ink.

"Now, if Natálya Sávishna were here she certainly would find some gloves. I can't go down-stairs in this shape, because when they will ask me why I am not dancing, what am I to say? Neither can I remain here, because they will just as surely discover my absence. What am I to do?" said I, and waved my hands in despair.

"What are you doing here?" said Volódya, who had just run in. "Go, engage a lady, it will begin soon."

"Volódya," said I to him, showing him my hand with

two fingers sticking out of the soiled glove, and speaking in a voice which expressed a condition bordering on despair, "Volódya, you did not think of this!"

"Of what?" he said, impatiently. "Ah! Of the gloves," he added, quite indifferently, as he noticed my hand; "that is so, we have none, and we shall have to ask grandmother what she has to say about it." And, without reflecting a moment, he ran down-stairs.

The indifference with which he had referred to a subject that had seemed so important to me, calmed me, and I hastened into the drawing-room, entirely forgetful of the monstrous glove which was drawn over my left hand.

Cautiously approaching grandmother's chair, and lightly touching her mantilla, I said in a whisper to her:

"Grandmother, what are we to do? We have no gloves!"

"What is it, my dear?"

"We have no gloves," I repeated, coming nearer and nearer, and placing both my hands on the arm of the chair.

"What is this?" she said, seizing my left hand. "*Voyez, ma chère,*" she continued, turning to Madame Valákhin, "*voyez comme ce jeune homme s'est fait élégant pour danser avec votre fille!*"

Grandmother held my hand tightly, and with an inviting, though serious, glance looked at the persons present, until the curiosity of all the guests was satisfied, and the laughter had become universal.

I should have been very much aggrieved if Serézha had seen me, as I, shrinking from shame, was trying to pull away my hand; but I did not feel in the least ashamed before Sónichka, who was laughing so heartily that tears stood in her eyes and all her locks kept bobbing about her heated face. I understood that her laughter was too

loud and unnatural to be derisive; on the contrary, the fact that we were laughing both together, and looking at each other, brought me, in a certain way, nearer to her. The episode with the glove might have had a bad end, but it gave me this advantage, it put me on a free footing with a circle which always appeared to me as the most terrible, — the circle in the drawing-room. I no longer felt the least bashfulness in the parlour.

The suffering of bashful people arises from their uncertainty as to the opinion which is held in regard to them. The moment this opinion is clearly defined, — whatever it may be, — the suffering ceases.

How sweet Sónichka Valákhin was, when she danced a French quadrille opposite me, with the awkward young prince! How sweetly she smiled, when she gave me her hand in the *chaîne!* How sweetly her blond curls leaped about in even measure on her head! How naïvely she made *jeté-assemblé* with her tiny feet! In the fifth figure, when my lady ran from me to the opposite side, and I, waiting for the beat, was getting ready to do my solo, Sónichka solemnly compressed her lips and began to look to one side. But she was unnecessarily afraid for me. I boldly made *chassé en avant, chassé en arrière, glissade*, and, when I came near her, I playfully showed her the glove with the two towering fingers.

She burst into a loud laugh, and even more charmingly scraped her tiny feet on the parquetry. I remember how, when we formed a circle and joined hands, she bent her head, and, without letting my hand go, scratched her little nose against her glove. All that is standing vividly before my eyes, and I still hear the quadrille from the "Maid of the Danube," to the sounds of which it all took place.

Then came a second quadrille, which I danced with Sónichka. When I seated myself by her side, I felt quite uncomfortable, and did not have the slightest idea what

to talk to her about. When my silence was prolonged too much, I became frightened lest she should take me for a fool, and I decided to free her from such a delusion, at whatever cost. "*Vous êtes une habitante de Moscou?*" said I, to her and, after an affirmative answer, continued: "*Et moi, je n'ai encore jamais fréquenté la capitale,*" calculating particularly on the effect of the word *fréquenter*. I felt, however, that, though the beginning was very brilliant, and gave complete proof of my superior knowledge of French, I was not able to continue the conversation in that strain. It was still some time before our turn to dance would come, and the silence was renewed. I looked in anguish at her, wishing to know what impression I had made, and expecting her to help me.

"Where did you find such a killing glove?" she suddenly asked me. This question afforded me great pleasure and relief. I explained that the glove belonged to Karl Ivánovich, and somewhat ironically expatiated on his person, telling her how funny he was when he took off his red cap, and how he once, dressed in a green wadded coat, fell from his horse straight into a puddle, and so on. The quadrille passed unnoticed. All that was very well. But why did I refer to Karl Ivánovich in derision? Should I have lost Sónichka's good opinion if I had described him to her with all the love and respect which I felt for him?

When the quadrille was over, Sónichka said "*Merci*" to me with as sweet an expression as if I really had earned her gratitude. I was in ecstasy, all beside myself with joy, and could not recognize myself: whence came my courage, confidence, and even boldness? "There is not a thing that could confuse me," thought I, carelessly walking up and down the parlour; "I am ready for everything."

Serézha proposed to me to be his vis-à-vis. "All right," said I, "although I have no lady, I will find one." Casting a searching glance over the whole parlour, I noticed that

all were engaged, except one young lady, who was standing at the door of the drawing-room. A tall young man was just approaching her, as I concluded, in order to invite her. He was within two steps of her, and I at the opposite end of the parlour. In the twinkling of an eye I flew, gracefully sliding over the parquetry, across the whole distance which separated us, and, shuffling my feet before her, with a firm voice, I invited her to the contradance. The tall young lady smiled condescendingly, gave me her hand, and the young man was left without a lady.

I had such a consciousness of my power that I did not even pay any attention to the annoyance of the young man; but I found out later that he had asked who that shaggy boy was that had leaped in front of him and had taken his lady away right before his face.

XXII.

THE MAZURKA

THE young man whose lady I had taken away was dancing a mazurka, and leading it as the first pair. He leaped from his seat, holding his lady's hand, and instead of making "*pas de Basques*," as Mimi had taught us simply ran ahead. When he reached the corner, he stopped, spread his legs, struck the floor with his heel, turned about, and hopping, ran ahead.

As I had no lady for the mazurka, I sat behind grandmother's high chair and observed.

"What is he doing there?" I reflected. "That is not at all the way Mimi taught us; she assured us that everybody danced a mazurka on tiptoe, moving the feet evenly and in a circle; and now it seems that they dance it quite differently. There the Ivins, and Etienne, and all are dancing, but none of them make '*pas de Basques*;' and even Volódya has learned the new fashion. It is not at all bad! And what a sweet girl Sónichka is! There, she has started again —" I felt exceedingly happy.

The mazurka came to an end. A few elderly men and women walked up to grandmother, in order to bid her good-bye, and departed. Avoiding the dancers, the lackeys were carefully carrying things for the tables into the back rooms. Grandmother was visibly tired, spoke as if against her will, and prolonged her words beyond measure. The musicians for the thirtieth time lazily began the same motive. The tall young lady, with whom I had

danced, noticed me, while making a figure, and, smiling treacherously, — probably, because she wished to please grandmother by it, — brought Sónichka and one of the numberless princesses to me. "*Rose ou hortie,*" she said to me.

"Oh, you are here!" said grandmother, turning around in her chair. "Go, my dear, go!"

Although I then felt more like hiding my head behind grandmother's chair than issuing from it, there was no refusing. I got up, said "*Rose,*" and timidly looked at Sónichka. I had no time to come to my senses, when somebody's hand in a white glove passed through my arm, and the princess with the pleasantest smile rushed ahead, not suspecting in the least that I was completely ignorant of what I was to do with my feet.

I knew that "*pas de Basques*" was out of place and indecent, and might bring shame upon me; but the familiar sounds of the mazurka, acting upon my hearing, gave a certain direction to my acoustic nerves, which, in their turn, transmitted the motion to my legs; and these, quite involuntarily and to the surprise of the spectators, began to evolve the fatal round and even figures on the tiptoes. As long as we proceeded in a straight direction, things went fairly well, but at turning I noticed that if I did not use proper precaution I should fly ahead. To avoid such an unpleasantness, I stopped with the intention of producing the same figures which the young man had so beautifully produced in the leading pair. But the very moment I spread my legs and was about to leap up, the princess hurriedly ran about me, and looked at my legs with an expression of blank surprise and curiosity. That look undid me. I so completely lost myself, that instead of dancing, I began, in the strangest manner and entirely out of keeping with the measure of the dance or anything else, to wriggle my feet in one spot, and finally stopped entirely. Everybody was looking at me, some in wonder-

ment, some with curiosity, some in derision, and some with compassion. Grandmother alone remained indifferent.

"*Il ne fallait pas danser, si vous ne savez pas!*" was heard the angry voice of papa over my very ear, and, giving me a light push, he took the hand of my lady, made the round with her in the ancient fashion, with the loud approval of the spectators, and brought her back to her seat. The mazurka was over soon after that.

"O Lord! Why dost Thou punish me so severely!"

. . . . . .

"Everybody hates me, and will always hate me. My road is barred to everything: to friendship, to love, to honours, — everything is lost! Why did Volódya make signs to me, which everybody could see, but which did not help me? Why did that abominable princess look at my legs? Why did Sónichka — she is a dear, but why did she smile at me then? Why did papa blush and seize my hand? Is it possible he, too, was ashamed of me? Oh, that is terrible! I am sure, if mamma had been here, she would not have blushed for her Nikólenka." And my imagination was transported far, after that sweet image. I recalled the meadow in front of the house, the tall linden-trees of the garden, the clear pond, over which the swallows circled, the azure sky, on which white, transparent clouds hovered, the fragrant ricks of newly mown hay, and many other peaceful, glowing recollections arose in my distracted imagination.

XXIII.

AFTER THE MAZURKA

At supper, the young man, who had danced with the leading pair, seated himself at our children's table, and directed his especial attention to me, which would have flattered my egotism greatly, if I had been able to have any sensations after the misfortune which had befallen me. But the young man, it seemed, was anxious to make me feel happy: he joked with me, called me a brave fellow, and, when none of the grown people were looking on, poured into my wineglass wine from all kinds of bottles, and insisted that I should drink it. Toward the end of the supper, the servant filled about one-fourth of my glass with champagne from a bottle that was covered with a napkin, but the young man demanded that he should fill it to its brim. He compelled me to gulp it down at one draught, and I felt a gentle warmth permeating my body, and took a special liking to my merry protector, and for some unknown reason laughed out loud.

Suddenly the sounds of "grandfather's" dance were heard in the parlour, and people rose from the table. My friendship for the young man came to an end then and there. He went over to the grown people, and I did not dare to follow him, but went up to listen, with curiosity, to what Madame Valákhin was saying to her daughter.

"Only half an hour longer," Sónichka said, convincingly.

"Really, my angel, it is impossible."

"Just do it for my sake, please," she said, fondling her.

"Well, will you be happy, if I shall be ill to-morrow?" said Madame Valákhin, smiling carelessly.

"Ah, you have consented! Shall we stay?" called out Sónichka, jumping up with delight.

"What am I to do with you? Go, dance! Here is a cavalier for you," she said, pointing at me.

Sónichka gave me her hand, and we ran into the parlour.

The wine which I had drunk and the presence and merriment of Sónichka caused me completely to forget the unfortunate incident of the mazurka. I did the funniest tricks with my feet: now I imitated a horse, and ran at a quick trot, proudly raising my feet; now I rattled them on one spot, like a wether that is angered at a dog, and all the time laughed from the depth of my soul, not being in the least concerned what impression I produced upon the spectators. Sónichka, too, did not cease laughing: she laughed because we were circling around and holding each other's hands; she laughed at some elderly gentleman, who slowly raised his feet in order to step across a handkerchief, making it appear that it was very hard for him to do; and she nearly died with laughter, when I jumped almost to the ceiling, to show her my agility.

As I passed through grandmother's cabinet, I looked at myself in the glass: my face was perspiring, my hair dishevelled; my tufts stuck in every direction; but the general expression of my face was so happy, good-natured, and healthy, that I was pleased with myself.

"If I were always as I am now," thought I, "I should not fail to please others."

But when I again glanced at the pretty face of my lady, I found in it, in addition to the expression of merriment, health, and carelessness, which had pleased me in my own, so much of refined and gentle beauty, that I

grew angry at myself: I understood how foolish it was for me to hope that I should be able to direct toward myself the attention of so charming a creature.

I could not hope that my feelings would be reciprocated, and I did not even think of it: my soul was full of happiness as it was. I did not imagine that one could demand any greater happiness than the sentiment of love, which filled all my soul with delight, and that one could desire anything other than that this sentiment should never come to an end. I was satisfied as it was. My heart fluttered like a dove, the blood continually rushed to it, and I felt like weeping.

When we passed through the corridor, near the dark lumber-room under the staircase, I cast a glance at it, and thought: What happiness that would be if it were possible to pass an eternity with her in that dark lumber-room, and if no one knew that we were living there.

"Don't you think we have had a jolly time to-night?" I said in a quiet, quivering voice, and increased my steps, being frightened not so much at what I had said, as at what I was about to say.

"Yes, very!" she answered, turning her head to me with such an open and kind expression that I ceased being afraid.

"Especially after supper. But if you knew how sorry I am (I had intended to say "unhappy") that you are going to leave soon, and that we shall not see each other again!"

"Why should we not see each other?" she said, looking sharply at the tips of her little shoes, and passing her fingers over the trellis by which we were walking. "Every Tuesday and Friday mamma and I drive out to the Tver Boulevard. Don't you ever drive out?"

"I will certainly ask next Tuesday, and if they will not let me, I will run there all alone, without a cap. I know the road well."

"Do you know what?" suddenly said Sónichka. "I always say 'thou' to the boys that come to see me. Let us speak 'thou' to each other! Dost thou want it?" she added, shaking her little head, and looking straight into my eyes.

We were just entering the parlour, and another lively part of the "grandfather's" dance was at that moment beginning. "I will, with — you," I said, when the music and noise could drown my words.

"With thee, not with you," Sónichka corrected me, and burst out laughing.

The "grandfather" came to an end, and I had not yet succeeded in using a single phrase with "thou," although I kept on composing such as would contain that pronoun several times. I did not have the courage for it. "Dost thou want?" and "Come thou" resounded in my ears, and produced a kind of intoxication: I saw nothing and nobody but Sónichka. I saw how they lifted her locks, pushed them behind her ears, and laid bare parts of her brow and temples which I had not yet seen. I saw her being wrapped in her green shawl so tightly that only the tip of her nose was visible. I noticed that if she had not made a small opening near her mouth with her rosy little fingers, she would certainly have strangled, and I saw how, while descending the staircase with her mother, she rapidly turned around to us, nodded her head, and disappeared behind the door.

Volódya, the Ivins, the young prince, and I, we all were in love with Sónichka and, standing on the staircase, saw her out with our eyes. I do not know whom in particular she greeted with the nod of her head, but at that moment I was firmly convinced that she meant it for me.

When I bade the Ivins good-bye, I very freely, even coldly, spoke with Serézha, and pressed his hand. If he understood that with that day he had lost my love and

his power over me, he doubtless was sorry for it, though he endeavoured to be as indifferent as possible.

It was the first time in my life that I was false to my love, and for the first time I experienced the pleasure of that sensation. It was a joy for me to exchange my worn-out sentiment of habitual loyalty for the fresh sentiment of love, full of mystery and uncertainty. Besides, to fall in love and cease loving at the same time means to love twice as much as before.

XXIV.

IN BED

"How could I have loved Serézha so long and so passionately?" I reflected, lying in bed. "No, he never understood, never could appreciate my love, and was not worthy of it. But Sónichka? What a charming girl! 'Dost thou want!' 'It is for thee to begin!'"

In my vivid representation of her face, I jumped up on all fours, then covered my head with my coverlet, tucked it all around me, and, when there were no openings left, lay down and, experiencing a gentle warmth, was lost in sweet dreams and memories. I fixed my immovable eyes upon the under side of the quilt, and saw her face as distinctly as an hour before. I mentally conversed with her, and that conversation gave me indescribable pleasure, though it had absolutely no sense, because it was composed of so many repetitions of "thou," "to thee," "thy," and "thine."

These dreams were so distinct that I could not fall asleep from pleasurable agitation, and was desirous of sharing the superabundance of my happiness with somebody.

"Darling!" I said almost aloud, abruptly turning around on my other side. "Volódya, are you asleep?"

"No," he answered me with a sleepy voice, "what is it?"

"I am in love, Volódya, desperately in love with Sónichka!"

"Well, what of it?" he answered me, stretching himself.

"O Volódya! You can't imagine what is going on in me. I had just rolled in my coverlet when I saw her and heard her so distinctly, so distinctly, that it is really wonderful! And do you know? when I lie and think of her, I feel sad, God knows why, and I want to cry awfully."

Volódya moved restlessly.

"I wish only for one thing," continued I, "and that is, always to be with her, always to see her, and nothing else. Are you in love? Confess really, do, Volódya!"

It is strange, but I wanted everybody to be in love with Sónichka, and I wanted everybody to talk about it.

"That is not your business," said Volódya, turning his face toward me. "Maybe."

"You do not want to sleep, you only pretended!" I called out, when I noticed by his burning eyes that he did not even think of sleeping, and had thrown off his coverlet. "Let us talk about her. Don't you think she is fine? She is so charming that if she were to command me: 'Nikólenka, jump out of the window!' or, 'throw yourself into the fire!' I swear to you," said I, "I should with pleasure do so. Oh, what a charming girl!" I added, vividly imagining her before me; and, completely to enjoy that image, I abruptly turned on my other side and stuck my head under the pillows. "Volódya, I want to cry awfully."

"You are a fool!" he said, smiling, and then kept silent for a moment. "I am entirely different from you; I think that if it were possible, I should want at first to sit by her side and talk with her — "

"Oh, so you are in love, too?" I interrupted him.

"Then," continued Volódya, smiling gently, "then I should kiss her little fingers, her eyes, lips, nose, feet, — I should kiss her all over — "

"Nonsense!" I cried out from under my pillows.

"You do not understand anything," contemptuously said Volódya.

"No, I understand, but you do not, and you are talking nonsense," said I, through tears.

"But there is no reason for weeping. A regular girl!"

XXV.

THE LETTER

On the 16th of April, almost six months after the day which I have just described, father came up-stairs, during classes, and announced to us that we were going home with him that very night. Something pinched me at my heart, when I heard the news, and my thoughts at once reverted to my mother.

Our sudden departure was the result of the following letter:

Petróvskoe, April 12th.

"I received your kind letter of April 3d just a little while ago, at ten o'clock in the evening, and, as is my custom, I am replying to it immediately. Fédor brought it from town yesterday, but as it was late, he handed it to Mimi this morning. Mimi did not give it to me all day, under the pretext that I was nervous and ill. I had, in reality, a little fever and, to confess, this is the fourth day that I have not been feeling well and have not left the bed.

"Please, do not get frightened, my dear one. I feel quite well, and, if Iván Vasílich will permit, shall get up to-morrow.

"On Friday of last week I went out driving with the children; but at the very entrance upon the highway, near the bridge which always frightens me so, the horses stuck in the mud. It was a fine day, and I thought I should

walk as far as the highway, while they extricated the carriage. When I reached the chapel I grew very tired, and sat down to rest; but before the people came to pull out the carriage, almost half an hour passed, and I began to feel cold, particularly in my feet, because I had on thin-soled shoes, and they were wet. After dinner I felt a chill and a fever, but kept on my feet, as is my habit, and after tea sat down to play duets with Lyúbochka. (You will not recognize her, — she has made such progress!) But imagine my surprise when I discovered that I could not count the beats. I started several times to count, but everything got mixed up in my head, and I heard strange sounds in my ears. I counted: one, two, three, and then suddenly: eight, fifteen; and (which is the main thing), I knew I was not doing right, but could not correct myself. Finally Mimi came to my aid, and almost using force, put me to bed. Here you have, my dear one, a detailed account of how I grew ill, and how it is all my fault. The next day I had a pretty high fever, and our good old Iván Vasílich came. He has been staying at our house ever since, and he promised me he would soon let me out in the air again. A splendid old man is this Iván Vasílich! When I was feverish and delirious he stayed at my bed all night long, without closing his eyes; but now, seeing that I am writing, he is staying with the girls in the sofa-room, and I can hear from my chamber how he is telling them German stories and how they, listening to them, are dying with laughter.

"*La belle Flamande*, as you call her, has been my guest for two weeks, because her mother has gone to make visits, and she proves her sincere attachment by her care of me. She confides all the secrets of her heart to me. With her pretty face, good heart, and youth, she could become a beautiful girl in every respect if she were in good hands; but in the society in which she lives, to judge by her own story, she will be completely ruined.

It has occurred to me that if I did not have so many children of my own, I should be doing a good act if I took her into my house.

"Lyúbochka wanted to write to you herself, but she has torn her third sheet, and she says: 'I know what a scoffer papa is; if I make one mistake, he will show it to everybody.' Kátenka is as dear as ever, and Mimi is as good and tiresome.

"Now let us speak of something serious: you are writing me that your affairs are not going well this winter, and that you will be compelled to take some Khabárovka money. It is strange to me that you even ask my consent. Does not that which belongs to me equally belong to you?

"You are so good, my dear one, that for fear of grieving me you are hiding the actual condition of your affairs, but I guess you have lost much at cards, and I am not in the least, I swear it, aggrieved at the fact, so that, if this affair can be straightened out, please don't spend much thought over it, or vainly worry about the matter. I have become accustomed not to count on your winnings for our children, not even, you will forgive me for saying so, on your property. Your winnings give me as little pleasure as your losses grieve me; I am only grieved at your unfortunate passion for gaming, which robs me of a part of your tender attachment for me, and compels you to tell such bitter truths as those you are telling me now, — and God knows how that pains me! I never cease praying to Him that He may deliver us, not from poverty (what is poverty?), but from that terrible condition when the interests of our children, which I shall have to protect, will come in conflict with our own. Thus far God has fulfilled my prayer; you have not crossed the one line, after which we shall have either to sacrifice our property, which no longer belongs to us, but to our children, or — it is terrible to think of it, and yet we are threatened by

a terrible misfortune. Yes, it is a heavy cross the Lord has sent us both.

"You are writing me about the children, and return to our old quarrel: you ask my permission to send them to some educational establishment. You know my prejudice against such an education.

"I do not know, my dear one, whether you will agree with me; in any case, I implore you, for the sake of our love, to promise me that as long as I am alive, and after my death, if it shall please God to separate us, this shall not happen.

"You tell me that it will be necessary for you to go to St. Petersburg about our affairs. Christ be with you, my friend! go and come back as soon as possible! We all feel very lonely without you. The spring is remarkably fine; the balcony door has already been put out; the path in the greenhouse was completely dry four days ago; the peaches are in full bloom; only here and there patches of snow are left; the swallows have returned; and to-day Lyúbochka has brought me the first spring flowers. The doctor says that in three or four days I shall be quite well again, and able to breathe the fresh air, and warm myself in the April sun. Good-bye, my dear one! Please, do not worry, neither about my illness nor about your losses; settle your affairs as soon as possible, and come back to us with the children for the whole summer. I am making wonderful plans as to how we are going to pass it, and you only are wanting to materialize them."

The following part of the letter was in French, in a closely written and uneven hand, and upon a different piece of paper. I translate it word for word:

"Don't believe what I am writing you about my illness; nobody suspects to what degree it is serious. I alone know that I shall never rise from bed again. Do

not lose a single minute, and come at once, and bring the children with you. Maybe, I shall live long enough to embrace and bless them; that is my one last wish. I know what a blow I am striking you, but you would all the same, sooner or later, receive it from me, or from others. Let us try with fortitude and with hope in the mercy of God to bear this misfortune! Let us submit to His will!

"Do not imagine that what I write is the delirium of a diseased imagination; on the contrary, my thoughts are unusually clear at this moment, and I am perfectly calm. Do not console yourself in vain with the hope that these are false and dim presentiments of a fearsome soul. No, I feel, I know, — and I know because it has pleased God to reveal it to me, — that I am to live only a short time.

"Will my love for you and my children end together with my life? I have come to understand that this is impossible. I feel too strongly this minute, to think that the feeling without which I cannot understand existence should ever be annihilated. My soul cannot exist without love for you; and I know that it will exist for ever, for this reason alone, if for no other, that such a feeling as my love could not have originated, if it were ever to come to an end.

"I shall not be with you; but I am firmly convinced that my love will never leave you, and this thought is so comforting to my soul that I await my approaching death in peace and without fear.

"I am calm, and God knows that I have always looked at death as a transition to a better life; but why do tears choke me? Wherefore are the children to lose their beloved mother? Why should such a blow be struck you? Why must I die, when your love has made me boundlessly happy?

"His holy will be done!

"I cannot write any more for tears. Maybe I shall

not see you again. So I thank you, my truest friend, for all the happiness with which you have surrounded me in this life, and there, I will ask God that He may reward you. Good-bye, my dear one! Remember that I shall be no more, but my love will never and in no place leave you. Good-bye, Volódya, good-bye, my angel! Good-bye, my Benjamin, my Nikólenka!

"Will they ever forget me?"

In this letter was enclosed a French note from Mimi, of the following contents:

"The sad presentiments, of which she tells you, have been only too well confirmed by the doctor. Last night she ordered this letter to be taken to the post. Thinking that she said that in her delirium, I waited until this morning, and decided to break the seal. No sooner had I opened it, than Natálya Nikoláevna asked me what I had done with the letter, and ordered me to burn it, if it had not yet been sent. She speaks of it continually, and assures us that it will kill you. Do not delay your journey, if you wish to see this angel before she has left you. Pardon this scrawl. I have not slept these three nights. You know how I love her!"

Natálya Sávishna, who had passed the whole night of the 11th of April in mother's chamber, told me that having written the first part of her letter, maamma put it near her on the table, and fell asleep.

"I myself," said Natálya Sávishna, "I must confess, dozed off in the chair, and the stocking fell out of my hands. Then in my sleep, about one o'clock, I heard her talk. I opened my eyes: there she, my little dove, was sitting in her bed, folding her arms just like this, and her tears were pouring down in three streams. 'So all is ended?' was all she said, and covered her face with her hands.

"I jumped up, and began to ask her what the matter was with her.

"'Ah, Natálya Sávishna, if you only knew whom I saw just now!'

"No matter how much I asked her, she would not answer me. She only ordered me to put the small table near her, then wrote something more in the letter, told me to seal it in her presence, and to send it away at once. After that everything went worse and worse."

XXVI.

WHAT AWAITED US IN THE COUNTRY

On the 25th of April we dismounted from the road carriage, at the veranda of the Petróvskoe house. When we left Moscow, papa was lost in thought, and upon Volódya's asking whether mamma was not ill, he looked at him with sadness, and silently nodded his head. During the journey, he became perceptibly calmer; but as we approached our home, his face assumed an even more sad expression, and when, upon leaving the carriage, he asked of Fóka, who came running out of breath: "Where is Natálya Nikoláevna?" his voice was not firm, and there were tears in his eyes. Good old Fóka stealthily looked at us, dropped his eyes, and, opening the door to the antechamber, answered, with his face turned away:

"This is the sixth day she has not left the chamber."

Mílka, who, as I later learned, had not stopped whining since the first day when mamma became ill, joyfully rushed up to father, jumped on him, whined, and licked his hands; but he pushed her aside and went into the sitting-room, thence into the sofa-room, from which a door led straight into mamma's chamber. The nearer he approached this room, the more his unrest was to be noticed in all his movements. As he entered the sofa-room, he walked on tiptoe, barely drew breath, and made the sign of the cross before he had the courage to turn the latch of the closed door. Just then, unkempt,

weeping Mimi came running in from the corridor. "Ah, Peter Aleksándrych!" she said in a whisper, with an expression of real despair, and then, noticing that papa was turning the latch of the door, added scarcely audibly: "You can't pass through here; you have to go in through the outer door."

Oh, how heavily all that acted upon my childish imagination, which was prepared for sorrow by some terrible presentiment!

We went into the maids' room. In the corridor we ran against fool Akím, who used to amuse us with his grimaces; at this moment he not only did not seem funny to me, but nothing struck me so painfully as the appearance of his meaningless, indifferent face. In the maids' room two servant girls, who were sitting at some work, rose to greet us, but the expression of their faces was so sad that I felt terribly. Passing through Mimi's room, papa opened the door of the chamber, and we entered. To the right of the door were two windows, which were darkened by shawls; at one of these, Natálya Sávishna was seated, with spectacles on her nose, and was knitting a stocking. She did not rise to kiss us, as she was in the habit of doing, but only raised herself a little, glanced at us through her spectacles, and her tears began to flow in streams. I did not like it at all that at the first sight of us they all started weeping, while just before they were calm.

To the left of the door stood a screen, behind the screen a bed, a small table, a medicine box, and a large armchair, in which the doctor was dozing. Near the bed stood a very blond young lady of remarkable beauty, in a white morning gown, and, rolling up her sleeves a little, she put ice to the head of mamma, whom I was able to see. This young lady was *la belle Flamande*, of whom mamma had written, and who later on was to play such an important part in the life of our whole family. The

moment we entered, she took one hand away from mamma's head, and arranged over her breast the folds of her gown, then said in a whisper: "She is unconscious."

I was in great anguish then, but I noticed all the details. It was almost dark in the room, and warm, and there was a mingled odour of mint, eau de cologne, camomile, and Hoffmann's drops. That odour struck me so powerfully that not only when I smell it, but even when I think of it, my imagination immediately transfers me into that gloomy, close room, and reproduces all the minutest details of that terrible moment.

Mamma's eyes were open, but she did not see anything. Oh, I shall never forget that terrible look! There was so much suffering expressed in it.

We were taken away.

When I later asked Natálya Sávishna about the last moments of my mother, she told me this:

"When you were taken away, my little dove kept on tossing for a long time, as though something were choking her here; then she dropped her head from the pillows, and fell asleep, as softly and calmly as if she were an angel of heaven. I had just gone out to see why they were not bringing the drink, – and when I came back, she, the treasure of my heart, had thrown off everything about her, and was beckoning to father. He bent down to her, but she evidently had no strength to say what she wanted; she only opened her lips, and began to sigh: 'My Lord! God! The children! The children!' I wanted to run for you, but Iván Vasílich stopped me, saying that it would excite her too much, and that it would be better not to call you. Then she only lifted her hand, and let it fall again. God knows what she meant to say by it! I think she was blessing you, though you were out of sight; and thus God has decreed that she should not see her children before her last moments. Then she raised herself, my little dove, folded

her little hands just like this, and then spoke in a voice that I can't repeat: 'Mother of God, do not desert them!' By this time the agony had reached her heart, and one might see by her eyes that the poor woman was suffering terribly: she fell back on her pillows, bit the sheet, and her tears began to flow in streams."

"Well, and then?"

Natálya could not speak any more: she turned her face away, and burst into tears.

Mamma had passed away amidst terrible sufferings.

XXVII.

GRIEF

THE next day, late in the evening, I wanted to take another look at her: overcoming an involuntary feeling of terror, I softly opened the door, and walked into the parlour on tiptoe.

In the middle of the room stood the coffin on a table; around it were burning candles in tall silver candlesticks; in the distant corner sat the sexton, and in a monotonous voice read the psalter.

I stopped at the door and began to look but my eyes were so red with tears, and my nerves were so unstrung, that I could not make out anything. Everything was strangely running together: the light, the brocade, the velvet, the tall candlesticks, the rose-coloured lace-bordered pillow, the crown, the cap with its ribbons, and something translucent, of a wax-colour. I stood on a chair, in order to see her face; but I imagined I saw in the place where it ought to have been the same pale yellow, translucent object. I could not believe that it was her face. I began to look more closely at it, and by degrees recognized the familiar features which were so dear to me. I shuddered from terror, when I convinced myself that it was she. But why were her closed eyes so sunken? Why this terrible pallor, and the black spot under the transparent skin on one of her cheeks? Why was the expression of her whole face so severe and cold? Why were her lips so pale, and their position so beautiful,

so majestic, and expressing such an unearthly calm that a cold chill passed over my back and hair, as I looked at her?

I looked, and felt that a certain incomprehensible, irresistible power was attracting my eyes to that lifeless face. I riveted my gaze upon it, and my imagination painted for me pictures abloom with life and happiness. I forgot that the dead body, which was lying before me and at which I was looking meaninglessly, as at an object which had nothing in common with my memories, was *she*. I imagined her now in one, now in another situation: alive, merry, smiling; then I was suddenly struck by some feature in her pale face, upon which my eyes were resting; I recalled the terrible reality, and shuddered, but did not cease looking at it. And again dreams took the place of reality, and again the consciousness of reality destroyed my dreams. Finally my imagination grew tired, it no longer deceived me. The consciousness of reality also disappeared, and I completely forgot myself. I do not know how long I remained in that condition, and I do not know what it really was; I know only that I lost, for some time, the consciousness of my whole existence, and experienced some elevated, inexpressibly pleasant and sad sensation.

Maybe, as she was flying away to a better world, her beautiful soul looked back in sorrow at the one in which she left us. She noticed my sadness, took pity on me, and upon pinions of love, with a heavenly smile of sympathy, winged her way to earth, in order to console and bless me.

The door creaked, and another sexton entered the room to take the place of the first. That noise woke me, and the first thought that came to me was that inasmuch as I was not weeping, and was standing upon the chair in an attitude which had in it nothing of a touching nature, the sexton might take me for an unfeeling boy, who had

climbed upon the chair out of discomfort or curiosity; I made the sign of the cross, bowed, and fell to weeping.

As I now recall my impressions, I find that only that minute of self-forgetfulness was a real grief. Before and after the funeral, I did not stop weeping, and was sad, but I am ashamed to think of that sadness, because it was always mingled with some selfish feeling. Now it was the desire to show that I was grieved more than the rest, now the anxiety about the effect I was producing on the others, now an aimless curiosity, which caused me to make observations on Mimi's bonnet, and the faces of the people present. I hated myself because I did not experience exclusively a sentiment of sorrow, and endeavoured to conceal all the other feelings; for this reason my grief was not sincere nor natural. Besides, I experienced a certain pleasure from the knowledge that I was unhappy, and tried to awaken the consciousness of misfortune, and this egoistical feeling more than any other drowned my real sorrow in me.

Having slept soundly and calmly through the night, as is always the case after great bereavement, I awoke with dried eyes and soothed nerves. At ten o'clock we were called to the mass which was celebrated before the funeral. The room was filled with servants and peasants, who, all of them in tears, had come to bid their mistress farewell. During the service I wept decently, made the signs of the cross, and bowed to the ground, but I did not pray with sincerity, and was sufficiently indifferent; I was concerned about the new half-dress coat which they had put on me, and which was tight under my arms; I was thinking how to keep from soiling my pantaloons at the knees, and stealthily made observations upon all the people present. Father stood at the head of the coffin, was as pale as a sheet, and with evident difficulty restrained his tears. His tall stature in the black dress coat, his pale, expressive countenance, and his usual

graceful and confident movements, whenever he made the sign of the cross, bowed, reaching the floor with his hand, took the candle out of the priest's hands, or walked up to the coffin, were exceedingly effective; but I do not know why, I did not like his being able to produce such an effect at that particular moment.

Mimi was leaning against the wall and, it seemed, barely could stand on her feet; her dress was crushed and full of feathers, and her cap was on one side; her swollen eyes were red, her head was shaking; she sobbed without interruption in a heartrending voice, and continually covered her face with a handkerchief and with her hands. It seemed to me that she did so, in order to hide her face from the spectators, when resting a moment from her simulated sobs. I recalled how the day before she told father that mamma's death was a terrible blow to her, from which she never expected to recover, that she had lost everything in mother, that this angel (so she called mamma) had not forgotten her before her death, and had expressed her desire of safeguarding her future and that of Kátenka. She shed bitter tears, while telling this, and it may be that the feeling of sorrow was genuine, but it was not pure and exclusive. Lyúbochka, in a black dress, with mourning ruffles all wet with tears, drooped her head, and looked now and then at the coffin. Her face expressed childish terror. Kátenka stood near her mother and, in spite of her drawn face, was as rosy as usual. Volódya's open nature was also open in its grief; he either stood lost in thought, his immovable look directed to some object, or his mouth suddenly began to twitch, and he hurriedly made the signs of the cross and bowed. All the outsiders who attended the funeral were unbearable to me. The consoling words which they spoke to father — that she would be better there, that she was not for this world — provoked a certain anger in me

What right did they have to speak of and weep for her? Some of them, speaking of us, called us orphans. As if we did not know ourselves that children who had no mother were called by that name! They seemed to take delight in being the first to name us so, just as people are in a hurry to call a newly married girl *Madame*.

In the farther corner of the parlour, almost hidden behind the open door of the buffet, knelt the bent, gray-haired old woman. Folding her hands and raising them to heaven, she did not weep, but prayed. Her soul went out to God, and she asked Him to unite her with the mistress whom she had loved more than any one in the world, and she was firmly convinced that this would soon happen.

"Here is one who has loved her sincerely!" thought I, and I was ashamed of myself.

The mass was over; the face of the deceased one was uncovered, and all persons present, except us, went up to the coffin, one after another, and made their obeisance.

One of the last to walk up to take leave of mother was a peasant woman, with a pretty five-year-old girl in her arms, whom, God knows why, she had brought with her. Just then I accidentally dropped my wet handkerchief, and I was on the point of lifting it up. The moment I bent down, I was struck by a terrible, penetrating cry, which was filled with such terror that if I were to live a hundred years I shall not forget it, and whenever I think of it, a cold chill passes over my body. I raised my head: on a tabouret, near the coffin, stood the same peasant woman, with difficulty restraining the girl in her arms, who fought with her little hands, and, throwing back her terrified face and fixing her bulging eyes upon the countenance of the dead woman, shrieked in a terrible, preternatural voice. I cried out in a voice which, I think, was even more terrible than the one that had struck me, and ran out of the room.

Only then I understood what the strong and heavy odour came from, which filled the room, mingling with the odour of incense; and the thought that the face which only a few days before was beaming with beauty and gentleness, the face of her I loved more than anything else in the world, could evoke terror, for the first time, it seemed, opened the bitter truth to me, and filled my soul with despair.

XXVIII.

THE LAST SAD MEMORIES

MAMMA was no more, but our life ran in the usual routine; we went to bed and rose at the same hours, and in the same rooms. Morning and evening, tea, dinner, supper, — everything was at the customary hours. The tables and chairs stood in the same places. Nothing in the house nor in our manner of life had changed, — only she was no more —

It seemed to me that after such a misfortune everything ought to change Our usual manner of life appeared to me as an insult to her memory, and too vividly reminded me of her absence.

On the day before the funeral, after dinner, I was sleepy, and I went to the room of Natálya Sávishna, intending to lie down on her soft feather bed, under her warm quilt When I entered, Natálya Sávishna was lying on her bed, and no doubt was sleeping. When she heard the sound of my footsteps, she raised herself, threw back the woollen kerchief with which her head was covered to protect it against flies, and, fixing her cap, seated herself on the edge of her bed.

As it used to happen frequently that after dinner I came to rest in her room, she guessed the cause of my coming, and said to me, rising from her bed:

"You have come to rest yourself, my little dove? Lie down!"

"Don't say that, Natálya Sávishna!" I said, holding her back by her hand. "I did not come for that — I just came so — and you are tired: you had better lie down yourself."

"No, my dear one, I have slept enough," she said to me (I knew she had not slept for three days). "And this is no time for sleeping," she added, with a deep sigh.

I wanted to have a talk with Natálya Sávishna about our misfortune. I knew her loyalty and love, and so it would have been a consolation for me to weep with her.

"Natálya Sávishna," I said, after a moment's silence, and seating myself on the bed, "did you expect this?"

The old woman looked at me in perplexity and with curiosity, as if she did not quite understand why I asked her that.

"Who could have expected this?" I repeated.

"Oh, my dear one," she said, casting a look of the tenderest compassion upon me, "I not only did not expect it, but I can't even think of it. It has long been time for me, an old woman, to put my old bones to rest; for see what I have lived to go through: I have buried the old master, your grandfather, — may his memory be eternal, — Prince Nikoláy Mikháylovich, two brothers, sister Annushka, and they were all younger than I, my dear one, and now I have to outlive her, no doubt for my sins. His holy will be done! He has taken her because she was worthy, and He needs good people even there."

This simple thought gave me consolation, and I moved up to Natálya Sávishna. She crossed her arms over her breast, and looked up to the ceiling; her moist, sunken eyes expressed a great, but calm, sorrow. She was firmly convinced that God would not separate her long from her upon whom all the power of her love had been centred for so many years.

"Yes, my dear one, it does not seem long since I was swathing and watching her, and she called me Násha.

She used to run up to me, and embrace me with her tiny arms, and kiss me, and say:

"'Náshik mine, beauty mine, darling mine.' And I, joking her, would say:

"'It is not so, motherkin, you do not love me! Just let you grow up, and you will marry, and will forget your Násha.' And she would fall to musing: 'No,' she'd say, 'I had better not marry, if I can't take Násha with me I will never abandon Násha.' And there! she has abandoned me, she did not wait my time. And she did love me; but, to tell the truth, whom did she not love? Yes, my dear one, you must not forget your mother; she was not human, but an angel of heaven. When her soul will be in the heavenly kingdom, she will love you there, too, and she will rejoice in you there."

"Why do you say, Natálya Sávishna, when she will be in the heavenly kingdom?" asked I. "I think she must be there now."

"No, my dear one," said Natálya Sávishna, dropping her head, and seating herself nearer to me on the bed, "now her soul is here."

And she pointed upwards. She spoke almost in a whisper, and with such feeling and conviction that I involuntarily raised my eyes, and, looking at the moulding, tried to find something there.

"Before the soul of a righteous person goes to heaven, it has to pass through forty ordeals, my dear one, for forty days, and may still be in her house—"

She long spoke in the same strain, and she spoke with simplicity and conviction, as if she were telling the commonest things which she had seen herself, and in regard to which no one could have the slightest doubts. I listened to her, with bated breath, and though I did not understand well what she was telling me, I believed her fully.

"Yes, my dear one, now she is here, is looking at you,

and, maybe, hearing what we are saying," concluded Natálya Sávishna.

And, lowering her head, she grew silent. She needed a handkerchief to wipe off her falling tears. She rose, looked straight into my face, and said in a voice quivering with emotion:

"The Lord has moved me up several steps by this experience. What is left for me here? For whom am I to live, whom am I to love?"

"Do you not love us?" I said, with reproach, and with difficulty restraining my tears.

"God knows how I love you, my little doves, but I have never loved, nor can love, any one as I have loved her."

She could not speak any longer, turned away from me, and sobbed out loud.

I did not think of sleeping after that. We sat silent, facing each other, and wept.

Fóka entered the room. Noticing our condition, and evidently not wishing to disturb us, he looked about silently and timidly, and stopped at the door.

"What is it, Fókasha?" asked Natálya Sávishna, wiping her tears with her handkerchief.

"A pound and a half of raisins, four pounds of sugar, and three pounds of rice for the kutyá."[1]

"Right away, right away, my friend," said Natálya Sávishna. She hurriedly took a pinch of snuff, and with rapid steps went to one of the coffers. The last traces of the sorrow which had been produced by our conversation disappeared the moment she had a duty to perform which she regarded as very important.

"Why four pounds?" she grumbled, as she fetched the sugar and weighed it out on the steelyard. "Three pounds and a half will be enough."

[1] Rice-cake used in the church during the reading of the mass for the dead

And she took a few pieces off the scale.

"And what kind of a business is this? Yesterday I let you have eight pounds of rice, and now you are asking again for some. You may do as you please, Fóka, but I will not give you any rice. That Vánka is glad there is a disturbance in the house, and so he thinks that, perhaps, I shall not notice it. No, I will not be indulgent when it comes to the master's property. Who has ever heard such a thing? Eight pounds!"

"What is to be done? He says it has all been used up."

"Well, here it is, take it! Let him have it!"

I was struck by that transition from the touching emotion with which she had been speaking to me, to grumbling and petty considerations. When I reflected over it at a later time, I understood that, in spite of what was going on in her soul, she had sufficient presence of mind to do her work, and the power of habit drew her to her ordinary occupations. The sorrow had affected her so powerfully, that she did not find it necessary to conceal the fact that she was able to attend to other matters; she would have found it difficult to understand how such a thought could come to one.

Vanity is a sentiment that is incompatible with true sorrow, and yet that sentiment is so firmly inoculated in the nature of man that the deepest sorrow rarely expels it. Vanity in sorrow is expressed by the desire to appear bereaved, or unhappy, or firm. And these low desires, to which we do not own up, but which do not abandon us, not even in the deepest grief, deprive it of power, dignity, and sincerity. But Natálya Sávishna was so deeply struck by her misfortune that in her soul not a wish was left, and she lived only from habit.

After having supplied Fóka with the desired provisions, and reminded him of the cake which was to be made for the entertainment of the clergy, she dismissed

him, took up a stocking, and again sat down by my side.

Our conversation reverted to the same subject, and we once more began to weep, and to wipe off our tears.

The conversations with Natálya Sávishna were repeated every day. Her quiet tears and gentle, pious speeches afforded me consolation and relief.

But soon we were separated; three days after the funeral we moved with our whole household to Moscow, and it was my fate never to see her again.

Grandmother received the terrible news only upon our arrival, and her grief was very great. We were not admitted to her, because she was unconscious for a whole week; the doctors were afraid for her life, the more so since she not only would not take any medicine, but did not even speak to any one, nor sleep, nor take any food. At times, while she was sitting all alone in her room, she suddenly burst out laughing, then sobbed without tears, went into convulsions, and shouted meaningless and terrible words in a preternatural voice. This was the first great sorrow which had struck her down, and it brought her to despair. She felt she must accuse somebody of her misfortune, and she uttered fearful threats, exhibiting meanwhile unusual bodily strength, jumped up from her chair, walked across the room with long, rapid steps, and then fell down unconscious.

I once walked into her room: she sat, as usual, in her chair, and was, apparently, calm; but her glance appalled me. Her eyes were wide open, but her vision was indefinite and dull: she looked straight at me, and in all probability did not see me. Her lips slowly began to smile, and she spoke in a touching and tender voice: "Come to me, my dear, come to me, my angel!" I thought she was speaking to me, so I walked up to her, but she was not looking at me. "Ah, if you knew, my treasure, how I have suffered, and how happy I am now that you

have arrived." I understood that she imagined she saw mamma, and I stopped. "And they told me that you were no more," she continued, frowning. "What nonsense! You can't die before me!" and she laughed out with a terrible, hysterical laughter.

Only people who are capable of strong affection can experience deep sorrow; but this very necessity of loving serves for them as a counteraction of their sorrow, and cures it. For this reason the moral nature of man is even more tenacious than his physical nature. Sorrow never kills.

A week later grandmother was able to weep, and she grew better. Her first thought, after she regained consciousness, was of us, and her love for us was increased. We did not leave her chair; she wept softly, spoke of mamma, and tenderly petted us.

It would never have occurred to a person who saw grandmother's bereavement, that she exaggerated it, though the expression of that sorrow was vehement and touching; but somehow I sympathized more with Natálya Sávishna, and I am convinced, even now, that nobody loved mamma so sincerely and purely, or grieved for her so much as did that simple-hearted and loving creature.

With my mother's death the happy period of my life was over, and a new epoch, that of my boyhood, began; but since the memories of Natálya Sávishna, whom I never saw again, and who had had such a strong and helpful influence upon the direction and development of my sentiments, belong to the first epoch, I shall say a few words about her and her death.

After our departure, as our people who remained in the village later told me, she felt very lonely for want of work. Although all the coffers were still in her keeping, and she did not cease rummaging through them, transposing, hanging things up, and spreading them out,

she missed the noise and bustle of the country residence when it is inhabited by its masters, to which she had been accustomed from her childhood. The bereavement, the changed manner of life, and the absence of petty cares soon developed in her an ailment of old age for which she had a natural predisposition. Precisely a year after mother's death, she developed dropsy, and took to her bed.

I think it was hard for Natálya Sávishna to live alone, and harder still to die alone, in the large Petróvskoe house, without relatives, without friends. Everybody in the house loved and respected her, but she had no friendship for anybody, and she prided herself on the fact. She surmised that in her capacity of stewardess, where she enjoyed the confidence of her masters and had so many coffers with all kinds of property in her charge, her friendship for anybody would necessarily lead to hypocrisy and criminal condescension. For this reason, or, perhaps, because she had nothing in common with the other servants, she kept aloof from all and maintained that in the house she had no kith nor kin, and that she would show no indulgence in matters pertaining to her master's property.

She sought and found consolation in confiding her feelings to God in fervent prayers; but at times, during moments of weakness, to which we all are subject, when the best consolation is afforded man by the tears and sympathies of living beings, she lifted upon her bed her lapdog, who, fixing her yellow eyes upon her, licked her hands; Natálya Sávishna spoke to her and, weeping softly, stroked her. When her lapdog began pitifully to whimper, she tried to quiet her, and said: "Now stop, I know without you that I shall die soon."

A month before her death she took some white calico, white muslin, and rose-coloured ribbons out of her coffer: with the aid of her servant-girl she sewed a white dress

and a cap for herself, and made the minutest arrangements for everything that would be needed for her funeral. She also went through the coffers of her master, and transferred everything, with the greatest precision, according to an invoice, to the wife of the business steward, then she took out two silk dresses and an ancient shawl, which had been given her at one time by grandmother, and grandfather's military uniform, with golden trappings, which had also been given into her full possession. Thanks to her care, the seams and the lace of the uniform were still fresh, and the cloth had not been touched by moths. Before her death she expressed her wish that one of the dresses — the rose-coloured one — should be given to Volódya for a dressing-gown or smoking-jacket, the other, — puce in checks, — to me, for similar use, and the shawl to Lyúbochka. The uniform she bequeathed to whichever of us became an officer first. The rest of her property and money, except forty roubles which she laid aside for her burial and mass, she left to her brother. Her brother, who had long ago been emancipated, was living in some distant Government, and leading a most riotous life, so she had no relations with him during her lifetime.

When Natálya Sávishna's brother appeared to get his inheritance, and the whole property of the deceased woman amounted only to twenty-five roubles, he was unwilling to believe it, and declared it was impossible that an old woman, who had lived for sixty years in a rich house, who had had everything in her hands, and all her life lived parsimoniously and quarrelled about every rag, should have left nothing. But it was really so.

Natálya Sávishna suffered two months from her disease, and bore her sufferings with truly Christian patience; she did not grumble, did not complain, but only, as was her custom, continually invoked God. An

hour before death, she confessed with quiet joy, and received the holy sacrament and extreme unction.

She begged forgiveness of the inmates of the house for offences which she might have caused them, and asked her confessor, Father Vasíli, to transmit to us that she did not know how to thank us for our kindnesses, and that she asked us to forgive her, if through her stupidity she had offended any one, but that "I have never been a thief, and have never so much as filched a thread from my masters." This was the one quality for which she valued herself.

Having donned the gown which she had prepared, and a cap, and resting on her pillows, she continued talking to the priest to the very last. She happened to think that she had left nothing for the poor, so she took out ten roubles, and asked him to distribute them among the poor of his parish; then she made the sign of the cross, lay down, and drew her last sigh, pronouncing the name of God with a joyful smile.

She left life without regret, was not afraid of death, and accepted it as a boon. This is often said, but how rarely does it happen in reality! Natálya Sávishna could well afford to be without fear of death, for she died with her faith unshaken, and fulfilling the law of the gospel. All her life was a pure, unselfish love and self-sacrifice.

What if her belief might have been more elevated, and her life directed to higher purposes,—was her pure soul on that account less worthy of love and admiration?

She executed the best and highest act of this life,—she died without regrets or fear.

She was buried, according to her own wish, not far from the chapel which was built over mother's grave. The mound under which she lies, and which is overgrown with nettles and agrimony, is surrounded by a black

picket-fence, and I never fail to go from the chapel to this fence and to make a low obeisance.

At times I stop in silence between the chapel and the black fence. In my soul again arise gloomy recollections, and I think: Has Providence connected me with these two beings only that I may eternally regret them?

BOYHOOD

A Novel

1854

BOYHOOD

I.

AT EASY STAGES

AGAIN two carriages drove up to the veranda of the Petróvskoe house: one, a coach, in which seated themselves Mimi, Kátenka, Lyúbochka and a chambermaid, and steward Yákov himself, on the box; another, a calash, in which Volódya and I, and lackey Vasíli, who had but lately been taken from field labour, were to travel.

Papa, who was to follow us to Moscow a few days later, stood on the veranda without his cap, and made the sign of the cross against the window of the coach, and at the calash.

"Well, Christ be with you! Move on!" Yákov and the coachmen (we were travelling in our own carriages) doffed their caps and made the sign of the cross. "Move on! Godspeed!"

The bodies of the carriages began to leap up and down on the uneven road, and the birches of the highway flew by us, one after another. I did not feel sad in the least: my mental vision was turned not to what I left behind me, but to what was ahead of me. The farther I departed from the objects that were connected with sad memories, which until then had filled my imagination,

the more these memories faded, and were soon exchanged for the joyous consciousness of a life full of strength, freshness, and hope.

I have rarely passed a few days, I shall not say as merrily, for I felt as yet ashamed to abandon myself to merriment, — but as agreeably, as well, as the four days of our journey. Before my eyes was neither the locked door of mother's chamber, by which I could not pass without a shudder, nor the closed piano, which not only was not opened, but was looked upon with a certain terror, nor the mourning garments (we were all dressed in simple travelling costumes), nor any other of the many things which reminded me of my irretrievable loss and caused me to beware of every manifestation of life that in any manner could offend *her* memory. Here, on the contrary, the ever new, picturesque places and objects arrested and diverted my attention, and vernal nature peopled my soul with balmy feelings of satisfaction with the present, and with bright hope for the future.

Early, very early in the morning, heartless and, as is always the case with men in their new duties, overzealous, Vasíli pulled off my coverlet and assured me that it was time to travel, and that everything was ready. However much I squirmed, and pretended, and growled, to get at least another quarter of an hour for my sweet morning sleep, I could see by Vasíli's firm face that he was inexorable, and would pull off my coverlet another twenty times; so I jumped up and ran into the courtyard to get washed.

In the hall was already boiling the samovár, which outrider Mítka, turning red like a lobster, was fanning with his breath. The air was damp and misty, just as when steam rises from a strong-smelling dunghill. The sun with its bright, merry light illuminated the eastern part of the heavens and the straw thatches of the spacious sheds around the courtyard, the straw gleaming from the dew

that covered it. Beneath the sheds could be seen our horses, tied to the manger, and could be heard their measured chewing. A shaggy black dog, who had cuddled up before dawn on a dry head of manure, lazily stretched himself and, wagging his tail, betook himself at a jogging pace to the other side of the yard. The industrious housewife opened the creaking gates, and drove the pensive cows into the street, where were already heard the tramp and lowing and bleating of the cattle, and exchanged a word or two with her sleepy neighbour. Filípp, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, drew the bucket from the deep well by turning the wheel, and, splashing the clear water, poured it into the oaken trough, near which the wakeful ducks were plashing in a puddle; and I looked with pleasure at Filípp's large face with its expansive beard, and at his swollen veins and muscles, which were sharply defined on his powerful bare arms, whenever he exerted himself at work.

They were stirring behind the partition, where Mimi slept with the girls, and through which we had carried on a conversation in the evening; Másha ran by us ever more frequently, carrying various objects which she tried to conceal with a cloth from our curiosity. Finally the door was opened, and we were called to drink tea.

Vasíli kept on running into the room, in a fit of superfluous zeal, carried away, now one thing, now another, beckoned to us, and persistently implored Márya Ivánovna to make an early start. The horses were hitched up, and expressed their impatience by tinkling their bells from time to time. The portmanteaus, coffers, cases, and boxes were again put in their places, and we took our seats. But every time we seated ourselves in the calash, we found a mountain instead of a seat, so that we never could understand how it had all been properly packed away the day before, and how we were going to sit down. In particular a walnut tea-box with a three-cornered lid,

which they had placed in our calash, provoked my greatest anger. But Vasíli said that it would all settle after awhile, and I was compelled to believe him.

The sun had just risen from under a dense white cloud which had covered the east, and the whole surrounding country was merged in a soft, soothing light. Everything around me was beautiful, and my soul felt light and calm. The road wound in front of us like a broad ribbon, among fields of dried-up stubble and verdure agleam with dew. Here and there along the road we came across a gloomy willow or a young birch-tree with small, viscous leaves, which threw its long, immovable shadow across the dry, clayey ruts and the small, green grass of the road. The monotonous rumble of the wheels and tinkling of the bells did not drown the song of the skylarks which circled near the very road. The odour of moth-eaten cloth, of the dust, or of some acid, which characterized our calash, was overcome by the fragrance of morning, and I felt in my soul a pleasurable unrest, a desire to do something, — which is a sign of genuine enjoyment.

I had not had any time to say my prayers at the tavern: but having frequently observed that some misfortune always befell me on days when I, for some reason or other, forgot to carry out this ceremony, I tried to correct my omission. I doffed my cap, turned to one side of the calash, said my prayers, and made the signs of the cross under my blouse, so that no one should see them. But a thousand different objects distracted my attention, and I absent-mindedly repeated several times in succession the same words of my prayer.

Some figures were seen to move on the foot-path which wound along the road: those were women making their pilgrimage. Their heads were wrapped in soiled kerchiefs; on their backs they carried bast knapsacks; their feet were covered with dirty, torn rag stockings and heavy



bast sandals. They moved onward in single file, with slow and heavy steps, moving their staffs in even measure, and barely casting a glance upon us. I was long busy with the question, whither they went, and wherefore,—whether their wandering would last a considerable time and how soon it would be before their long shadows, which they cast upon the road, would merge with the shadow of the willow, which they had to pass.

Then a four-horse post-carriage rapidly bore down upon us. Two seconds more, and the faces, which, at the distance of five feet, had cast a glance of curiosity and greeting upon us, flashed by us, and it seemed strange to me that these faces had nothing in common with me, and that I should, probably, never see them again.

Along one side of the road ran two sweating, shaggy horses with their collars and their traces tucked under their harness. The driver, a young fellow, with his lamb-skin cap poised on one ear, hung his long legs in large boots astride a horse, whose yoke rested loosely upon its neck, so that the bell tinkled but rarely and maudibly, and he sang a drawling song. His countenance and attitude expressed so much indolent, careless satisfaction, that it seemed to me the acme of happiness to be a driver, to ride on return horses, and sing melancholy songs.

There, far beyond the ravine, a village church with a green roof was outlined against the light-blue sky; there, appeared the village itself, the red roof of the manor, and a green garden. Who was living in that house? Were there any children, a father, a mother, a teacher in it? Why could we not drive up to the house, and become acquainted with its proprietors? There, was a long caravan of immense wagons, each of which was drawn by three well-fed, stout-legged horses, and we were compelled to drive far to one side, to get beyond them.

"What are you hauling?" asked Vasíli of the first driver, who, dangling his huge legs over the foot rest and

waving his whip, kept on staring at us meaninglessly, and gave us an answer only when it was not possible to hear him.

"What goods are these?" Vasíli turned to another wagon, in the fenced-off front part of which the driver lay under a new mat. A blond head with a red face and russet beard for a moment stuck out from the mat, with an indifferent, contemptuous look gázed at our calash, and again hid itself. It occurred to me that the drivers could not make out who we were, and whither and whence we were travelling.

For an hour and a half I was absorbed in various observations, and paid no attention to the crooked figures on the verst-posts. But now the sun began to glow more warmly upon my head and back, the road grew more dusty, the three-cornered lid of the tea-box annoyed me more and more, and I several times changed my position: I felt warm, uncomfortable, and tired. All my attention was turned to the verst-posts and the figures upon them. I made all kinds of mathematical calculations in regard to the time when we should arrive at the station. "Twelve versts are one third of thirty-six, and to Líptsy is forty-one versts, consequently we have travelled one third, and how much?" and so forth.

"Vasíli," said I, when I noticed that he was beginning to nod on his box, "let me sit on the box, my dear!"

Vasíli consented. We exchanged places: he immediately started to snore, and so spread himself in the calash that no place was left for anybody else; while from the height which I occupied, a very pleasing picture was unravelled before me, namely our four horses, Neruchínskaya, Sexton, Left Shaft, and Apothecary, whose properties I had studied to the minutest details and shades.

"Why is Sexton to-day on the off side, and not on the nigh side, Filípp?" I asked him somewhat timidly.

"Sexton?"

"And Neruchínskaya is not pulling at all," said I.

"Sexton can't be put on the nigh side," said Filípp, without paying any attention to my last remark. "She is not the kind of a horse to be put on the nigh side. On the nigh side you need a horse which, in short, *is* a horse, and not this kind of a horse."

Saying this, Filípp bent down to the right, and, pulling the reins with all his might, began, in a peculiar upward manner, to strike Sexton's tail and legs; and though Sexton was doing her best and drawing the whole calash, Filípp did not put a stop to his manœuvre except when he felt the necessity for resting and, for some reason, pushing his cap down on one side, though it was firmly and correctly poised upon his head.

I took advantage of such a happy moment, and asked Filípp to let me do the driving. Filípp gave me at first one line, then another; finally all six lines and the whip passed into my hands, and I was completely happy. I tried in every way to imitate Filípp, and asked him whether I was doing right, but it generally ended by his being dissatisfied with me: he said that one was drawing too much, and another was not drawing at all, and finally he stuck his elbow in front of me, and took the lines away.

The heat was increasing, and the cirrus clouds swelled like soap-bubbles, higher and higher, and came together and assumed dark gray shades. A hand with a bottle and a bundle was thrust out of the window of the coach. Vasíli, with remarkable agility, leaped from the box, while the calash was in motion, and brought us cheese-cakes and kvas.

When we reached the incline of a steep hill, we all alighted from our carriages, and sometimes we ran a race down to the bridge, while Vasíli and Yákov put the brakes to the wheels and from both sides supported the coach

with their hands, as if they could prevent it from falling. Then, with Mimi's permission, Volódya or I took a seat in the coach, and Lyúbochka or Kátenka seated themselves in the calash. These exchanges gave the girls great pleasure, because they justly discovered that it was much jollier in the calash. At times, when we crossed a grove during the heat, we fell behind the coach, gathered green branches, and built an arbour in the calash. The transportable arbour caught up with the coach, at full speed, while Lyúbochka screamed at the top of her voice, which she never failed to do at any occasion that gave her much pleasure.

At last, there was the village where we were to dine and rest. There were the smells of the village, — the smoke, the tar, and the sheepskins, and we heard the sound of conversation, the tramp of steps, and the rattle of wheels. The carriage bells no longer sounded as in the open field, and on both sides cabins flew by with their straw thatches, carved frame porches, and tiny windows, with red and green shutters, through which here and there stuck out the head of a curious woman. Here were the village boys and girls in shirts only: opening wide their eyes, and extending their arms, they stood stock-still, or, tripping with their bare feet in the dust, ran, in spite of the threatening motions of Filípp, after the carriages and endeavoured to climb on the portmanteaus which were tied behind. Now, red-haired tavern-keepers came running to the carriages on both sides, and with enticing words and gestures vied in the effort to attract the travellers. "Whoa!" the gate creaked, the catch held it in place, and we drove into the courtyard. Four hours of rest and freedom!

II.

THE STORM

THE sun inclined to the west, and with its hot rays unbearably burnt my neck and cheeks. It was impossible to touch the heated edges of the calash. Dense dust rose along the road and filled the air. There was not the least breeze to carry it off. In front of us, at a constant distance, shook the tall, dusty body of the coach with its baggage, and beyond it now and then could be discerned the whip which the coachman waved, and his hat and Yákov's cap. I did not know what to do with myself; neither the black, dust-covered face of Volódya, who was dozing by my side, nor the movements of Filípp's back, nor the elongated shadow of our calash, which followed us at an oblique angle, afforded me any distraction. All my attention was directed to the verst-posts, which I noticed at a distance, and to the clouds, which before were scattered over the horizon and now assumed ominous, black hues, and gathered into one gloomy storm-cloud. Now and then rumbled a far-off peal of thunder. This latter circumstance more than anything else increased my impatience to reach a tavern at the earliest possible moment. The storm induced in me an inexpressibly heavy feeling of melancholy and terror.

It was yet ten versts to the nearest village, when a dark, lilac cloud arose, God knows where, without the slightest wind, but nevertheless rapidly moved up toward us. The sun, not yet overcast, brightly illuminated its

sombre form and the gray streaks which ran down from it to the horizon. At times lightning flashed in the distance, and I heard a weak din, which by degrees grew louder, came nearer, and passed into uninterrupted peals that resounded through the whole heavens. Vasíli rose from his seat and raised the top of the calash; the coachmen put on their sleeveless coats, and at every thunderclap doffed their caps, and made the sign of the cross; the horses pricked up their ears, expanded their nostrils, as if to sniff the fresh air which was borne from the approaching storm-cloud, and the calash ran faster over the dusty road.

I was ill at ease, and felt my blood coursing faster in my veins. Now the foremost clouds began to shroud the sun; now it peeped out for the last time, lighted up the terribly gloomy side of the horizon, and disappeared. The whole country was suddenly changed and assumed a sombre aspect. Here, an aspen grove began to quiver; its leaves turned turbidly white, brightly outlined against the lilac background of the cloud, and they rustled and whirled about. The tops of tall birches began to sway, and tufts of dry grass flew across the road. Sand-martins and white-breasted swallows flitted all about the calash, as if wishing to stop it, and flew by the very breasts of the horses; jackdaws, with their disarranged wings, flew somehow sideways along the wind. The corners of the leather boot, which we had pinned over us, commenced to rise, letting in streams of moist wind, and, flapping, struck the body of the calash. Lightning flashed, in the very calash it seemed, blinded our eyes, and for an instant lighted up the gray cloth, the tasselled border, and Volódya's figure crouching in a corner. At the same moment a majestic peal was heard over our heads, and it rose higher and higher, wider and wider, on an immense spiral, increased in strength, and passed into a deafening roar, which made me tremble against my will, and hold

my breath. God's anger! How much poetry there is in this popular conception!

The wheels revolved faster and faster; I could see by the backs of Vasíli and Filípp, who impatiently waved his whip, that they, too, were afraid. The calash rapidly descended a hill, and rattled over a board bridge; I was afraid to move, and every minute expected our common destruction.

"Whoa!" the trace-leather was torn, and we were compelled to stop, in spite of the uninterrupted, deafening peals.

Leaning my head against the edge of the calash, I followed, in breathless expectancy, and against hope, the movements of the fat, black fingers of Filípp, who leisurely tied a knot and straightened out the traces, all the time striking the off horse with the palm of his hand and with the whip handle.

Agitated feelings of melancholy and terror grew apace in me with the storm, but when the majestic moment of silence came, which generally preceded the burst of storm, these feelings were so intensified that, if this condition had lasted another fifteen minutes, I should have died of excitement. Just then there issued from underneath the bridge a human being, having on nothing but a dirty, ragged shirt, with a swollen, meaningless countenance, a shaking, close-cropped bare head, crooked, fleshless legs, and a shining, red stump of a hand which he thrust straight into the calash.

"Good people! Give, for Christ's sake, to the poor man!" resounded his ailing voice, and the beggar made the sign of the cross with each word, and bowed low to the ground.

I cannot express the sensation of cold terror which at that moment took possession of my soul. A chill ran through my hair, and my eyes were directed to the beggar with a blank stare of terror.

Vasíli handed the beggar some alms and instructed Filípp in regard to the fastening of the trace-leather, and when all was done, Filípp gathered up his lines, climbed on his box, and began to fetch something out of his side pocket. No sooner did we start, than a blinding flash of lightning, which for a moment filled the ravine with a sheet of fiery light, compelled the horses to stop; without the slightest interval, it was accompanied by such a deafening crack of thunder that it seemed the whole vault of heaven would cave in upon us. The wind grew stronger; the manes and tails of the horses, Vasíli's cloak and the edges of the boot took the same direction, and desperately flapped in the gusts of the furious wind. A large drop of rain fell upon the leather top of the calash; then another, a third, a fourth, and suddenly it sounded as if some one had started drumming over our heads, and the whole country resounded with the even pattering of the falling rain. By the movement of Vasíli's elbow I could tell that he was untying his purse; the beggar continued making the signs of the cross and the low obeisances, and ran along so near the very wheels that I thought he would be run over. "Give, for Christ's sake!" Finally a copper coin flew past us, and the pitiful creature, whose dripping wet shirt closely fitted his lean body, swaying in the wind, stopped perplexed in the middle of the road, and disappeared from my sight.

The slanting rain was driven by the wind, and fell as from a bucket, streams ran down Vasíli's frieze back and into a puddle of turbid water, which had formed itself on the boot. The dust, gathering up in globular form, was changed into liquid mud, which was kneaded by the turning wheels. The jolts of the carriage became less frequent, and streams of turbid water ran along the clayey ruts. The lightning flashed over a greater space and was paler, and the bursts of thunder were not so striking in the even patter of the rain.

Then the rain fell in smaller drops; the storm-cloud broke up into billowy cloudlets, and began to grow brighter there where the sun ought to have been, and through the grayish-white edges of the cloud a patch of pure azure was barely visible. A minute later, a timid sunbeam glistened in the puddles of the road, upon strips of drizzling rain that fell as through a sieve, and upon the bright, rain-washed verdure along the highway. A black cloud just as threateningly shrouded the opposite side of the horizon, but I no longer was afraid of it. I experienced an inexpressibly joyful sensation of the hope of life, which rapidly took the place in me of the heavy feeling of terror. My soul was as smiling as the refreshed and gladsome Nature.

Vasíli threw back the collar of his cloak, took off his cap and shook it; Volódya threw back the hood; I put my head out of the calash, and eagerly breathed the fresh, aromatic air. The bright, washed body of the coach with its portmanteaus and boxes swayed in front of us; the backs of the horses, the harness, the lines, the tires, — everything was wet and glistened in the sun, as if it were freshly varnished.

On one side of the road was a boundless field of winter grain, which was here and there intercepted by shallow hollows; it gleamed with its wet earth and verdure, and spread its shady carpet to the very horizon. On the other side was an aspen grove, overgrown with hazel and black alder bushes; it stood as though in a superabundance of happiness, without stirring, and slowly shed bright drops of rain from its clean-washed branches on the dry last year's leaves below. On all sides crested skylarks circled with their merry songs, or rapidly swooped down; in the wet bushes could be heard the busy movements of tiny birds, and from the middle of the grove resounded the voice of the cuckoo.

So bewitching to me was the exquisite fragrance of

the forest after a vernal storm, — the sweet odour of the birches, the violets, the sere leaves, the clavarias, and the bird-cherry, that I was not able to stay in the calash, leaped down from the carriage step, ran into the bushes and, paying no attention to the rain-drops that showered down upon me, broke off some wet branches of budding bird-cherry, and struck my face with it, intoxicating myself with its exquisite aroma. I did not even pay any attention to the fact that immense clods of dirt were sticking to my boots, and that my stockings were quite wet, but, plashing through the mud, ran to the window of the coach.

"Lyúbochka! Kátenka!" I cried, giving them a few branches of bird-cherry. "Just see, how nice it is!"

The girls screamed and went into ecstasies, and Mimi cried that I should go away, or I would be run over.

"Just smell it, how nice it is!" I cried.

III.

A NEW VIEW

KÁTENKA sat near me in the calash and, inclining her pretty head, pensively followed the dusty road which retreated under the wheels. I looked at her in silence, and I was surprised at the unchildlike, sad expression which I had observed for the first time upon her rosy face.

"Now, we shall soon be in Moscow," I said. "What do you think of Moscow?"

"I do not know," she answered, unwillingly.

"Anyway, what do you think? Is it larger than Serpukhóv, or not?"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

But, with the instinctive feeling, with which one guesses the thoughts of another, and which serves as the guiding thread to a conversation, Kátenka understood that her indifference pained me. She raised her head, and turned toward me.

"Papa told you that we are to live at grandmother's?"

"He did. Grandmother wants us all to live together."

"And we shall all live there?"

"Of course. We shall live up-stairs, occupying one half, you the other, and papa the wing; but we shall eat together down-stairs, with grandmother."

"Mamma says that grandmother is such a serious woman, and has such a quick temper."

"N-no! That seems so only at first. She is serious, but not impatient; on the contrary, she is good and jolly. You ought to have seen what a party there was upon her name day!"

"Still, I am afraid of her; and, besides, God knows whether we shall —"

Kátenka suddenly grew silent, and again fell to musing.

"Wha-at?" I asked in agitation.

"Nothing, I just was thinking."

"No, you said: 'God knows.'"

"So you said that you had a party at grandmother's."

"Yes, it is a pity you were not there. There were a lot of people, — a thousand people, — music, and generals, and I danced. Kátenka!" I suddenly said, stopping in the middle of my description, "you are not listening!"

"Yes, I am; you said that you were dancing."

"Why are you so sad?"

"One can't always be merry."

"No, you have changed a great deal since we came back from Moscow. Tell me truly," I added with a firm glance, turning toward her, "why have you become so strange?"

"Am I?" Kátenka answered with animation, which proved that my remark interested her. "I am not strange at all."

"No, you are not the same you used to be," I continued. "Formerly it was evident that you were one with us in everything, that you regarded us as your relatives and loved us as we love you; but now you have become so solemn, and you keep away from us —"

"Not at all!"

"No, let me finish," I interrupted her, as I began to feel a light tickling in my nose, which preceded the tears that always stood in my eyes when I expressed a long repressed secret thought. "You keep away from us, and

talk only with Mimi, as though you did not wish to know us."

"A person can't always be one and the same; one has to change sometime," answered Kátenka, who was in the habit of explaining everything by a certain fatalistic necessity, whenever she did not know what to say.

I recalled how once, when she had quarrelled with Lyúbochka, who had called her a "silly girl," she had answered: "Not everybody can be clever, somebody has to be silly," but I was not satisfied with the answer that one has to change sometime, so I continued my inquiry:

"But why must one?"

"We shall not be living together all the time," Kátenka answered, lightly blushing and looking fixedly at Filípp's back. "Mamma was able to stay at the house of your mother, who was her friend; but it is yet a question whether she will be able to get along with the countess, who, they say, is such an irritable woman. And, besides, we shall have to part sometime: you are rich, — you have the Petróvskoe estate, and we are poor, — mamma has nothing."

"You are rich, we are poor," these words and the conceptions which were connected with them appeared uncommonly strange to me. According to the ideas which I then had, only beggars and peasants could be poor, and I in no way was able in my imagination to connect this idea of poverty with graceful, pretty Kátenka. It seemed to me that Mimi and Kátenka, who had always lived with us, would remain with us for ever, and that everything would be divided equally. It could not be otherwise. Now, a thousand new, indistinct ideas in regard to their lonely condition nestled in my brain, and I felt so ashamed that we were rich, and they poor, that I blushed and could not take courage to look up into Kátenka's face.

"What of it, if we are rich, and they poor?" I thought,

"and how does the necessity for our separation follow from it? Why can't we divide equally what we have?" But I understood that it was not proper to speak with Kátenka about it, and a certain practical instinct told me, in opposition to my logical observations, that she was right, and that it would be out of place to explain my thought to her.

"You really mean to leave us?" I said; "but how are we going to live separately?"

"What is to be done? I am sorry myself. Only, when this happens, I know what I shall do — "

"You will become an actress! What nonsense!" I interrupted her, for I knew that it was her favourite dream to become an actress.

"No, I used to say that when I was little."

"Then, what are you going to do?"

"I will go to a monastery to live, and I will wear a black dress and a velvet bonnet."

Kátenka burst out weeping.

My reader, have you ever happened to notice at a certain stage of your life, how your view of things completely changed, as though all the things which you used to know, heretofore, suddenly turned a different, unfamiliar side to you? Some such moral transformation took place in me for the first time, during our journey, and from this I count the beginning of my boyhood.

I obtained for the first time a clear idea of the fact that we, that is, our family, were not alone in the world, that not all interests centred about us, and that there was another life for people who had nothing in common with us, who did not care for us, and who even did not have any idea of our existence. To be sure, I knew it before; but I did not know it in the same manner as now, — I was not conscious of it, did not feel it.

A thought passes into a conviction only by one certain road, which is frequently quite unexpected and different

from the roads which other minds pass over, in order to obtain the same conviction. My conversation with Kátenka, which had touched me so powerfully, and had caused me to consider her future position, was that road for me. When I looked at the villages and towns, through which we passed, where in every house lived at least one such family as ours, at the women and children, who with a moment's curiosity gazed at the carriage, and then for ever disappeared from view, at the shopkeepers and peasants, who not only did not greet us, as I was used to being greeted at Petróvskoe, but did not even favour us with their glances, — the question for the first time troubled me, what it was that could interest them, if they did not at all care for us. And from this question originated others. What they lived by, and how? How they were educated? Whether people taught them, and let them play, and how they punished them? and so forth.

IV.

AT MOSCOW

Upon arriving at Moscow, my changed view of things and men, and my relation to them became even more perceptible.

When, at my first meeting with grandmother, I saw her thin, wrinkled face and dim eyes, my feelings of servile respect and awe, which I used to experience before her, gave way to compassion; and when she, burying her face in Lyúbochka's head, sobbed as if the body of her beloved daughter were before her eyes, my compassion was changed even into a feeling of affection. I felt ill at ease, when I saw her grief at our first meeting. I was conscious of the fact that we were nothing in her eyes in our own persons, and that we were dear to her only as a memory; I felt that in every kiss, which she showered upon my cheeks, only this thought was expressed: she is no more, she is dead, and I shall never see her again!

Papa, who in Moscow paid very little attention to us, and, with an ever worried face, came to us only for dinner, in a black coat or dress coat, together with his tall shirt collars, with his wadded morning-gown, his village elders, stewards, visits to the threshing-floor and hunts, had lost much in my eyes. Karl Iványovich, whom grandmother called "valet," and who, God knows why, had suddenly taken it into his head to exchange his respectable, familiar bald head for a red wig with a straight parting almost in the middle, appeared so odd and ridiculous to

me, that I wondered how it was I had never noticed it before.

An invisible barrier had arisen also between the girls and ourselves. We all had secrets of our own. They evidently were proud of their skirts, which were getting longer, and we were proud of our pantaloons with straps. Mimi on the first Sunday came to dinner in such a swell dress and with such ribbons upon her head, that one could see at once we were no longer in the country, and everything would go differently now.

V.

MY ELDER BROTHER

I WAS only a year and a few months younger than Volódya; we grew up, studied, and always played together. No distinction of elder and younger was made between us; but just about this time of which I am speaking, I began to understand that Volódya was not my companion either in years, inclinations, or ability. It even seemed to me that Volódya himself recognized his seniority, and was proud of it. This impression, however false it may have been, inspired me with an egoism which suffered at every conflict with him. He stood higher than I in everything: in games, in study, in disputes, in the ability to carry himself, — and all this removed me from him, and caused me to experience incomprehensible moral suffering. If, when Volódya for the first time received Dutch shirts with turned down collars, I had said straight out that I was angry because I did not have such myself, I am sure I should have felt more at ease, and should not have thought every time he fixed his collar that he was doing it only to annoy me.

I was vexed most of all by the fact that Volódya seemed to understand me but tried to conceal it.

Who has not noticed those mysterious, wordless relations which manifest themselves in a scarcely visible smile, in the motion or glance of persons who always live together, in brothers, friends, husband and wife, master and servant, especially when these people are not entirely

open to each other? How many unuttered desires, thoughts, and fears of not being understood are expressed in one casual glance, when your eyes meet timidly and with indecision!

But, it may be, my excessive sensibility and tendency for analysis deceived me in this respect; it may be, Volódya did not feel at all as I did. He was impassioned, open, and inconstant in his emotions. When he was carried away by any matter whatsoever, he gave himself up to it with his whole soul.

Suddenly he would be smitten with a passion for pictures: he immediately began to paint, bought pictures with all his pocket money, begged them of his teacher of drawing, from papa, and from grandmother; or with a passion for trifles with which to adorn his table, and which he, therefore, gathered up all over the house; or with a passion for novels, which he secretly procured and read for days and nights at a time. I was involuntarily carried away by his passions, but was too proud to follow in his footsteps, and too young and dependent to choose a road for myself. I envied nothing so much as Volódya's felicitous, noble, and open-hearted character, which was expressed with particular precision in the quarrels which arose between us. I felt that he was doing right, but I was unable to imitate him.

Once, while his passion for things was at white heat, I walked up to his table and by chance broke an empty, gaily coloured bottle.

"Who asked you to touch my things?" said Volódya, who had just entered the room and noticed the disorder which I had produced in the symmetry of the various ornaments on his table. "And where is the bottle? I am sure, you —"

"Accidentally dropped it, and it was broken. I am sorry."

"Do me the favour, and *never dare* to touch any of my

things again," he said, putting together the pieces of the broken bottle, and looking at them with deep regret.

"Please *do not command*," I answered. "I have broken it, and that is the end of it; what is the use of saying anything about it?"

And I smiled, although I did not feel in the least like smiling.

"Yes, it is nothing to you, but it is much to me," continued Volódya, shrugging his shoulder, which gesture he had inherited from papa. "You broke it, and now you laugh! What an unbearable urchin!"

"I am an urchin, and you are big and stupid."

"I do not intend having any words with you," said Volódya, lightly brushing me aside. "Get away!"

"Don't push me!"

"Get away!"

"I tell you, don't push me!"

Volódya took hold of my arm, and was about to pull me away from the table, but I was in the highest degree excited, and so I seized the leg of the table, and upset it.

"There you have it!" and all the porcelain and crystal ornaments fell to the ground with a crash.

"Disgusting urchin!" cried Volódya, trying to catch the falling objects.

"Well, now everything is ended between us," thought I, as I left the room. "We shall be enemies from now on."

We did not speak with each other until evening. I felt I was guilty, was afraid to look at him, and could not do a thing all day; Volódya, on the contrary, studied well, and, as usual, chatted and laughed with the girls after dinner.

The moment our teacher was through with our lesson, I left the room, for I felt ill at ease, awkward, and ashamed in the presence of my brother. After our evening lesson in history, I took my copy-books and started

for the door. When I passed by Volódya, I felt at heart like going to him and making up with him, but I pouted and tried to look angry. Volódya just happened to raise his head, and he looked at me with a barely noticeable, open-hearted, derisive smile. Our eyes met, and I knew that he understood me, and that he understood that I knew that he understood, but some irresistible feeling made me turn away.

"Nikólenka!" he said to me in the simplest, not in the least pathetic voice, "stop pouting. Pardon me, if I have offended you."

And he gave me his hand.

I felt as if something was rising in my throat and choking me; but that lasted only a minute; tears rolled down my eyes, and I felt better.

"For—give — me — Vol—dya!" said I, pressing his hand.

Volódya looked at me as though he could not understand why the tears were in my eyes

VI.

MÁSHA

Not one of the changes which had taken place, in my view of things, was so striking, so far as I myself was concerned, as the one by which I ceased to see in one of our chambermaids merely a female servant, and began to see, instead, a woman, on whom, in a certain degree, my peace and happiness might depend As far back as I can remember myself, I remember Másha in our house, but never had I paid the slightest attention to her, before the incident had taken place which completely changed my view of her, and which I shall now relate. Másha was about twenty-five years old, when I was fourteen She was very pretty, but I am afraid to describe her, lest my imagination should reproduce the enchanting and deceptive image which formed itself during my passion Not to make any mistake, I shall only say that she was uncommonly white, voluptuously developed, and a woman, — and I was fourteen years old.

In one of those moments, when with lesson in hand one paces up and down the room, trying to step only on the cracks between the deals, or sings some senseless air, or smears ink over the edges of the table, or repeats some meaningless words, — in short, in one of those moments, when the mind refuses to work, and the imagination is uppermost and seeks impressions, I left the class-room and aimlessly went to the landing of the stairs.

Somebody was ascending the stairs in shoes, at the

lower turn of the staircase. Of course, I wanted to know who it was, but suddenly the noise of the steps died down, and I heard Másha's voice: "Please don't! Stop your nonsense! If Márya Ivánovna should come upon you, it would go ill with you!"

"She will not come," I heard Volódya's voice in a whisper, and right after something rustled, as if Volódya were trying to hold her back.

"Where are you putting your hand? For shame!" and Másha, with her kerchief awry on her head, displaying her full white neck, rushed by me.

I can't explain how this discovery surprised me; but the feeling of surprise soon gave way to the feeling of sympathy for Volódya's act. I did not so much marvel at his deed, as at his conclusion that it was agreeable to act thus. I involuntarily wanted to imitate him.

I often passed hours at a time upon the landing of the staircase, listening with the closest attention to the slightest movements above me; but I could never bring myself to imitate Volódya, though I wished to do that more than anything else in the world. At times I hid behind the door, and with a heavy feeling of envy and jealousy listened to the disturbance in the maids' room, and I wondered what my situation would be if I walked up-stairs and tried to kiss Másha, just as Volódya had done. What should I have said with my broad nose and towering tufts of hair, if she had asked me what I wanted there? At times I heard Másha speaking to Volódya:

"This is a true punishment! Why do you annoy me so much! Go away from here, naughty boy. Why does Nikoláy Petróvich never come here, and bother me?"

She did not know that Nikoláy Petróvich was at that moment sitting under the staircase, and that he would gladly have given everything in the world, if he could be in the place of naughty Volódya.

I was bashful by nature, and my bashfulness only increased my conviction that I was homely. I am convinced that nothing has such a telling influence upon the direction of a man's life as his looks, and not so much his looks as his conviction of their attractiveness or unattractiveness.

I was too egoistic to get used to my situation, and tried to convince myself, like the fox, that the grapes were yet too green; that is, I tried to despise all the pleasures which are brought about by a pleasant countenance, such as, in my opinion, Volódya enjoyed, and such as I envied with all my heart, and I exerted all the powers of mind and imagination to find pleasure in haughty solitude.

VII.

SHOT

"O Lord, powder!" cried out Mimi, in a voice of breathless agitation. "What are you doing? You want to burn the house, and to ruin us all —"

And Mimi ordered, with an indescribable expression of fortitude, all persons present to step aside, strutted with firm steps up to the scattered shot, and, despising all danger which might be produced from a sudden explosion, began to tramp it with her feet. When the danger, in her opinion, was passed, she called Mikhéy and ordered him to throw all that "powder" as far away as possible, or, better still, into the water, and, proudly shaking her cap, directed her steps to the drawing-room. "They are watching them well, I must say," she grumbled.

When papa came from the wing, and we went together to grandmother, Mimi was already sitting in the room near the window, and sternly looked beyond the door with a certain mysterious and official glance. In her hand was something wrapped in several folds of paper. I guessed that it was the shot, and that grandmother, no doubt, knew everything.

Besides Mimi, there were in grandmother's room chambermaid Gásha, who, to judge from her angry red face, was greatly agitated, and Doctor Blumenthal, a small, pockmarked man, who was trying in vain to quiet

Gásha, by making with his eyes and head some mysterious, pacifying signs to her.

Grandmother herself was sitting a little to one side, and was laying out a solitaire, a "Traveller," which always signified a very inauspicious frame of mind.

"How are you feeling to-day, mamma? Have you rested well?" asked papa, respectfully kissing her hand.

"Nicely, my dear. I think you know that I am always well," answered grandmother, in a tone which indicated that the question was very much out of place and offensive. "Well, are you going to give me a clean handkerchief?" she continued, turning to Gásha.

"I have handed it to you," answered Gásha, pointing to a snow-white batiste handkerchief, which was lying on the arm of the chair.

"Take away this dirty rag, and give me a clean handkerchief, my dear!"

Gásha walked up to the chiffonier, pulled out a drawer, and slammed it so hard that the windows of the room began to rattle. Grandmother looked sternly at all of us, and continued to watch all the movements of the chambermaid. When she handed to her, as it seemed to me, the same handkerchief, grandmother said:

"And when are you going to crush some snuff for me, my dear?"

"I will crush it, if I have time."

"What did you say?"

"I will crush it to-day."

"If you do not wish to serve with me, my dear, you ought to say so; I should have let you off long ago."

"You may let me off; I sha'n't cry," grumbled the chambermaid, half aloud.

Just then the doctor began to beckon to her, but she looked at him so angrily and firmly, that he immediately dropped his head, and busied himself with his watch-key.

"You see, my dear," said grandmother, turning to

papa, when Gásha, continuing to grumble, left the room, "how they treat me in my own house?"

"Permit me, mamma, I shall crush some snuff for you myself," said papa, who, evidently, was much perplexed by this unexpected behaviour.

"No, thank you: she is so impudent because she knows that no one else knows so well how to crush the snuff as I like it. You know, my dear," continued grandmother, after a moment's silence, "that your children came very near burning the house to-day?"

Papa looked with respectful curiosity at grandmother.

"Yes, that is what they are playing with. Show it to him," she said, turning to Mimi.

Papa took the shot in his hand, and could not help smiling.

"But this is shot," he said, "and it is not at all dangerous."

"Thank you, my dear, for instructing me, only I am a little too old —"

"Nerves, nerves!" whispered the doctor.

And papa forthwith turned to us:

"Where did you get it? and how dare you play with such things?"

"You do not have to ask them, but you had better ask the *valet*," said grandmother, pronouncing the word "valet" with especial contempt. "That is the way he is watching."

"Vóldemar said that Karl Ivánovich himself had given him this powder," Mimi hastened to add.

"Now, you see what a fine man he is," continued grandmother. "And where is he, that *valet*, what do you call him? Send for him!"

"I have given him permission to make some visits," said papa.

"That is no reason. He ought always to be here. The children are not mine, but yours, and I have no

right to advise you, because you are wiser than I," continued grandmother, "but it seems to me, it is time to get a tutor for them, and not a *valet*, a German churl. Yes, a stupid churl who can't teach them anything but bad manners and Tyrolese songs. I ask you, what need have your children to know how to sing Tyrolese songs? However, *now* there is nobody to think of these things, and you may do as you please."

The word "now" meant "since they have no mother," and it called forth sad memories in grandmother's heart. She lowered her eyes upon the snuff-box with a portrait upon it, and fell to musing.

"I have been thinking of it for quite awhile," papa hastened to say, "and had intended to take counsel with you, mamma. Had I not better propose the place to St. Jérôme, who has been giving them hour lessons?"

"You will do well, my dear," said grandmother, no longer in the dissatisfied voice in which she had been speaking. "St. Jérôme is at least a tutor, who will know how to manage *des enfants de bonne maison*, and not an ordinary *ménin* valet, who is only good to take them out for an airing."

"I will speak to him to-morrow," said papa.

Two days after this conversation, Karl Iványovich really gave up his place to the young French dandy.

VIII.

THE HISTORY OF KARL IVÁNOVICH

LATE in the evening preceding the day when Karl Ivánovich was for ever to leave us, he stood in his wadded gown and red cap near his bed and, bending over his portmanteau, packed his things with great care.

Toward the end Karl Ivánovich's behaviour to us was exceedingly formal; he seemed to avoid all relations with us. Even now, when I entered the room, he looked at me askance, and again betook himself to his work. I lay down on my bed, and Karl Ivánovich, who formerly used to forbid it, said not a word to me, and the thought that he no longer would scold us, nor stop us, and that he had no business with us, vividly reminded me of the impending separation. I felt sad because he no longer loved us, and I wished to express this feeling to him.

"Permit me to help you, Karl Ivánovich," I said, approaching him.

He looked at me and again turned away, but in the cursory glance which he cast upon me I read not indifference, by which I explained his coldness, but genuine and concentrated sorrow.

"God sees everything and knows everything, and His holy will is in everything," he said, straightening himself out the full length of his stature, and drawing a deep breath. "Yes, Nikólenka," he continued, when he noticed the expression of sincere sympathy with which I was looking at him, "it has been my fate to be unhappy

from my earliest childhood to my grave. I have always been paid with evil for the good which I have done people, and my reward is not here, but there," he said, pointing to heaven. "If you knew my history and all I have suffered in this life! I was a shoemaker, I was a soldier, I was a deserter, I was a manufacturer, I was a teacher, and now I am zero, and I have, like the Son of God, no place where to lay my head," he concluded and, closing his eyes, dropped down into his chair.

Noticing that Karl Iványovich was in that sentimental frame of mind when he paid no attention to his hearers and expressed his secret thoughts to himself, I seated myself on my bed, and in silence fixed my eyes on his good face.

"You are not a child, you can understand! I shall tell you my history and all I have suffered in this life. Some day you will think of your old friend who loved you children very much!"

Karl Iványovich leaned with his arm against the small table which was standing near him, took a pinch of snuff, and, rolling his eyes to heaven, began his story in that peculiar, even, guttural voice, in which he generally dictated to us:

"I vos unhappy even in de lap of my moder. *Das Unglück verfolgte mich schon im Schosse meiner Mutter!*" he repeated with greater feeling.

Since Karl Iványovich told me his history often afterward, following the same order, and using the same expressions and ever unchanged intonations, I hope I shall be able to render it almost word for word, except, of course, for the irregularities of language, of which the reader may judge by the first sentence. I have not yet decided whether it was his real history, or the production of his fancy, which originated during his lonely life in our house, and which he had himself come to believe from his frequent repetitions, or whether he had adorned the

actual facts of his life with fantastic incidents. On the one hand, he told his history with too much feeling and methodical consistency, which form the chief characteristics of verisimilitude, not to be believed; on the other hand, there were too many poetical beauties in his history, so that these very beauties provoked doubt.

"Through my veins courses the noble blood of the Counts of Sommerblatt! *In meinen Adern fliesst das edle Blut der Grafen von Sommerblatt!* I was born six weeks after the wedding. The husband of my mother (I called him father) was a tenant at Count von Sommerblatt's. He could not forget my mother's shame, and did not like me. I had a smaller brother, Johann, and two sisters; but I was a stranger in my own family! *Ich war ein Fremder in meiner eigenen Familie!* When Johann did anything naughty, father said: 'I shall not have a moment of peace with this child Karl!' and I was scolded and punished. When my sisters quarrelled, father said: 'Karl will never be an obedient child!' and I was scolded and punished. Only my good mother loved and petted me. She frequently said to me, 'Karl, come here, into my room!' and she softly kissed me. 'Poor, poor Karl,' she said, 'nobody loves you, but I would not exchange you for anybody. Your mother asks only this of you,' she said to me, 'study well, and be always an honest man, and God will not abandon you!' *'Trachte nur ein ehrlicher Deutscher zu werden,' sagte sie, 'und der liebe Gott wird dich nicht verlassen!'* And I tried.

"When I was fourteen years old, and I could go to confirmation, mother said to father: 'Karl is now a grown-up boy, Gustav. What are we going to do with him?' And father said: 'I do not know.' Then mother said: 'We shall take him to town to Mr. Schulz, so he may become a shoemaker!' and father said: 'All right!' *und mein Vater sagte: 'Gut!'* I lived six years and seven months in town with my master, the shoemaker, and my

master loved me. He said: 'Karl is a good workman, and he will soon be my *Geselle!*' but man proposes, and God disposes. In 1796 a general conscription was announced, and everybody who could serve, from eighteen years of age to twenty-one, was to appear in town.

"Father and brother Johann arrived in town, and we all went together to cast a *Loos*, who was to be *Soldat*, and who was not to be *Soldat*. Johann drew a bad number, — he was to be *Soldat;* I drew a good number, — I was not to be *Soldat*. And father said: 'I had an only son, and I have to part from him!' '*Ich hatte einen einzigen Sohn, und von diesem muss ich mich trennen!*'

"I took his hand and said: 'Why do you say so, father? Come with me, and I will tell you something.' And father went. Father went, and we seated ourselves in the inn at a small table. 'Give us two *Bierkrug!*' I said, and they brought them to us. We drank a glass each, and brother Johann drank also.

"'Father!' I said, 'do not say that you had an only son, and that you have to part from him! My heart wants to jump out, when I hear this. Brother Johann shall not serve, — I will be *Soldat*. Karl is of no use here to anybody, and Karl will be *Soldat*.'

"'You are an honest man, Karl Ivánovich!' said father to me and kissed me. '*Du bist ein braver Bursche!*' *sagte mir mein Vater und küsste mich!*

"And I became *Soldat*."

IX.

CONTINUATION

"THEN was a terrible time, Nikólenka," continued Karl Ivánovich, — "then was Napoleon. He wanted to conquer Germany, and we defended our country to our last drop of blood! *und wir vertheidigten unser Vaterland bis auf den letzten Tropfen Blut!*

"I was at Ulm, I was at Austerlitz! I was at Wagram! *Ich war bei Wagram!*"

"Did you yourself take part in the battles?" I asked him, looking at him in wonderment. "Did you kill people yourself?"

Karl Ivánovich soon quieted me in regard to this.

"Once a French *Grenadier* lagged behind his own, and fell down on the road. I ran up to him with my gun, and wanted to pierce him, *aber der Franzose warf sein Gewehr und rief Pardon*, and I let him alone!

"At Wagram Napoleon drove us to an island, and surrounded us so that it was impossible to escape. We had no provision for three days, and we stood up to our knees in water. Miscreant Napoleon neither took us prisoners, nor let us get away! *und der Bösewicht Napoleon wollte uns nicht gefangen nehmen und auch nicht freilassen!*

"On the fourth day, thank the Lord, we were taken prisoners, and were led into a fortress. I had my blue pantaloons, a uniform of good cloth, fifteen thalers of money and a silver watch, a present from my father.

A French *Soldat* took it all away from me. Fortunately I had three ducats which mother had sewed up under my jacket. Nobody found them!

"I did not wish to stay long in the fortress, and so I decided to run. Once, upon a great holiday, I said to the sergeant who was watching us: 'Mr. Sergeant, to-day is a great holiday, and I want to celebrate it. Bring me, if you please, a bottle of Madeira, and we will drink it together.' And the sergeant said 'All right!' When the sergeant brought the Madeira, and we had drunk a wine-glass full, I took his hand, and said: 'Mr. Sergeant, you probably have a father and a mother, too.' He said: 'I have, Mr. Mauer.' 'My parents,' I said, 'have not seen me for eight years, and they do not know whether I am alive, or whether my bones have long been lying in the damp earth. O Mr. Sergeant! I have two ducats that were under my jacket, — take them, and let me off! Be my benefactor, and my mother will pray to the Almighty for you all her life.'

"The sergeant drank a glass of Madeira and said: 'Mr. Mauer, I love you and pity you very much, only you are a captive, and I am a *Soldat!*' I pressed his hand and said: 'Mr. Sergeant!' *Ich drückte ihm die Hand und sagte: 'Herr Serjant!'*

"And the sergeant said: 'You are a poor man, and I will not take your money, but I will help you. When I go to bed, buy a pail of brandy for the *Soldat*, and they will sleep. I will not see you.'

"He was a good man. I bought a pail of brandy, and when the *Soldat* were drunk, I put on my boots and an old cloak, and went softly out into the yard. I went on the rampart, and wanted to jump, but there was water below, and I did not want to spoil my last garment. I went to the gate.

"A sentinel was going *auf und ab* with his gun, and he looked at me: '*Qui vive?*' *sagte er auf ein Mal*, and I

was silent. '*Qui vive?*' *sagte er zum zweiten Mal,* and I was silent. '*Qui vive?*' *sagte er zum dritten Mal,* and I ran. I jumped into the water, climbed up the other side, and ran. *Ich sprang in's Wasser, kletterte auf die andere Seite und machte mich aus dem Staube.*

"The whole night I ran along the road, but when it dawned, I was afraid I should be recognized, so I hid myself in the high rye. There I knelt, folded my hands, thanked the Heavenly Father for my salvation, and fell asleep with a peaceful feeling. *Ich dankte dem Allmächtigen Gott für seine Barmherzigkeit und mit beruhigtem Gefühl schlief ich ein.*

"I awoke in the evening and walked on. Suddenly a large German wagon with two black horses overtook me. In the wagon sat a well-dressed man, who smoked a pipe and looked at me. I went slower, to let the wagon get by me; but as I went slowly, so did the wagon, and the man looked at me. I went faster, and the wagon went faster, and the man looked at me. I sat down near the road; the man stopped his horses, and looked at me. 'Young man,' he said, 'whither are you going so late?' I said: 'I am going to Frankfurt.' 'Get into my wagon, there is a place here, and I will take you there. Why have you nothing with you, why is your beard not shaven, and why are all your clothes dirty?' said he to me, when I took my seat. 'I am a poor man,' I said, 'and I want to find some place in a factory; and my garments are dirty because I fell down on the road.' 'You are not telling the truth, young man,' he said, 'the roads are dry now.'

"And I was silent.

"'Tell me the whole truth,' said the good man to me, 'who you are, and whence you are coming! I like your face, and, if you are an honest man, I will help you.'

"And I told him everything. He said: 'All right, young man, come with me to my rope factory. I will

give you work, clothes, and money, and you shall live with me.'

"And I said: 'All right!'

"We came to the rope factory, and the good man said to his wife: 'Here is a young man who has fought for his country and has run away from captivity. He has no home nor clothes nor bread. He will live with me. Give him clean linen and feed him.'

"I lived for a year and a half in the rope factory, and my master liked me so much that he did not wish to let me go. And I was happy there. I was then a handsome man: I was young, tall, had blue eyes, and a Roman nose, and Madame L—— (I cannot tell you her name), the wife of my master, was a young, beautiful lady. And she fell in love with me.

"When she saw me, she said: 'Mr. Mauer, how does your mother call you?' I said: 'Karlchen.'

"And she said, 'Karlchen, sit down by my side!'

"I sat down beside her, and she said: 'Karlchen, kiss me!'

"I kissed her, and she said: 'Karlchen, I love you so much that I can't stand it any longer,' and she began to tremble."

Here Karl Iványovich made a protracted pause and, rolling his good blue eyes and lightly shaking his head, smiled, as people always smile under the influence of agreeable reminiscences.

"Yes," he began once more, fixing himself in his chair, and wrapping his gown about him, "I have experienced many good and bad things in my life, but here is my witness," he said, pointing to an image of the Saviour, embroidered on canvas, which hung over his bed, "nobody can say that Karl Iványovich is a dishonest man! I did not wish to repay by black ingratitude the good which Mr. L—— had done me, and I decided to run away. In the evening, when all were asleep, I wrote a letter to my

master which I placed on the table in my room; then I took my clothes and three thalers of money, and softly went into the street. Nobody saw me, and I walked along the road."

X.

CONTINUATION

"I HAD not seen my mother for nine years, and I did not know whether she was alive, or whether her bones were already resting in the damp earth. I went to my native home. When I came to the town, I asked where Gustav Mauer lived, who had been a tenant at Count von Sommerblatt's. And they said to me: 'Count von Sommerblatt has died, and Gustav Mauer is living now on the wide street, and keeping a store for *liqueurs*.' I put on my new waistcoat, a good coat, — a present from the manufacturer, — fixed my hair nicely, and went to my father's liquor store. Sister Mariechen was sitting there, and asked me what I wanted. I said: 'May I drink a glass of liqueur?' and she said: '*Vater*, a young man is asking for a glass of liqueur.' And father said: 'Give the young man a glass of liqueur!' I sat down at the table, drank my glass, smoked a pipe, and looked at father, at Mariechen, and at Johann, who had also come into the store. In our conversation father said to me: 'You, no doubt, know where our *Armee* is stationed now!' I said: 'I myself have come from the *Armee*, and it is stationed at *Wien*.' 'Our son,' said father, 'was a *Soldat*, and now he has not written to us for nine years, and we do not know whether he is alive or dead. My wife always weeps for him.' I smoked my pipe and said: 'What was the name of your son, and where did he serve? Maybe I know him.' 'His name is Karl Mauer, and he served

with the Austrian chasseurs,' said my father. 'He is tall and a fine-looking man, just like you,' said sister Mariechen. I said: 'I know your Karl.' '*Amalia!*' *sagte auf einmal mein Vater,* 'come here! Here is a young man who knows our Karl.' Ant my dear moder comes out from the back door. I at once knew her. 'You know our Karl,' and she looks at me, and is all pale and trembles! 'Yes, I have seen him,' I said, and did not dare to raise my eyes to her: my heart wanted to break. 'My Karl is alive!' said mother. 'The Lord be thanked. Where is he, my dear Karl? I could die in peace, if I could look once more upon him, upon my beloved son; but God does not wish it,' and she burst out into tears. I could not stand it any longer. 'Mother!' I said, 'I am your Karl,' and she fell into my arms."

Karl Iványovich covered his eyes, and his lips trembled.

"'*Mutter!*' *sagte ich,* '*ich bin ihr Sohn, ich bin ihr Karl!*' *und sie stürzte mir in die Arme,*" he repeated, after quieting down and wiping off the tears which rolled down his cheeks.

"But it did not please God that I should end my days in my native country. A misfortune was decreed for me' *Das Unglück verfolgte mich überall!* I lived in my home only three months. One Sunday I was in a coffee-house, where I ordered a mug of beer, smoked my pipe, and chatted with my acquaintances about *Politik,* about Emperor Franz, about Napoleon, and about the war, and everybody expressed his opinion. Near us sat a strange gentleman in a gray *Ueberrock,* who drank coffee, smoked a pipe, and did not speak with us. *Er rauchte sein Pfeifchen und shwieg still.* When the *Nachtwächter* called the tenth hour, I took my hat, paid my bill, and went home. At midnight somebody knocked at our door. I awoke and said: 'Who is there?' '*Macht auf!*' I said: 'Say who you are, and I will open.' *Ich sagte.* '*Sagt wer ihr seid, und ich werde aufmachen.*' '*Macht auf im Namen*

des Gesetzes!' somebody said at the door. I opened. Two *Soldat* with guns stood at the door, and into the room entered the strange man in the gray *Ueberrock*, who had been sitting near us in the coffee-house. He was a spy! *Es war ein Spion!* 'Come with me!' said the spy. 'All right!' said I. I put on my boots and pantaloons, and my suspenders, and walked up and down the room. My blood boiled. I said to myself, he was a scoundrel. When I walked up to the wall where my sword was hanging, I grabbed it suddenly and said: 'You are a spy, defend yourself!' '*Du bist ein Spion, vertheidige dich!*' *Ich gab einen Hieb* to the right, *einen Hieb* to the left, and one upon his head. The spy fell! I seized my portmanteau and money, and jumped out of the window. *Ich nahm meinen Mantelsack und Beutel und sprang zum Fenster hinaus. Ich kam nach Ems.* There I became acquainted with General Zázin. He took a fancy to me, got a passport for me from the ambassador, and took me with him to Russia to teach his children. When General Zázin died, your mother employed me. She said: 'Karl Iványovich! I give my children to you, and I shall never abandon you; I shall assure you an easy old age.' Now she is no more, and everything is forgotten. In return for the twenty years of my service I have to go now into the street, old as I am, to find a crust of dry bread. *Got sees dat, and knows dat, and for dat is His holy will - only I am sorry for you, my childers!*" concluded Karl Iványovich, drawing me to him and kissing my head.

XI.

ONE[1]

AFTER a year's mourning, grandmother had a little recovered from the grief which had struck her down, and she began now and then to receive guests, especially girls and boys who were of our age.

On the 13th of December, Lyúbochka's birthday, there came even before dinner Princess Kornákov with her daughters, Madame Valákhin with Sónichka, Ilínka Grap, and the two younger brothers of the Ivins.

The sound of conversation, laughter, and running about reached us from below, where the whole company had gathered, but we could not join them before the end of the morning classes. On the schedule which hung in the class-room it said: *Lundi, de 2 à 3, maître d'histoire et de géographie;* and it was this *maître d'histoire* whom we had to wait for, listen to, and see off, before we could be free. It was already twenty minutes past two, but the teacher of history had not yet arrived, nor could he be heard or seen in the street, over which he had to pass to reach us, and upon which I was looking with a strong desire not to see him.

"Apparently Lébedev is not coming to-day," said Volódya, raising his eyes for a moment from Smarágdov's text-book, from which he was preparing his lesson.

"May the Lord grant it be so, for I do not know a thing

[1] One is the lowest, and five the highest mark in Russian schools.

about the lesson — However, however, here he comes," I added, in a sad voice.

Volódya rose from his seat and went up to the window.

"No, that is not he, that is some gentleman," said he. "We shall wait until half-past two," he added, stretching himself and at the same time scratching his crown, as he was in the habit of doing whenever he rested for a minute from his work. "If he is not here by half-past two, we shall tell St. Jérôme to pick up the copy-books."

"What does he want to be coming for?" I said, also stretching myself and shaking over my head the book of Kaydánov, which I held in both my hands.

Having nothing to do, I opened the book where the lesson was, and began to read it. It was a long and hard lesson; I did not know a thing about it, and I saw that I should never have enough time to learn a thing, especially since I was in that nervous condition when the thoughts refuse to centre on any subject whatsoever.

Lébedev had complained about me to St. Jérôme for my previous lesson in history, a subject which had always seemed to me tiresome and hard, and he had written down in the book in which the marks were kept, number two, which was regarded as very bad. St. Jérôme told me then, that if I should get less than three at the next lesson, I should be punished severely. This next lesson was before me and, I confess, I trembled.

I had been so absorbed in the reading of the unfamiliar lesson that I was startled by the noise of taking off overshoes, which was heard in the antechamber. I had not had any time to look around, when in the door appeared the pockmarked, despised face and the familiar, awkward figure of the teacher, in his buttoned blue dress coat with the buttons of the learned profession.

The teacher slowly put his hat on the window, and his note-books on the table, with both his hands spread the

folds of his coat, as though this was absolutely necessary, and, puffing, sat down in his chair.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, rubbing his clammy hands against each other, "first we shall go over what was said in the previous lesson, and then I shall try to acquaint you with the next events of the Middle Ages."

This meant: Recite your lesson.

While Volódya answered him with a freedom and self-assurance peculiar to those who know their subject well, I, without any aim whatsoever, went out on the staircase, and, since it was not possible to go down-stairs, I quite naturally walked up to the landing. I had just intended to settle in my usual place of observation, when Mimi, who always was the cause of my misfortunes, suddenly bumped against me. "You are here?" she said, looking threateningly at me, then at the door of the maids' room, and then again at me.

I felt myself thoroughly guilty, both because I was not at the lesson, and because I found myself in such an improper place, so I kept silent and, lowering my head, presented a most pathetic picture of repentance.

"No, that passes all bounds!" said Mimi. "What were you doing here?" I kept silent. "No, that can't remain this way!" she repeated, striking the knuckles of her fingers against the balustrade of the staircase, "I shall tell everything to the countess."

It was five minutes to three, when I returned to the schoolroom. The teacher, acting as though he had not noticed my absence nor my presence, was explaining the next lesson to Volódya. When, after having finished his explanations, he began to fold up his note-books, and Volódya went into the other room to bring him his ticket, the joyful thought struck me that it was all over, and that I was forgotten.

But suddenly the teacher turned to me with a mischievous half-smile.

"I hope that you have learned your lesson, sir," he said, rubbing his hands.

"I have, sir," I answered.

"Will you take the trouble to tell me something about the crusade of St. Louis?" he said, swaying in his chair, and pensively looking between his legs. "You will first tell me about the reason which caused the French king to take up the cross," he said, raising his eyebrows and pointing his finger to the inkstand, "then explain to me the general characteristic features of that crusade," he added, moving his whole wrist as if he wanted to catch something, "and finally, the effect of that crusade upon the European countries in general," he said, striking the left part of the table with his note-books, "upon the French realm in particular," he concluded, striking the right side of the table, and bending his head to the right.

I swallowed several times, hemmed and hawed, bent my head to one side, and kept silent. Then I picked up a goose-quill which was lying on the table, and began to tear it to pieces, but I kept silent all the time.

"Let me have the pen," said the teacher to me, stretching out his hand. "It could be used yet. Well, sir?"

"Louis — Kar — Louis the Holy was — was — was — a good and wise Tsar —"

"What, sir?"

"Tsar. He had got it into his head to go to Jerusalem, and he transferred the reins of government to his mother."

"What was her name?"

"B — b — lanka."

"What? Bulánka?"[1]

I smiled a sinister and awkward smile.

"Well, sir, is there anything else you know?" he said, smiling.

I had nothing to lose, so I coughed and began to tell

[1] Name of a dun horse

anything that occurred to me. The teacher did not say anything, and only swept off the dust from the table with the pen which he had taken away from me; he stared somewhere beyond my ear, and now and then exclaimed: "Very well, sir, very well, sir." I felt that I did not know a thing, that I did not express myself as I ought to, and I was very much pained because my teacher did not stop me, or correct me.

"'Why did he get it into his head to go to Jerusalem?" said the teacher, repeating my own words.

"Because — on account of — since — in as much as —"

I was completely floored, did not say another word, and felt that if that rascal of a teacher were to be silent for a whole year and looking interrogatively at me all the time, I should not be able to utter another sound. The teacher looked at me for about three minutes, then his face suddenly manifested an expression of profound grief, and, in a pathetic voice, he said to Volódya who had just entered the room:

"Please let me have the book for the marks!"

Volódya gave him the book, and gently placed a ticket near it.

The teacher opened the book and, carefully dipping the pen, in a beautiful hand marked Volódya number five in the columns for progress and deportment. Then, resting the pen over the line where my marks were to be put down, he glanced at me, shook off the ink, and thought awhile.

Suddenly his hand made a scarcely perceptible motion, and in the column appeared a beautifully written number one, with a period after it; another motion, and in the column for deportment went down another number one, with a period after it.

Carefully folding the book with the marks, the teacher rose and walked to the door, as though he had not noticed

my glance, in which were expressed despair, supplication, and reproach.

"Mikhaíl Lariónovich!" said I.

"No," he answered, guessing what I intended to tell him, "you can't study that way. I will not take money for nothing."

The teacher put on his overshoes and camlet overcoat, and carefully wrapped himself in a shawl. As if one could think of anything, after what had happened to me! For him it was but a movement of the pen, but for me it was my greatest misfortune.

"Is the lesson over?" asked St. Jérôme, as he entered the room.

"Yes."

"Was the teacher satisfied with you?"

"Yes," said Volódya.

"What did you get?"

"Five."

"And Nicolas?"

I was silent.

"I think, four," said Volódya.

He knew I had to be saved, if only for to-day. Let them punish me, as long as it was not to-day, when guests were at the house.

"*Voyons, messieurs!*" (St. Jérôme was in the habit of saying *voyons!* to everything.) "*Faîtes votre toilette et descendons!*"

XII.

THE SMALL KEY

We had barely greeted the guests, upon coming downstairs, when we were called to table. Papa was in a very happy frame of mind (he had been winning of late); he had presented Lyúbochka with a costly silver tea service, and at dinner he remembered that he had left a bonbonnière for her in his room in the wing.

"What is the use sending a servant there? You had better go there yourself, Kokó!" he said to me. "The keys are in the shell on the large table, you know. So take them, and with the largest key open the second drawer at the right. There you will find the candy box. The candy is in paper; bring it here!"

"And shall I bring you any cigars?" I asked, knowing that he always sent for them after dinner.

"Bring some, only don't touch anything; you hear?" he said, as I went out.

I found the keys in the place indicated, and was on the point of opening the drawer, when I was arrested by the desire of finding out what thing the tiny key of the bunch could open.

On the table stood, against a small railing, among a thousand different things, a hand-sewn portfolio with a padlock, and I was dying to find out whether the small key would fit in it. My effort was rewarded with complete success, the portfolio was opened, and inside I found a whole stack of papers. My feeling of curiosity so per-

suasively compelled me to find out what kind of papers they were, that I was not able to listen to the voice of my conscience, and began to examine what was in the portfolio.

The childish feeling of unconditional respect for older people, especially for papa, was so strong in me, that my mind unconsciously refused to draw any conclusions from what I saw. I felt that papa was living in an entirely separate, beautiful, inapproachable, and incomprehensible sphere, and that it would be a kind of sacrilege for me to try to penetrate the secrets of his life.

For this reason the discoveries which I had made, almost by accident, in papa's portfolio did not leave any clear idea with me, except a dim consciousness of having done something bad. I felt ashamed and ill at ease.

Under the influence of this feeling I wanted to close the portfolio as quickly as possible, but I was evidently fated to experience all kinds of misfortunes upon that memorable day. When I put the key into the keyhole, I turned it in the wrong direction. Thinking that the padlock was locked, I pulled the key out, and, oh, horror! only the head of the key was left in my hands. I tried in vain to connect it with the half which was left in the keyhole, and by some magic to extricate it. At last I had to get used to the terrible thought that I had committed a new crime, which would be discovered that very day, upon papa's return to his cabinet.

Mimi's complaint, number one, and the key! Nothing worse could have happened to me. Grandmother — for Mimi's complaint, St. Jérôme — for number one, and papa — for the key, — all that would overwhelm me not later than that very evening.

"What will become of me? Oh, what have I done!" I said aloud, as I walked across the soft carpet of the cabinet. "Oh, well!" I said to myself, getting the confectionary and the cigars, "there is no escaping fate," and I ran to the house.

That fatalistic expression, which I had caught from Nikoláy in my childhood, had produced upon me, in all the heavy moments of my life, a beneficent, temporarily soothing effect. When I entered the parlour, I was in a somewhat nervous and unnatural, but exceedingly happy frame of mind.

AFTER dinner began the *petits jeux*, and I took a very lively part in them. As we were playing "Cat-and-mouse," I awkwardly ran against the governess of the Kornákovs, and, accidentally stepping on her skirt, tore it. When I noticed that all the girls, but particularly Sónichka, took great delight in seeing the governess put out about it, and going to the maids' room to fix her dress, I decided I would afford them that pleasure once more. In consequence of this amiable intention, I began to gallop around the governess, the moment she returned to the room, and continued these evolutions until I found a favourable opportunity of catching my heel in her skirt, and tearing it. Sónichka and the princesses could hardly hold themselves with laughing, which very agreeably flattered my egoism, but St. Jérôme, who had evidently noticed my tricks, said that I was too merry for any good, and that if I would not behave better, he would make me feel sorry, in spite of the celebration.

I was in the irritated condition of a man who has lost more than he has in his pocket, who is afraid to look up his standing, and proceeds to play desperately, without any hope of winning back, but only in order not to give himself any time to come to his senses. I smiled insolently and walked away from him.

After the "cat-and-mouse," somebody started a game

which, I think, is called "Lange Nase" with us. The game consisted in placing two rows of chairs facing each other, and dividing the ladies and gentlemen into two parties, and having each chosen from the other by alternation.

The younger princess chose every time the younger Ivin, Kátenka chose Volódya or Ilínka, and Sónichka — every time Serézha, and she was, to my great amazement, not in the least ashamed when Serézha went and seated himself right opposite her. She laughed her sweet, melodious laugh and nodded her head to him in token that he had guessed correctly. Nobody chose me. This greatly offended my vanity, and I understood that I was superfluous, one who is left over, and that they had to say of me every time: "Who is left over? Yes, Nikólenka. So you take him!" So that whenever I was out, I went up straight to sister, or to one of the homely princesses, and, to my misfortune, I never made a mistake. Sónichka, however, seemed to be so occupied with Serézha Ivin, that I did not exist for her at all. I do not know on what ground I mentally called her "traitress," for she had never given me a promise that she would choose me, and not Serézha; but I was firmly convinced that she acted in a most shameful manner toward me.

After the game I noticed that the "traitress," whom I despised, but from whom I nevertheless could not keep my eyes, had gone into the corner with Serézha and Kátenka, and that they were talking mysteriously about something. I stole behind the piano, in order to discover their secrets, and I saw this: Kátenka was holding a batiste handkerchief at two of its ends, so that it served for a screen and concealed Serézha's and Sónichka's heads. "No, you have lost, so pay your fine!" said Serézha. Sónichka dropped her hands, stood before him like a guilty person, and said, blushing: "No, I have not lost! Am I not right, Mademoiselle Catherine?" "I love

truth," answered Kátenka, "you have lost the wager, *ma chère!*"

No sooner had Kátenka pronounced these words than Serézha leaned over and kissed Sónichka. He just kissed her rosy lips. And Sónichka laughed as if that were all right, as if it were a very jolly thing. Terrible! O tricky traitress!

XIV.

THE ECLIPSE

I SUDDENLY felt a contempt for the whole feminine sex in general and for Sónichka in particular. I began to persuade myself that there was no fun in those games, and that they were good enough only for little girls, and I was dying to do some daring act and show such a bit of bravado as to make them wonder at me. The opportunity presented itself in due time.

St. Jérôme had a talk with Mimi about something, then he left the room. The sound of his steps was heard at first upon the staircase, then above us, in the classroom. It occurred to me that Mimi had told him where she had seen me during class hours, and that he had gone to look at the class book. At that time I could not suppose any other aim in St. Jérôme's life than the desire to punish me. I have read somewhere that children between twelve and fourteen years of age, that is, those who are in the transitional stage of boyhood, have a particular mania for arson and murder. As I think of my own boyhood and, in particular, of the state of my mind on that fatal day, I very clearly comprehend the possibility of an aimless crime, without any desire of doing harm, but just out of curiosity and out of an unconscious need of some activity. There are minutes when the future presents itself to a man in so sombre a light that he is afraid to rest his mental vision upon it, completely interrupts his mind's activity, and endeavours

to persuade himself that there will be no future and that there has been no past. In such minutes, when the mind does not judge in advance the determinations of the will, and carnal instincts are the only mainsprings of life that are left, a child without any experience, and predisposed to such a condition, naturally, without the least hesitation or fear, and with a smile of curiosity, starts up and fans a fire under his own house, where his brothers and his parents sleep, whom he loves tenderly. Under the influence of this same momentary absence of reasoning power, — almost under the influence of distraction, — a peasant lad of seventeen years of age, who is examining the edge of a newly ground axe near the bench on which his old father is sleeping face downward, suddenly swings his axe, and with dull curiosity looks at the blood gushing under the bench from the severed neck. Under the influence of the same absence of thought and of an instinctive curiosity a man finds a certain pleasure in stopping on the very brink of a precipice, and in thinking: "What if I jumped down there?" or in placing a loaded pistol to his forehead, and in thinking: "What if I pressed the trigger?" or in looking at some distinguished person, for whom all society has the profoundest respect, and in thinking: "What if I went up to him and took him by the nose, and said: 'Now, my dear sir, come along with me!'"

When St. Jérôme came down-stairs and told me that I had no right to be here to-day, because I had behaved and studied so badly, and that I should go up-stairs at once, I, under the influence of just such an inward agitation and absence of reasoning, showed him my tongue, and told him that I would not go.

At first St. Jérôme could not pronounce a word from amazement and anger.

"*C'est bien*," he said to me, as he caught up with me, "I have more than once promised you a punishment,

from which your grandmother has been trying to save you. Now I see that nothing but the rod will make you obey, and to-day you have well deserved it."

He said that so loudly that all heard his words. My blood, rushed with unusual vehemence to my heart. I felt it pulsating terribly, and pallor covering my face, and my lips quivering entirely against my will. I must have been terrible at that moment, because St. Jérôme avoided my look as he walked up to me and took me by my arm; but at the touch of his hand, I felt so badly that, forgetting myself in my anger, I drew my arm away from him and with all my boyish strength dealt him a blow.

"What is the matter with you?" said Volódya, approaching me, when he, in terror and amazement, saw my deed.

"Leave me alone!" I cried out to him through my tears. "You none of you love me, and you do not understand how unhappy I am! You are all mean and despicable!" I added, in a kind of stupor, turning to all the company assembled.

Just then St. Jérôme again walked up to me, with a determined and pale countenance, and, before I had any time to prepare myself for the defence, with a quick motion compressed both my arms, as in a vise, and pulled me away to some place. My head was dizzy from excitement. I remember only that I fought desperately with my head and knees as long as I had any strength left; I remember that my nose several times struck against somebody's thighs, that somebody's coat kept on getting into my mouth, and that all about me I heard the presence of somebody's feet, and smelled the smell of dust and of violets, with which St. Jérôme used to perfume himself.

Five minutes later the door of the lumber-room was closed after me.

"Vasíli!" he said in a contemptuous, triumphant voice, "bring some rods!"

XV.

DREAMS

Could I have thought at that time that I should remain alive, after the many misfortunes which had befallen me, and that the time would come when I should think calmly of them?

As I considered what I had done, I was unable to imagine what would become of me, but I had a dim presentiment that I was irretrievably lost.

At first, complete silence reigned below me and about me, or at least it so appeared to me from too great an inward agitation. By degrees I began to distinguish different sounds. Vasíli came up-stairs and, throwing something that resembled a broom on the window, lay down on the clothes-bench, yawning. Below me was heard the loud voice of Avgúst Antónych (he, no doubt, was speaking about me), then some children's voices, then laughter and running, and a few minutes later everything in the house was moving as before, as if no one knew or cared to know that I was sitting in a dark lumber-room.

I was not crying, but something heavy, like a stone, lay upon my heart. Thoughts and pictures passed through my disturbed imagination with increased rapidity; but the recollection of the misfortune which had befallen me continually interrupted their fanciful chain, and I again entered into an inextricable labyrinth of uncertainty as to my impending fate, of despair, and of terror.

Then it occurred to me that there must have existed

a certain unknown reason for the universal hostility and hatred manifested toward me. (I was firmly convinced that all, beginning with grandmother and ending with coachman Filípp, hated me and found pleasure in my sufferings.) "It must be, I am not the son of my mother and of my father, not Volódya's brother, but some unfortunate orphan, a foundling, picked up for charity's sake," I said to myself, and that absurd idea not only afforded me some sad consolation, but appeared quite probable to me. It was a relief for me to think that I was unhappy, not because I was guilty, but because that had been my fate since my very birth, and because my fate resembled that of unfortunate Karl Ivánovich.

"But why should this secret be concealed any longer, since I myself have discovered it?" I said to myself. "I will go to-morrow to papa, and will say to him: 'Papa, you are in vain concealing the secret of my birth from me; I know it.' He will say to me: 'What is to be done, my dear? Sooner or later you would have found it out, — you are not my son, but I have adopted you, and if you will be worthy of my love, I shall never abandon you.' And I will tell him: 'Papa, although I have no right to call you by this name, I now pronounce it for the last time. I have always loved you, and always shall. I shall never forget that you are my benefactor, but I no longer can remain in your house. Here nobody loves me, and St. Jérôme has vowed to destroy me. Either he or I must leave your house, because I am not responsible for my acts, — I so hate that man that I am capable of doing anything. I will kill him, that's it precisely, I will kill him.' Papa will begin to reason with me, but I shall only wave my hand, and shall tell him: 'No, my friend and benefactor, we cannot live together, so let me go!' And I shall embrace him, and shall tell him, for some reason in French: '*Oh, mon père, oh, mon bienfaiteur, donne-moi pour la dernière fois ta benediction,*

et que la volonté de Dieu soit faite!'" At this thought I burst out into loud tears, as I sat on a box in the dark lumber-room. Suddenly I thought of the degrading punishment which awaited me, and the actual facts presented themselves in their real light to me, and my dreams were dispersed immediately.

Now I imagined I was already at liberty, out of our house. I joined the hussars, and went to war. Enemies bore down upon me from all sides, I brandished my sword and killed one; another brandish, and I killed a second, a third. At last, I fell to the ground, exhausted from wounds and fatigue, and cried, "Victory!" A general rode up to me and asked: "Where is he, our saviour?" They pointed to me, and he rushed to embrace me, and with tears of joy cried out, "Victory!" I grew well again, and, with my arm in a black sling, walked down the Tver Boulevard. I was a general! and the Tsar met me and asked: "Who is that wounded young man?" He was told that it was the famous hero, Nikoláy. The Tsar walked up to me and said: "I thank you. I shall do anything you may ask of me." I made a respectful bow, leaning upon my sword, and said: "I am happy, great Tsar, that I was able to shed my blood for my country, and I should like to die for it; but since you are so gracious as to permit me to ask something of you, I ask only this: permit me to destroy my enemy, the foreigner St. Jérôme. I want to destroy my enemy, St. Jérôme." I angrily stopped in front of St. Jérôme, and said to him: "You have caused my misfortune, *à genoux!*" Suddenly it occurred to me that the real St. Jérôme might come in any minute with the rods, and I again saw myself, not as a general who had saved his country, but as a most wretched and pitiful creature.

Then again I thought of God, and I boldly asked Him, for what He was punishing me. "I think I have never

forgotten to say my prayers, neither in the morning nor in the evening; then, what am I suffering for?" I can absolutely affirm that my first step in the direction of religious doubts, which agitated me in my boyhood, was made by me at this time, not because my misfortune had incited me to murmuring and unbelief, but because the thought of an unjust Providence, which had entered my mind at this moment of complete spiritual disorganization, rapidly sprouted and took root, just like an evil seed which after a rain has fallen on the loosened earth.

Then, again, I imagined that I should certainly die, and I represented vividly to myself St. Jérôme's astonishment when he would find my lifeless body in the lumber-room. I recalled the stories of Natálya Sávishna about the soul of a deceased person not leaving the house for forty days, and I mentally passed unnoticed, after my death, through all the rooms of grandmother's house, and listened to the genuine tears of Lyúbochka, to the laments of grandmother, and to papa's conversation with Avgúst Antónovich. "He was a fine boy," papa would say with tears in his eyes. "Yes," St. Jérôme would answer, "but a wild fellow." "You ought to respect the dead," papa would say, "you were the cause of his death, you have frightened him to death, and he could not bear the humiliation which you had caused him. Away from here, rascal!"

St. Jérôme would fall upon his knees, would weep and beg forgiveness. After forty days my soul would fly away to heaven. There I see something wonderfully beautiful, white, transparent, and long, and I feel it is my mother. This white form surrounds and pets me. "If it is really you," I say, "show yourself better, that I may be able to embrace you." And the voice answers me: "We are all like this here, I cannot embrace you any better. Are you not happy as it is?" "Yes, I am very happy but you cannot tickle me, and I cannot kiss your hands."

"There is no need of it; it is nice here without it," she says, and I feel that it is nice indeed, and we fly together higher and higher.

Just then, it seemed, I awoke and found myself again on the box, in the lumber-room, with cheeks wet from tears, meaninglessly repeating the words: "And we fly higher and higher!" I made every imaginable effort to clear up my situation, but only a terribly gloomy, impenetrable distance presented itself to my mental vision. I tried to return to those consoling, happy dreams, which the consciousness of reality had interrupted, but to my astonishment I found, every time I returned on the road of my former dreams, that their continuation was impossible, and what was most remarkable, that they no longer afforded me any pleasure.

XVI

AFTER GRINDING COMES FLOUR

I PASSED the night in the lumber-room, and nobody came to see me. Only the next day, that is, on Sunday, I was transferred to a small room, near the class-room, and was locked up again. I began to hope that my punishment would be limited to incarceration, and my thoughts grew calmer, under the influence of a sweet and refreshing sleep, of the bright sun which glistened on the frosty designs of the windows, and of the usual noise in the street in daytime. Nevertheless, the solitary confinement was hard to bear: I wanted to move about, to tell somebody everything that had accumulated within my soul, and there was no living being near me. This situation was the more disagreeable since I could not help hearing, however much I hated it, St. Jérôme pacing up and down his room, and calmly whistling some merry tunes. I was absolutely convinced that he did not want to whistle at all, but that he did so only to annoy me.

At two o'clock St. Jérôme and Volódya went downstairs, and Nikoláy brought me my dinner, and when I talked with him about what I had done, and what awaited me, he said:

"Oh, well, sir! Don't worry: After grinding comes flour."

Though this proverb, which later in life often fortified my spirit, gave me some consolation, the fact that they had sent me, not bread and water, but the whole dinner,

even dessert — white-loaves — gave me much concern. If they had not sent me the white-loaves, I should have concluded that the incarceration was my punishment, but now it appeared that I was not yet punished, that I was only removed from the others as a dangerous man, and that the punishment was still ahead. While I was deeply engaged in the solution of this question, a key was turned in the lock of my prison, and St. Jérôme entered the room, with an austere and official expression on his face.

"Come to grandmother!" he said, without looking at me.

I wanted to clean the sleeves of the blouse, that had become soiled by chalk, before leaving the room, but St. Jérôme said that this was entirely unnecessary, as though I was already in such a wretched moral state that it was not worth while to trouble myself about my appearance.

Kátenka, Lyúbochka, and Volódya gazed at me, as St. Jérôme led me by my arm through the parlour, with exactly the same expression with which we looked at the prisoners who used to be taken by our windows on Mondays. When I walked up to grandmother's armchair, with the intention of kissing her hand, she turned away from me and hid her hand under her mantilla.

"Yes, my dear," she said, after a protracted silence, during which she surveyed me from head to foot with such an expression that I did not know what to do with my eyes and hands, "I must say you value my love very much, and afford me genuine consolation. M. St. Jérôme, who, at my request," she added, stretching out every word, "undertook your education, does not wish to stay in my house any longer. And why? On your account, my dear. I had hoped that you would be grateful," she continued, after a moment's silence and in a tone which proved that her speech had been prepared long before, "for his care and labours, that you would know how to

value his deserts, whereas you, pert little urchin, have dared to lift your hand against him! Very well! Beautiful! I am beginning to think myself that you are not capable of understanding kind treatment, and that other, lower means must be used with you. Immediately ask his pardon," she added, in a stern, commanding tone, pointing to St. Jérôme; "do you hear?"

I looked in the direction indicated by grandmother's hand, and, noticing St. Jérôme's coat, turned away and did not budge from the spot, a sensation of fainting overcoming me again.

"Well, do you not hear what I am saying to you?"

I trembled with my whole body, but did not budge.

"Kokó!" said grandmother, when she, evidently, observed the inward suffering which I was experiencing. "Kokó," she said, this time not so much in a commanding, as in a tender voice, "is it you?"

"Grandmother, I will not ask his pardon for anything," I said, and suddenly stopped, for I felt that I should not be able to restrain the tears that were choking me, if I were to say another word.

"I command you, I beg you. What is the matter with you?"

"I — I — do not — want to — I cannot," I muttered, and the checked sobs, which had accumulated in my breast, suddenly burst their barrier, and issued in a furious torrent.

"*C'est ainsi que vous obéissez à votre seconde mère, c'est ainsi que vous reconnaissez ses bontés,*" said St. Jérôme in a tragic voice. "*A genoux!*"

"My God, if she saw this!" said grandmother, turning away from me and wiping off the tears that had appeared in her eyes.

"If she saw this! But all is for the best. Yes, she would not have lived through this sorrow, she would not."

And grandmother wept harder and harder. I, too, wept, but I did not even think of asking forgiveness.

"*Tranquillisez-vous au nom du ciel, Madame la Comtesse*," said St. Jérôme.

But grandmother was not listening to him. She covered her face with her hands, and her sobs soon passed into hiccoughs and hysterics. Mimi and Gásha ran into the room with frightened faces, there was an odour of spirits, and the whole house was on its feet and whispering.

"Enjoy what you have done," said St. Jérôme, as he led me up-stairs.

"O God! what have I done? What a terrible criminal I am!"

No sooner had St. Jérôme walked down-stairs, after ordering me to go to my room, than I ran down the large staircase which led to the street, without being clearly conscious of what I was doing.

"Whither are you running?" a familiar voice suddenly asked me. "I want you, my darling!"

I wanted to run by him, but father caught my arm, and said, sternly:

"Come with me, my dear! How did you dare to touch the portfolio in my cabinet?" He led me into the small sofa-room. "Well? Why don't you say something? Well?" he added, pulling my ear.

"I am guilty," I said. "I do not know myself what tempted me!"

"Oh, you don't know what tempted you, you don't know, you don't, you don't, you don't," he repeated, at every word shaking my ear. "Will you ever again put in your nose where it does not belong? Will you? Will you?"

Though I felt a terrible pain in my ear, I did not weep, but experienced a pleasant moral sensation. The moment he let my ear go, I seized his hand, and, with tears in my eyes, began to cover it with kisses.

"Strike me again," I said through my tears, "harder,

more! I am a good-for-nothing, miserable, unhappy man!"

"What is the matter with you?" he said, pushing me lightly aside.

"Nǫ, I sha'n't go away for anything," I said, clinging to his coat. "Everybody hates me, I know it, but, for the Lord's sake, listen to me, defend me, or drive me out of the house! I cannot live with *him!* *He* is trying in every way to humiliate me, orders me to kneel in his presence, and wants to whip me. I cannot stand it. I am not a little child; I shall not live through it, I shall die; I will kill myself. *He* told grandmother that I was a good-for-nothing, and she is now ill, she will die through me, I — with — him — for the Lord's sake, whip me — — why — do they — tor—ment me?"

My tears choked me, I sat down on the divan, and, not being able to say anything more, fell with my head upon his knees and sobbed so much that I thought I was going to die that very minute.

"What are you weeping about, you round-cheeks?" said papa, sympathetically, as he leaned over me.

"*He* is my tyrant — tormentor — I shall die — nobody loves me!" I barely was able to utter, and I fell into convulsions.

Papa took me in his arms and carried me into the sleeping-room. I fell asleep.

When I awoke, it was very late, a candle was burning near my bed, and in the room sat our family doctor, Mimi, and Lyúbochka. I could see by their faces that they were afraid for my health. But I felt so well and light after a sleep of almost twelve hours that I should have leaped out of my bed, if it had not been so disagreeable for me to disturb their conviction that I was very ill.

XVII.

HATRED

YES, it was a real feeling of hatred, — not of that hatred of which we read in novels, and in which I do not believe, — not of that hatred which finds pleasure in doing a person some harm, but of that hatred which inspires you with an irresistible loathing for a person who, otherwise, deserves your respect, which makes you loathe his hair, his neck, his gait, the sound of his voice, all his members and all his motions, and, at the same time, attracts you to him by some incomprehensible power, and compels you with restless attention to follow every minutest act of his. I experienced this feeling for St. Jérôme.

St. Jérôme had been living in our house for a year and a half. When I now think coolly of the man, I find that he was a good Frenchman, but a Frenchman in the highest degree. He was not stupid, quite well educated, and conscientiously executed his duty toward us; but he was possessed of the characteristic traits of frivolous egotism, vanity, impudence, and ignorant self-confidence, which are common to all of his countrymen, and are diametrically opposed to the Russian character. All that I did not like. Of course, grandmother had explained to him her opinion in regard to corporal punishment, and he did not dare strike us; but, in spite of this, he often threatened us, especially me, with the rod, and pronounced the word *fouetter* (something like *fouatter*) so

disgustingly, and with such an intonation as if it would give him the greatest pleasure to whip me.

I was not in the least afraid of the pain of the punishment, though I had never experienced it, but the mere thought that St. Jérôme could strike me induced in me a heavy feeling of subdued despair and fury.

In moments of anger Karl Iványovich used to make his personal accounts with us by means of the ruler or suspenders, but I recall that without the least annoyance. Even if Karl Iványovich had struck me at that particular moment (when I was fourteen years old), I should have borne his blows with equanimity. I loved Karl Iványovich, remembered him as far back as I could remember myself, and was accustomed to regard him as a member of the family; but St. Jérôme was a haughty and self-satisfied man, for whom I felt nothing but that involuntary respect with which all grown people inspired me. Karl Iványovich was a funny old valet, whom I loved with all my soul, but whom I placed, nevertheless, below myself in my childish conception of social standing.

St. Jérôme, on the contrary, was an educated, fine-looking young dandy, who tried to stand on the same level with us.

Karl Iványovich used to scold and punish us with indifference; it was evident that he regarded it as a disagreeable, though necessary, duty. St. Jérôme, on the contrary, liked to pose as a tutor; it was evident that, when he punished us, he did so more for his own pleasure than for our good. He was carried away by his majesty. His high-flowing French phrases, which he pronounced with a strong accent on the last syllable, with circumflexes, were inexpressibly repulsive to me. When Karl Iványovich grew angry, he said: "Puppet show, vanton boy, Shampanish fly." St. Jérôme called us "*mauvais sujet, vilain garnement*," and so forth, giving me names which offended my self-esteem.

Karl Iványovich used to put us on our knees with face to the corner, and the punishment consisted in the physical pain which arose from such an attitude; St. Jérôme threw out his chest, made a majestic gesture with his hand, and cried, in a tragic voice: "*A genoux, mauvais sujet!*" and compelled us to get down on our knees with our faces turned toward him, and ask his forgiveness. The punishment consisted in humiliation.

I was not punished and nobody even mentioned what had happened to me; but I could not forget what despair, shame, and terror I had experienced in those two days. Although St. Jérôme ever since then gave me up and hardly paid any attention to me, I could not get accustomed to looking upon him with equanimity. Every time our eyes met by accident, I felt that my glance expressed too much apparent hatred, and I hastened to assume an expression of indifference; but when I thought he understood my simulation, I blushed and turned my face away altogether.

In short, it was inexpressibly hard for me to have any relations with him.

XVIII.

THE MAIDS' CHAMBER

I FELT more and more lonely, and my chief pleasures were solitary meditations and observations. I shall tell in the next chapter of the subject of my meditations; but the scene of my observations was preëminently the maids' chamber, where a pathetic romance took place, which interested me very much. The heroine of this romance, of course, was Másha. She was in love with Vasíli, who had known her when she was still at liberty, and who had promised to marry her. Fate, which had separated them five years before, had again brought them together in grandmother's house, but had placed a barrier to their mutual love in the person of Nikoláy, Másha's uncle, who would not listen to Másha's marrying Vasíli, whom he called a weak-brained and reckless man.

This barrier had the result that Vasíli, who heretofore had been cold and careless in his relations to Másha, now fell in love with her, and he fell in love as much as a man is capable of such a sentiment, when he has been a tailor in manorial service, wearing a rose-coloured blouse and waxing his hair with pomatum.

Although his manifestations of love were very strange and awkward (for example, whenever he met Másha he tried to cause her pain: either he pinched her, or struck her with the palm of his hand, or squeezed her with such power that she scarcely could draw breath), his love was sincere, which is proved even by this, that from the very

time when Nikoláy had definitely refused him the hand of his niece, he had gone on a protracted spree from sorrow, and frequented inns and was riotous in his behaviour, — in short, he acted so outrageously that he often was subjected to humiliating punishments at the police station. But these actions of his and their consequences seemed to constitute a special merit in Másha's eyes, and only increased her love for him. Whenever Vasíli was retained in the lockup, Másha cried for days at a time and did not dry her tears; she complained of her bitter fate to Gásha, who took a lively part in the affairs of the unfortunate lovers, and paying no attention to her uncle's scolding and beating, she stealthily ran to the police station to visit and comfort her friend.

Reader, do not look with contempt upon the society to which I am introducing you! If the strings of love and sympathy have not slackened in your souls, you will find sounds in the maids' chamber to which they will respond. Whether you like to follow me or not, I betake myself to the landing on the staircase, from which I can see everything that takes place in the room. There is the oven-bench, upon which stands a flat-iron, a papier-maché doll with a broken nose, a wash-basin, and a pitcher; there is the window, upon which lies in disorder a bit of black wax, a skein of silk, a half-eaten green cucumber and a candy box; there is a large red table, upon which a chintz-covered brick is placed over a new piece of sewing.

It was here that Másha sat, wearing my favourite, rose-coloured gingham dress and blue kerchief, which particularly attracted my attention. She was sewing, and stopped, now and then, to scratch her head with the needle, or to fix the candle. I looked at her and thought: Why was she not born a lady with those bright blue eyes, immense auburn braid and high breast? How well she would look in a sitting-room in a cap with rose-coloured ribbons and in a crimson capote, not such as Mimi

had, but such as I had seen in the Tver Boulevard. She would be working at the embroidery-frame, and I should be looking at her in the mirror, and I should give her anything she might ask for, hand her her cloak, and myself serve her her food.

What a drunken face and repulsive figure that Vasíli had, in his tight coat which he wore over his dirty rose-coloured blouse! In every motion of his, in every curvature of his back, I thought I read the undoubted signs of the disgusting punishment which had befallen him.

"What, Vásya, again?" said Másha, sticking her needle into the cushion, and without raising her head to meet Vasíli, who was just entering.

"Well, what good will come from him?" answered Vasíli. "If he'd only make his mind up one way or the other! As it is, I am ruined, and all on his account!"

"Will you drink tea?" said Nadézhda, another chambermaid.

"Thank you very much. What does that thief, your uncle, hate me for? For having a decent suit, for my bearing, for my gait? In short — the deuce!" Vasíli concluded, waving his hand.

"You must be submissive," said Másha, biting off a thread, "but you, on the contrary — "

"My patience has given out, that's what!"

Just then a door was heard slamming in grandmother's room, and the gruff voice of Gásha, who was walking up the stairs.

"Go and please her, when she does not know herself what she wants — it is an accursed life, a prisoner's life! If only the Lord will forgive my sin," she grumbled, waving her arms.

"My respects to Agáfya Mikháylovna!" said Vasíli, rising in his seat, as she entered.

"You here again! I have other things to think of besides your respects," she answered, looking threateningly

at him. "Why are you coming here? Is it proper for a man to come to girls' rooms?"

"I wanted to find out about your health," timidly said Vasíli.

"I'll bite the dust soon, that's the way of my health!" angrily cried Agáfya Mikháylovna at the top of her voice.

Vasíli laughed.

"There is nothing to laugh about, and when I tell you to get out, go! I declare, that heathen, that rascal wants to marry! Now, march, get out!"

Agáfya Mikháylovna stamped her foot and went to her room, slamming the door with such force that the window-panes shook.

One could hear her behind the partition for a long time, flinging about her things and pulling the ears of her favourite cat, while scolding everybody and everything, and cursing her life; finally the door was opened, and the cat, mewing pitifully, was whirled out by her tail.

"I see I had better come some other time to take a glass of tea," said Vasíli in a whisper. "Good-bye till the next pleasant meeting!"

"Never mind," said Nadézhda, winking, "I shall go and look after the samovár."

"I will make an end of it," continued Vasíli, seating himself nearer to Másha, the moment Nadézhda left the room. "Either I'll go straight to the countess, and will say: 'It is so and so,' or I'll throw everything away, and, upon my word, will run away to the end of the world."

"And I shall remain —"

"It is you alone I am sorry for, or else my head would long ago have been in the free world, upon my word, upon my word."

"Vasíli, why don't you bring me your blouses to get them washed," said Másha, after a minute's silence, "for just see how black it is," she added, taking hold of the collar of his blouse.

Just then grandmother's bell was heard down-stairs, and Gásha came out of her room.

"Well, rascal, what do you want of her?" she said, pushing Vasíli out of the door, who got up in haste, when he saw her. "This is what you have brought her to, and now you annoy her. You beggar, you evidently take delight in looking at her tears. Get out! Let not your breath be here again! And what good thing have you found in him?" she continued, turning to Másha. "Has your uncle not beaten you enough to-day? No, you stick to it: 'I sha'n't marry anybody but Vasíli Grúskov!' Fool!"

"Yes, and I will not marry anybody, I will not love anybody, even though you kill me," said Másha, suddenly bursting into tears.

For a long time I looked at Másha, who lay on a trunk and wiped her tears with her kerchief. I endeavoured to get rid of my idea of Vasíli, and to find that point of view from which he could appear so attractive to her. Yet, though I sincerely sympathized with her grief, I was unable to comprehend how such a charming being as Másha seemed to be in my eyes, could love Vasíli.

"When I am grown up," I discoursed to myself, after I had returned to my room, "the Petróvskoe estate will go to me, and Vasíli and Másha will be my serfs. I shall be sitting in my cabinet and smoking a pipe. Másha will pass to the kitchen with a flat-iron. I shall say, 'Call Másha!' She will come, and nobody will be in the room. Suddenly Vasíli will enter, and, seeing Másha, he will say: 'I am a ruined man!' and Másha, too, will burst out weeping, and I shall say: 'Vasíli, I know that you love her, and that she loves you. Here, take one thousand roubles, marry her, and God grant you happiness!' and I shall myself go into the sofa-room."

Among the endless number of thoughts and dreams that tracklessly cross the mind and the imagination,

there are some that leave a deep, pronounced furrow behind them; so that frequently one remembers, without remembering the essence of the thought, that something good has been in the head, one feels the traces of the thought, and tries to reproduce it. Such a deep trace was left in my soul by the thought of sacrificing my feeling in favour of Másha's happiness, which she could find only in her marriage with Vasíli.

XIX.

BOYHOOD

PEOPLE will hardly believe what the favourite and most constant subjects of my thoughts were during the period of my boyhood, — for they were incompatible with my age and station. But, according to my opinion, the incompatibility between a man's position and his moral activity is the safest token of truth.

In the course of the year, during which I led a solitary, concentrated moral life, all abstract thoughts of man's destiny, of the future life, of the immortality of the soul presented themselves to my mind, and my weak childish reason tried with all the fervour of inexperience to elucidate those questions whose proposition marks the highest degree the human mind can reach, but the solution of which is not given to it.

It seems to me that the human mind in its evolution passes in every separate individual over the same path on which it evolves during whole generations; that the ideas which have served for the basis of distinct philosophical theories form inseparable parts of mind; and that every man has more or less clearly been conscious of them long before he knew of the existence of philosophical theories.

These ideas presented themselves to my mind with such clearness and precision that I even tried to apply them to life, imagining that I was the first who had discovered such great and useful truths.

At one time it occurred to me that happiness did not

depend on external causes, but on our relation to them; that a man who is accustomed to bear suffering could not be unhappy. To accustom myself to endurance, I would hold for five minutes at a time the dictionaries of Tatíshchev in my outstretched hands, though that caused me unspeakable pain, or I would go into the lumber-room and strike my bare back so painfully with a rope that the tears would involuntarily appear in my eyes.

At another time, I happened to think that death awaited me at any hour and at any minute, and wondering how it was people had not seen this before me, I decided that man cannot be happy otherwise than by enjoying the present and not caring for the future. Under the influence of this thought, I abandoned my lessons for two or three days, and did nothing but lie on my bed and enjoy myself reading some novel and eating honey cakes which I bought with my last money.

At another time, as I was standing at the blackboard and drawing various figures upon it with a piece of chalk, I was suddenly struck by the idea: Why is symmetry pleasant to the eye? What is symmetry? It is an implanted feeling, I answered myself. What is it based upon? Is symmetry to be found in everything in life? Not at all. Here is life, — and I drew an oval figure on the board. After life the soul passes into eternity; here is eternity, — and I drew, on one side of the figure, a line to the very edge of the board. Why is there no such line on the other side of the figure? Really, what kind of an eternity is that which is only on one side? We have no doubt existed before this life, although we have lost the recollection of it.

This consideration, which then appeared extremely novel and clear to me, but the connection of which I can barely make out now, gave me extreme pleasure, and I took a sheet of paper and intended to put my idea down in writing; but such a mass of ideas suddenly burst upon

me that I was compelled to get up and walk about the room. As I walked up to the window, my attention was drawn to the horse which a driver was hitching to a water-cart, and all my thoughts centred on the solution of the question, into what animal or man the soul of that horse would pass after her death. Just then Volódya crossed the room and, seeing that I was deep in thought, smiled. This smile was enough to make me understand that all I had been thinking about was the merest bosh.

I have told this memorable incident only to give the reader an idea what my reasonings were like.

By none of these philosophical considerations was I so carried away as by scepticism, which at one time led me to a condition bordering on insanity. I imagined that nothing existed in the whole world outside of me, that objects were no objects, but only images which appeared whenever I turned my attention to them, and that these images would immediately disappear when I no longer thought of them. In short, I held the conviction with Schelling that objects do not exist, but only my relation to them. There were moments when, under the influence of this fixed idea, I reached such a degree of absurdity that I sometimes suddenly turned in the opposite direction, hoping to take nothingness by surprise, where I was not.

What a miserable, insignificant mainspring of moral activities the human mind is!

My feeble reason could not penetrate the impenetrable, and in the labour which transcended its power, I lost, one after another, those convictions which, for the happiness of my life, I ought never to have presumed to touch.

From all that heavy moral labour I carried away nothing but agility of mind, which weakened my will-power, and a habit of constant moral analysis, which destroyed the freshness of my feeling and the clearness of my understanding.

Abstract ideas are formed in consequence of a man's ability to grasp, consciously, the condition of his soul at a certain moment, and to transfer it to his memory. My inclination for abstract reasonings so unnaturally developed my consciousness that frequently, when I began to think of the simplest thing, I fell into the inextricable circle of the analysis of my thoughts, and I no longer thought of the question which occupied my attention, but I thought of the fact that I thought. If I asked myself: Of what am I thinking? I answered: I am thinking of thinking. And what am I thinking of now? I am thinking of thinking that I am thinking, and so on. Reason was lost in empty speculation.

However, the philosophical discoveries which I made flattered my vanity very much: I frequently imagined myself a great man who was discovering new truths for the good of mankind, and I looked upon all other mortals with a proud consciousness of my dignity. But, strange to say, whenever I came in contact with these mortals, I grew timid, and the higher I placed myself in my own opinion, the less I was able to express the consciousness of my own dignity before others, and could not even get accustomed to not being ashamed of every simplest word and motion of mine.

XX.

VOLÓDYA

YES, the farther I advance in the description of this period of my life, the harder and the more painful it is getting for me. Among the memories of this time I rarely, very rarely, find those moments of genuine, warm feeling, which so brilliantly and constantly illuminated the beginning of my life. I involuntarily want to run through the desert of my boyhood as fast as possible, and to reach that happy period, when the truly tender and noble feeling of friendship again brightly illuminated the end of that age, and laid the foundation for the new period of youth, full of poetry and charm.

I shall not follow my memories hourly, but shall cast a rapid glance at the most important events from the time to which I have brought my narrative up to the time of my association with an unusual man who had a definite and beneficent influence upon my character and thought.

Volódya was on the point of entering the university. He had separate teachers, and I listened with envy and involuntary awe when he, tapping the chalk on the blackboard, talked of functions, sinuses, coördinates, and so on, which seemed to me to be the expressions of an inaccessible wisdom. One Sunday, after dinner, all the teachers and two professors assembled in grandmother's room, and in presence of some invited guests rehearsed a university examination, at which rehearsal Volódya, to grandmother's

great delight, showed unusual knowledge. They also asked me some questions in a few subjects, but I made a very poor showing, and the professors were evidently anxious to conceal my ignorance from grandmother, which confused me even more. However, they paid little attention to me; I was only fifteen years old, and I had another year yet till my examination. Volódya came down-stairs only for dinner, and passed his whole days and even evenings up-stairs studying, not because he was compelled to do so, but from his own choice. He was very vain, and did not wish to pass a mediocre, but an excellent examination.

At last the day for the first examination arrived. Volódya put on a blue dress coat with brass buttons, a gold watch, and lacquered boots. Papa's phaeton drove up to the porch, Nikoláy threw back the boot, and Volódya and St. Jérôme drove to the university. The girls, especially Kátenka, with joyful and ecstatic countenances, looked through the window at the stately figure of Volódya, as he seated himself in the carriage, and papa said: "God grant it, God grant it!" and grandmother, who had also dragged herself to the window, with tears in her eyes made the sign of the cross at Volódya until the phaeton was lost around the corner of the street, and even after that continued murmuring something.

Volódya returned. All impatiently asked him: "Well? Was it all right? How much did you get?" It was, however, evident from his looks that everything had gone well. Volódya had received a five mark. On the next day he was seen off with the same wishes for success and with anxiety, and he was met with the same impatience and joy. Thus nine days passed. On the tenth day was to be the last, the most difficult examination, in religion. All stood at the window, and awaited him with even greater impatience. It was two o'clock, and Volódya had not yet returned.

"O Lord! Dear me! It is they! they!" cried Lyúbochka, pressing against the window.

And there, in reality, side by side with St. Jérôme, sat Volódya, but no longer in the blue dress coat and gray cap, but in a student's uniform with a hand-sewn blue collar, three-cornered hat, and gilt short sword at his side.

"Oh, if you were alive!" cried grandmother, when she saw Volódya in his uniform, and fell into a swoon.

Volódya ran into the antechamber with a beaming face and kissed and embraced me, Lyúbochka, Mimi, and Kátenka, who blushed up to her ears. Volódya was beside himself with joy. And how well he looked in that uniform! How becoming his blue collar was to his sprouting black moustache! What a long, thin waist and noble carriage he had!

On that memorable day all dined in grandmother's room. Joy was in the faces of all, and at dinner, during dessert, a servant, with an adequately majestic, yet merry countenance, brought a bottle of champagne, wrapped in a napkin. Grandmother, for the first time after mother's death, drank champagne, emptying a whole glass as she congratulated Volódya, and again wept for joy, looking at him.

Volódya after that drove out alone, in his own carriage, received his own acquaintances, smoked, and drove to balls; and I myself once saw him drink two bottles of champagne with his acquaintances in his room, while with every glass they drank the health of some mysterious persons, and discussed who would get *le fond de la bouteille*. Yet he dined regularly at home, and after dinner sat down, as formerly, in the sofa-room, and always mysteriously chatted with Kátenka about something. As much as I could make out, without taking part in their conversations, they were talking about the heroes and heroines of novels they had read, about jealousy, and

love, and I could not understand what interest they could find in such discussions, nor why they smiled so gently and discussed so fervently.

I noticed in general that between Kátenka and Volódya there existed, in addition to the natural friendship between companions of childhood, some other strange relation, which removed them from us, and mysteriously bound them together.

XXI

KÁTENKA AND LYÚBOCHKA

KÁTENKA was sixteen years old. She was tall; her angularity of form, her bashfulness and awkwardness of movement, which are peculiar to a girl in her transitional age, had given way to the harmonious freshness and gracefulness of a newly budded flower; but she had not changed. The same light blue eyes and smiling countenance; the same straight nose, with its strong nostrils, forming almost a line with her forehead, and her little mouth with its bright smile; the same tiny dimples on her transparent rosy cheeks; the same little white hands, — and, for some reason, her former name of a "clean" girl remarkably fitted her even then. The only new things were her thick blond braid, which she wore like grown young ladies, and her young breast, the appearance of which visibly pleased and shamed her.

Though Lyúbochka had grown up and had been educated together with her, she was in every respect a different girl. Lyúbochka was not tall in stature, and she was bow-legged from early rickets, and had a badly shaped waist. In her whole figure nothing was beautiful but her eyes, and her eyes were beautiful indeed; they were large and black, and had such an irresistibly pleasant expression of dignity and naïveté that they invariably arrested the attention. Lyúbochka was simple and natural in everything, while Kátenka, so it seemed, always tried to resemble somebody. Lyúbochka always looked

straight at you, and, at times, when she fixed her immense black eyes on a person, she did not take them away for so long, that she was scolded for being impolite, Kátenka, on the contrary, lowered her eyelashes, blinked, and assured people that she was near-sighted, while I knew very well that she had good eyesight.

Lyúbochka did not like to be demonstrative in the presence of strangers, and when some one began to kiss her before guests, she pouted and said that she could not bear "tenderness." Kátenka, on the other hand, grew particularly affectionate to Mimi, whenever guests were about, and was fond of walking up and down the parlour with her arms about some girl. Lyúbochka was a terrible giggler, and often, when in a fit of laughter, waved her arms and ran up and down the room; Kátenka, on the contrary, covered her mouth with a handkerchief or with her hand, whenever she began to laugh. Lyúbochka always sat straight, and walked with her arms hanging down; Kátenka held her head a little on one side, and walked with her arms folded.

Lyúbochka was always exceedingly happy whenever she had a chance to talk to a very tall man, and she used to say that she would marry nobody but a hussar; Kátenka, however, said that all men were equally distasteful to her and that she would never marry, and she acted, every time she spoke with a man, like an entirely different person, as though she was afraid of something. Lyúbochka always quarrelled with Mimi for lacing her corsets so tightly that it was impossible to breathe, and was fond of something good to eat; Kátenka, on the contrary, frequently put her finger under the band of her skirt, to show us how loose it was, and she ate very little. Lyúbochka was fond of drawing heads, while Kátenka drew only flowers and butterflies. Lyúbochka played with great clearness Field's concerts and a few sonatas of Beethoven; Kátenka played variations and waltzes, re-

tarded the tempo, banged, continually took the pedal, and, before starting out to play, feelingly took three chords *arpeggio*.

But Kátenka, as I then used to think, resembled a grown woman more, and therefore she pleased me more.

XXII.

PAPA

PAPA had been unusually happy ever since Volódya entered the university, and came more frequently than was his custom to dine with grandmother. However, his happiness, as I found out from Nikoláy, was caused by his unusually great winnings. It even happened that he came to see us in the evening, before going to his club; he then seated himself at the piano, gathered us all about him, and, tapping with his soft boots (he could not bear heels, which he never wore), sang gipsy songs. It was then a sight to see the ridiculous ecstasy of his favourite, Lyúbochka, who simply worshipped him. At times he came to the class-room and listened with austere face to the recital of my lessons, but by the few words which he employed in order to correct me I noticed that he did not know the subjects well in which I was being instructed. At times he stealthily winked at us and made signs to us, when grandmother began to growl and scold everybody without cause. "Well, we did catch it, children!" he would say afterward. In general, he came down in my opinion, from that inaccessible height where my childish imagination had placed him. I kissed his large white hand with the same genuine feeling of love and respect, but I took the liberty of deliberating about him, and judging his acts, and I was involuntarily surprised by thoughts that frightened me. I shall never forget the

occasion that inspired me with many such thoughts and afforded me much moral suffering.

Late one evening he entered the sitting-room in his black dress coat and white vest, to take Volódya, who was dressing at that time in his room, to a ball. Grandmother was waiting in her chamber for Volódya to appear before her, for she was in the habit of calling him up before every ball, to bless him, look him over, and give him instructions. In the parlour, which was lighted only by one lamp, Mimi and Kátenka paced up and down, while Lyúbochka sat at the piano and studied Field's second concert, mamma's favourite piece.

I have never seen such a family resemblance as existed between sister and mother. This resemblance did not consist in the face, nor in the whole figure, but in something intangible: in the hands, in the manner of walking, but especially in the voice and in certain expressions. When Lyúbochka was angry and said: "They keep me my whole life," she pronounced these words "my whole life," which mamma, too, was in the habit of using, in such a manner, somewhat protracted, like "my who-o-le life," that I thought I heard mamma; but most striking was the resemblance in her playing, and in all her attitudes at the piano: she arranged her dress in the same way, in the same way turned the pages with her left hand, in the same way struck the keys with her fist, when she was angry because she did not succeed in playing smoothly a difficult passage, and said: "O Lord," and there was the same inimitable tenderness and clearness of expression, that beautiful expression of Field's, which is so appropriately called *jeu perlé*, the charm of which all the hocus-pocus of the modern pianists has not been able to obliterate.

Papa entered the room with rapid, mincing steps, and walked up to Lyúbochka, who stopped playing the moment she noticed him.

"No, keep on, Lyúbochka, keep on!" he said, seating her on the stool, "you know how I like to hear you."

Lyúbochka continued to play, and papa sat long opposite her, leaning on his arm; then he suddenly jerked his shoulder, rose from his chair, and began to pace the room. Every time he came near the piano, he stopped and gazed long and fixedly at Lyúbochka. I observed by his movements and gait that he was agitated. After crossing the parlour several times, he stopped behind Lyúbochka's seat and kissed her black hair, then he rapidly turned about, and continued to pace the room. When Lyúbochka had finished her playing and walked up to him with the question: "Was it all right?" he silently took her head and began to kiss her brow and eyes with a tenderness I had never seen in him before.

"O Lord, you are weeping!" suddenly said Lyúbochka, letting the chain of his watch slip out of her hands, and fixing her large, wondering eyes upon his face. "Forgive me, darling father, I forgot entirely that it was mother's piece."

"Not at all, my dear girl, play it often," he said in a voice quivering with emotion; "if you only knew how much good it does me to weep with you!"

He kissed her once more and, trying to overcome his inward agitation, went, with a jerk of his shoulder, through the door that led over the corridor to Volódya's room.

"Vóldemar! Shall you be ready soon?" he called out, stopping in the middle of the corridor. Just then chambermaid Másha passed by him. When she saw her master, she lowered her eyes and wanted to make a circuit round him. He stopped her. "You are getting prettier all the time," he said, leaning down to her.

Másha blushed, and lowered her head still more. "Allow me," she whispered.

"Vóldemar, will it be long?" papa repeated, shrugging

his shoulder and coughing, when Másha had passed by him, and he saw me.

I loved my father, but a man's mind lives independently from his heart, and frequently harbours incomprehensible and cruel thoughts which offend his feelings. Such thoughts came to me, though I endeavoured to remove them.

XXIII.

GRANDMOTHER

GRANDMOTHER grew weaker from day to day. Her bell, the voice of gruff Gásha, and the slamming of the doors were heard with increasing frequency in her room, and she no longer received us in her cabinet, seated in her armchair, but in her chamber, lying upon a high bed with lace-covered pillows. When I greeted her, I noticed a light yellow shining swelling on her hand, and in the room was a heavy odour, such as I had smelled five years before in mother's room. The doctor called upon her three times a day, and several consultations had taken place. But her character, her proud, ceremonious treatment of all the people of the house, especially of papa, had not changed in the least. She stretched her words as before, and raised her brows and said: "My dear!"

We had not been admitted to her presence for several days, when one morning St. Jérôme proposed to me during class hours that I should go out driving with Lyúbochka and Kátenka. Though, while seating myself in the sleigh, I noticed that the street was covered with straw under grandmother's windows, and that some strange people in blue cloaks were standing near our gate, I could not make out why we were sent out driving at such an inauspicious hour. On that day, and during the drive, Lyúbochka and I were, for some reason, in that unusually happy frame of mind when every incident, every word, every motion caused us to laugh.

A peddler trotted across the road clutching his tray, — and we laughed. A ragged Jehu, waving the ends of his lines, in a gallop caught up with our sleigh, — and we laughed. Filípp's whip caught in the runner of the sleigh; he turned around and called out, "The deuce!" and we roared with laughter. Mimi said, with a dissatisfied look, that only stupid people laughed without cause, and Lyúbochka, red with exertion from a subdued laugh, looked at me stealthily. Our eyes met, and we burst into such a Homeric laugh, that tears stood in our eyes, and we were unable to restrain the torrent of laughter which was choking us. No sooner had we quieted down a little, than I looked at Lyúbochka and pronounced the secret word which had been current among us for some time and which invariably produced laughter, and we roared again.

Just as we were reaching home, I opened my mouth to make a face at Lyúbochka, when my eyes were struck by the lid of a black coffin, which was leaning against the wing of the entrance door, and my mouth remained in its contorted position.

"*Votre grand'mère est morte!*" said St. Jérôme with a pale face, coming out to meet us.

During all the time that grandmother's body remained in the house, I experienced the heavy feeling of the terror of death; that is, the dead body vividly and unpleasantly reminded me of the fact that I should die some day, — a feeling which, for some reason, is confounded with grief. I did not regret grandmother, and I doubt if any one sincerely regretted her. Though the house was full of mourning visitors, nobody regretted her death, except one person, whose unbounded grief amazed me inexpressibly. That person was chambermaid Gásha. She went to the garret, locked herself up there, and, without ceasing to weep, cursed herself, tore her hair, would not listen to any consolation, and kept on saying that her own death would

be her only consolation after the death of her beloved mistress.

I again repeat that improbability in matters of feeling is the surest token of truth.

Grandmother was no more, but the memories of her and the various discussions about her were still living in our house. These discussions referred especially to the will which she had made before her demise, and which nobody knew, except her executor, Prince Iván Ivánovich. I noticed a certain agitation among the servants of grandmother, and there were frequent conversations about what each could expect, and, I must confess, I involuntarily thought with pleasure of our getting an inheritance.

Six weeks later, Nikoláy — the daily gazette of the news of our house — told me that grandmother had left her whole estate to Lyúbochka, leaving the guardianship up to her marriage not to papa, but to Prince Iván Ivánovich.

XXIV.

I

But a few months were left before my entering the university. I studied well. I not only waited for my teachers without fear, but even experienced a certain pleasure in my class work.

I felt happy whenever I recited my lesson clearly and distinctly. I was preparing for the mathematical faculty; which selection, to tell the truth, I made only because the words sinus, tangent, differential, integral, and so on, pleased me very much.

I was much smaller than Volódya, broad-shouldered and flabby, and as homely as ever, which worried me, as before. I tried to appear original. One thing consoled me: namely, that papa had said about me that I had a "clever phiz," and I firmly believed it.

St. Jérôme was satisfied with me and praised me, and I not only did not hate him, but it even seemed to me that I loved him when he said that with my ability, with my mind, it would be a shame if I did not accomplish this or that.

My observations in the maids' chamber had ceased long ago, for I felt ashamed to conceal myself behind the door, and, besides, my conviction of Másha's and Vasíli's love had, I must say, somewhat cooled me off. I was completely cured of this unfortunate passion by Vasíli's marriage, for which, at Vasíli's request, I asked papa's permission.

When the newly married couple came, with candy on a tray, to thank papa, and when Másha, in a cap with blue ribbons, thanked us all for something, kissing each of us on the shoulder, I smelled only the perfume of rose pomatum on her hair, and did not feel the least emotion.

I began to be cured altogether of my boyish faults, except the chief fault, which was to cause me no end of trouble in my life, — the tendency to philosophize.

XXV.

VOLÓDYA'S FRIENDS

ALTHOUGH I played in the company of Volódya's acquaintances a part which offended my vanity, I liked to sit in his room, when he had guests, and in silence to observe everything that took place there. His most frequent visitors were Adjutant Dubkóv and Prince Nekhlyúdov, a student. Dubkóv, who had passed his first youth, was a small, muscular fellow, of dark complexion. He had rather short legs, but was not bad-looking, and was always jolly. He was one of those narrow-minded men who please on account of their very narrow-mindedness, who are not able to see objects from various sides, and who are eternally carried away by something. The reasoning of such people is one-sided and faulty, but always open-hearted and persuasive. Even their narrow egotism somehow appears pardonable and attractive. In addition, Dubkóv had a double charm for Volódya and me, that of his military appearance and, chiefly, of age, which young people are in the habit of mistaking for decency (*comme il faut*), which is highly valued in these years. And, indeed, Dubkóv was what one calls "*un homme comme il faut.*" One thing displeased me, and that was that Volódya seemed to be ashamed before him for all my innocent acts, but more especially for my youth.

Nekhlyúdov was not good-looking: his small, gray eyes, low, straight forehead, disproportionate arms and legs

could not be regarded as beautiful features. His redeeming features were his very tall stature, soft complexion, and beautiful teeth. But his face assumed such an original and energetic character from his narrow, glistening eyes and changeable, now severe, now childishly indefinite smile, that one could not fail to take notice of him.

He seemed to be very bashful, because every trifle made him blush to his ears; but his bashfulness was different from mine. The more he blushed, the more determination his face expressed, as though he was angry at his own weakness.

Though he appeared to be very friendly with Dubkóv and Volódya, it was evident that only chance had brought them together. Their views were quite different: Dubkóv and Volódya avoided everything that resembled serious discussion and sentimentality; Nekhlyúdov, on the contrary, was an enthusiast in the highest degree, and in spite of ridicule, often entered into the discussion of philosophical questions and of sentiments. Volódya and Dubkóv were fond of talking of the objects of their love (they were generally in love with several women at the same time and both with the same woman); Nekhlyúdov, on the contrary, was always seriously angry when they hinted of his love for a red-haired girl.

Volódya and Dubkóv often allowed themselves to speak lightly of their relatives; Nekhlyúdov, on the contrary, was beside himself with anger at any unfavourable reference to his aunt, for whom he felt an ecstatic adoration. Volódya and Dubkóv drove away after supper without Nekhlyúdov, whom they called a "blushing maiden."

I was struck from the start by Nekhlyúdov, both on account of his conversation and his looks. Yet, in spite of the fact that I found many common points in our views, or, maybe, on account of it, — the feeling with which he inspired me when I first saw him was far from friendly.

I did not like his rapid glance, firm voice, haughty mien, but, above all, the complete indifference which he showed me. I often felt dreadfully like contradicting him, when he was talking; I wished to dispute with him, to punish him for his haughtiness, and to prove to him that I was sensible, even though he did not wish to pay the least attention to me. My bashfulness kept me back.

XXVI.

REFLECTIONS

VOLÓDYA was lying with his feet on a sofa, and leaning on his arm, was reading some French novel, when I, after my evening classes, entered his room, as usual. He lifted his head for a second to look at me, and again turned to his reading, — a very simple and natural movement, but it made me blush. It seemed to me that in his glance was expressed the question why I had come there, and that in the rapid inclination of his head was manifested a desire of concealing from me the meaning of that glance. This tendency to give a meaning to the simplest motion was a characteristic of mine at that period. I went up to the table and picked up a book; but before I began to read it, it occurred to me that it was too ridiculous that, not having seen each other for a whole day, we should exchange no words.

"Shall you be at home this evening?"

"I do not know. Why?"

"Nothing," I said, and noticing that there was a hitch in the conversation, I took the book and began to read.

Oddly enough, Volódya and I passed whole hours in silence, when face to face with each other, but the presence of a third, even silent, person, was sufficient to make us enter into most interesting and varied conversations. We felt that we knew each other too well, and to know each other too much or too little is equally unfavourable for a close communion.

"Is Volódya at home?" was heard Dubkóv's voice in the antechamber.

"Yes," said Volódya, taking down his legs and placing his book on the table.

Dubkóv and Nekhlyúdov, dressed in their overcoats and hats, entered the room.

"Well, Volódya, shall we drive to the theatre?"

"No, I have no time," said Volódya, blushing.

"Don't say that! Come, let us go!"

"I have not even a ticket."

"You may get all the tickets you want at the entrance."

"Wait, I shall be back in a moment," Volódya said evasively, and, jerking his shoulder, left the room.

I knew that Volódya wanted very much to go to the theatre, to which Dubkóv had invited him, that he declined only because he had no money, and that he went out to borrow five roubles of the steward against his next allowance.

"Good evening, diplomat!" Dubkóv said to me, giving me his hand.

Volódya's friends called me diplomat, because once at dinner grandmother, who was talking of our future, said, in their presence, that Volódya would be a soldier, and that she hoped to see me in the diplomatic service in a black dress coat and with my hair combed *à la coq*, which, in her opinion, were the necessary conditions for a diplomatic calling.

"Where has Volódya gone?" Nekhlyúdov asked me.

"I do not know," I answered, blushing at the thought that they, no doubt, guessed the cause of Volódya's leaving.

"I suppose he has no money. Am I right? O diplomat!" he added affirmatively, as he explained my smile. "I have not any money, either. And have you any, Dubkóv?"

"Let us see," said Dubkóv, taking out his purse and very carefully feeling a few small coins with his short

fingers. "Here is a five-kopek piece, here is a twenty-kopek piece, and then fffu!" he said, making a comic gesture with his hand.

Volódya entered the room.

"Well, are we going?"

"No."

"How funny you are!" said Nekhlyúdov. "Why did you not tell us that you had no money? Take my ticket if you wish!"

"And how about you?"

"He will go to the box of his cousins," said Dubkóv.

"No, I shall not go at all."

"Why?"

"Because, as you know, I do not like to stay in a box."

"Why?"

"I do not like it; I do not feel at ease."

"The old story! I can't understand why you should feel ill at ease, where everybody likes to see you. It is ridiculous, *mon cher*."

"What is to be done, *si je suis timide?* I am sure you have never blushed in all your life, but I do, for the merest trifle!" he said, blushing.

"*Savez vous d'où vient votre timidité? D'un excès d'amour propre, mon cher*," said Dubkóv, in a condescending tone.

"Where does the *excès d'amour propre* come in?" answered Nekhlyúdov, touched to the quick. "On the contrary, I am timid because I have too little *amour propre;* it always seems to me that people must feel tired and annoyed in my presence — that's why."

"Dress yourself, Volódya!" said Dubkóv, taking him by his shoulder, and pulling off his coat. "Ignát, your master wants to dress!"

"That's why I often feel —" continued Nekhlyúdov.

But Dubkóv did not listen to him. "Tra-la-ta-ra-ra-la-la," he sang out some air.

"You can't get rid of me," said Nekhlyúdov. "I'll prove to you that bashfulness originates from anything but egoism."

"You may prove it when we are out driving."

"I told you I was not going with you."

"Well, then, stay here and prove it to the diplomat; he will tell it to us when we return."

"I will prove it," replied Nekhlyúdov with childish stubbornness, "only come back as soon as possible."

"Do you think I am egoistic?" he said, sitting down near me.

Although I had made up my mind in regard to this, I became so timid from this sudden question that it was some time before I could answer him.

"I think you are," I said, feeling my voice tremble, and my face flush at the thought that the time had come to prove to him that I was a man of sense. "I think that every man is egoistic, and that all a man does he does through egoism."

"What, then, in your opinion, is egoism?" said Nekhlyúdov, smiling rather contemptuously, as I thought.

"Egoism," I said, "is the conviction that I am better and wiser than all men."

"But how can all be convinced of this?"

"I do not know whether it is just or not, only nobody acknowledges it but me. I am convinced that I am wiser than anybody in the world, and I am convinced that you, too, have the same conviction as regards yourself."

"No, I must say for my own part that I have met people whom I have acknowledged to be wiser than I am," said Nekhlyúdov.

"It is impossible," I answered with conviction.

"Do you really think so?" said Nekhlyúdov, looking fixedly at me.

"In all earnest," I answered.

And suddenly a thought struck me, which I at once

expressed: "I shall prove it to you. Why do we love ourselves more than others? Because we regard ourselves better than others, and more worthy of love. If we found others to be better than we are, we should love them better than ourselves, but this never happens. And if it does happen, I am still right," I added with an involuntary smile of self-satisfaction.

Nekhlyúdov was silent for moment.

"I never imagined you were such a clever fellow!" he said to me, with so kindly, good-hearted a smile that it suddenly seemed to me that I was exceedingly happy.

Praise acts so powerfully not only on the feelings, but also on the reason of a man, that under its pleasant influence I thought that I had become much wiser, and ideas one after another crowded into my head with unusual rapidity. From egoism we passed to love, and the conversation upon that theme seemed inexhaustible. Though to an outsider these reflections might have appeared as the merest rubbish, — they were so obscure and one-sided, — they were of high importance to us. Our souls were attuned in the same key, so that the least touch of any one string found an echo in the other. We had pleasure in this very responsiveness of the various strings which we touched in our conversation. It seemed to us that we lacked words and time to express to each other our thoughts, that begged for recognition.

XXVII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FRIENDSHIP

SINCE then sufficiently strange, but exceedingly pleasant relations established themselves between me and Dmítri Nekhlyúdov. In the presence of other people he paid almost no attention to me; but the moment we happened to be alone, we seated ourselves in a cosy corner, and began to philosophize, forgetting everything and not noticing how time flew.

We discussed the future life, art, government service, marriage, education of children, and it never occurred to us that all we were saying was the most terrible nonsense. This did not occur to us, because the nonsense we were talking was wise and agreeable nonsense; and in youth we still value reason, and believe in it. In youth all the powers of the soul are directed to the future, and this future assumes, under the influence of hope, which is based, not on the experience of the past, but on an imaginary possibility of happiness, such varied, living, and enchanting forms, that the mere conceived and imparted dreams of a future happiness constitute the genuine happiness of that age. In the metaphysical discussions, which formed one of the chief subjects of our conversations, I liked that minute when the thoughts followed each other faster and faster and, becoming ever more abstract, finally reached such a degree of mistiness that I no longer saw any possibility of expressing them, and, trying to say what I thought, said something entirely different. I liked that

minute when, rising ever higher in the sphere of thought, I suddenly grasped all its immeasurableness, and became conscious of the impossibility of going any farther.

Once, during the Butter-Week, Nekhlyúdov was so busy with all kinds of pleasures that, though he called several times a day at our house, he did not once speak to me, and this so offended me that I again thought of him as a haughty and disagreeable man. I only waited for an opportunity to show him that I did not in the least value his society, and did not have any particular attachment for him.

When he wanted to talk to me for the first time, after the Butter-Week, I told him that I had to prepare my lessons, and went up-stairs; but fifteen minutes later somebody opened the door of the class-room, and Nekhlyúdov came up to me.

"Am I disturbing you?" he said.

"No," I answered, though I had intended to show him that I really was busy.

"Then why did you go away from Volódya's room? We have not philosophized for quite awhile. And I am so used to it, that I feel as though something were wanting."

My annoyance passed away in a minute, and Dmítri again became in my eyes the good and dear man he was.

"You, no doubt, know why I went out," said I.

"Perhaps," he answered, seating himself near me. "But if I do guess it, I cannot tell you, though you may tell me," he said.

"I will tell you. I went away because I was angry with you — not angry, but I was annoyed. I am simply always afraid that you despise me because I am so young."

"Do you know why we have become so friendly?" he said, answering my confession with a wise, kindly smile, "why I love you more than people with whom I am

better acquainted, and with whom I have more in common? I have just solved it. You have a remarkable, rare quality — sincerity."

"Yes, I always say those things which I am ashamed to confess," I confirmed him, "but only to those of whom I am sure."

"Yes. But to be sure of a man, one must be friends with him, but we are not yet friends, Nicolas. You remember we said of friendship that, in order to be true friends, each must be sure of the other."

"Sure that you will not tell anybody what I tell you," I said. "And the most important and interesting thoughts are those which we would not tell each other for anything. And mean thoughts, — contemptible thoughts would never dare to enter our minds, if we knew that we had to confess them."

"Do you know what idea has struck me, Nicolas?" he added, rising from his chair, and rubbing his hands with a smile. "Let us do it, and you will see how useful it will be to both of us: let us promise to confess everything to each other! We shall know each other, and we shall have no scruples; and, not to be afraid of outsiders, let us promise never to mention each other to anybody, at any time! Let us do it!"

"All right," I said.

And we really did it. I shall tell you later what came of it.

Karr has said that in every attachment there are two sides: one loves, the other allows itself to be loved; one kisses, the other submits its cheek. That is quite true. In our friendship, I kissed, and Dmítri submitted his cheek; but he, too, was ready to kiss me. We loved equally, because we knew and esteemed each other; but this did not prevent his exerting an influence upon me, and my submitting to him.

Of course, under the influence of Nekhlyúdov I invol-

untarily appropriated his point of view, the essence of which was an ecstatic worship of the ideal of virtue, and the conviction that a man's destiny is continually to perfect himself. At that time it seemed a practicable affair to correct humanity at large, to destroy all human vices and misfortunes, — and, therefore, it looked easy and simple to correct oneself, to appropriate to oneself all virtues and be happy.

Still, God alone knows whether these noble dreams of youth were ridiculous, and who is to blame that they were not realized.

YOUTH

A Novel

1855–57

YOUTH

I.

I HAVE said that my friendship with Dmítri had opened up to me a new view of life, its aims and relations. The essence of this view consisted in the conviction that man's destiny was a striving for moral perfection, and that this perfection was easy, possible, and eternal. But till then I merely enjoyed the discovery of new ideas which resulted from this conviction, and the formation of brilliant plans for an active, moral future, while my life proceeded in the same petty, tangled, and indolent order.

So far the virtuous ideas, which my adored friend Dmítri, whom I sometimes called to myself in a whisper "Charming Mítya," and I used to discuss in our chats, pleased only my reason, and not my feeling. But a time came when these ideas burst upon my reason with such a fresh power of moral discovery that I became frightened at the thought of how much time I had spent in vain, and I wished immediately, that very second, to apply all those ideas to life, with the firm intention of never being false to them.

This time I regard as the beginning of my youth.

I was then finishing my sixteenth year. Teachers still

came to the house, St. Jérôme looked after my studies, and I was preparing myself reluctantly, and against my will, for the university. Outside of studies, my occupations consisted in solitary, disconnected dreams and reflections, in practising gymnastics in order to become the first strong man in the world, in loitering without any definite aim or thought about all the rooms, but especially in the corridor of the maids' side, and in observing myself in the looking-glass, from which, however, I always went away with a heavy feeling of melancholy and disgust. I was not only convinced that my looks were homely, but I could not even console myself with the usual consolations in such circumstances. I could not say that I had an expressive, intelligent, or noble countenance. There was nothing expressive, — nothing but the commonest, coarsest, and ugliest of features; my small, gray eyes were, especially when I looked in the mirror, rather dull than intelligent. There was even less of manliness in me; though I was not at all undersized, and very strong for my years, all the features of my face were soft, flabby, and undefined. There was not even anything noble in them; on the contrary, my face was like that of a common peasant, and such also were my large feet and hands, — and all that seemed then a disgraceful thing to me.

II.

SPRING

THE year I entered the university, Easter was late in April, so that the examinations were to be the first week after Easter, and during Passion Week I was to prepare myself for the sacrament, and get ready in general.

After a wet snow, which Karl Ivánovich used to call "the son has come to fetch the father," the weather had been for three days calm, warm, and clear. Not a speck of snow was to be seen in the streets, and the pasty mud had given way to a moist, glistening pavement and rapid rivulets. The last drops on the roofs were drying up in the sun; in the gardens the buds were swelling on the trees; in the courtyard there was a dry path to the stable, past a frozen heap of dung; and near the porch mossy grass sprouted between the stones. It was that peculiar period of spring which most powerfully affects a human soul: a bright, illuminating, but not warm sun, rivulets and thawed spots, an aromatic freshness in the air, and a gently azure sky with long, transparent clouds. I do not know why, but it seems to me that in a large city the effect of this first period of the new-born spring is more perceptible and powerful, — one sees less, but surmises more.

I was standing near the window, through which the morning sun was casting athwart the double panes its dusty rays upon the floor of my noisome class-room, and was solving some long algebraical equation on the black-

board. In one hand I held a torn, coverless algebra of Franker, in the other a small piece of chalk, with which I had soiled both my hands, my face, and the elbows of my half-dress coat. Nikoláy, in an apron and rolled-up sleeves, was breaking off the putty and unbending the nails of the window that opened on the garden. His occupation and the noise which he made distracted my attention. Besides, I was in a very bad and dissatisfied mood. Everything somehow went against me; I had made a mistake in the beginning of the calculation, so that I had to start again; I twice dropped the chalk; I felt that my face and hands were all soiled; the sponge got lost somewhere; the noise which Nikoláy produced made me dreadfully nervous. I wanted to get angry and to grumble; I threw down the chalk and the algebra, and began to walk up and down the room. I recalled that we had to go to confession that very day, and that I had to abstain from everything bad. Suddenly a meek spirit came over me, and I walked up to Nikoláy.

"Let me help you, Nikoláy," I said, endeavouring to give my voice a meek expression. The thought that I was doing right in suppressing my anger and in helping him increased my meek mood still more.

The putty was knocked off, the nails unbent; but although Nikoláy jerked at the crosspiece with all his might, the frame did not move.

"If the frame will come out at once, when I pull with him," I thought, "I shall take it to be a sin to work any more to-day." The frame moved to one side and came out.

"Where shall I take it to?" I asked.

"Permit me, I will do it myself," answered Nikoláy, evidently surprised, and rather dissatisfied with my zeal. "I must not get them mixed up, for I have them there by numbers, in the lumber-room."

"I will look out," I said, lifting the frame.

It seemed to me that if the lumber-room were two versts away, and the frame twice as heavy, I should have been very well satisfied. I wanted to exert myself while obliging Nikoláy. When I returned to the room, the small bricks and the salt pyramids[1] were already lying on the sill, and Nikoláy, with a wing duster, was sweeping the sand and the drowsy flies through the open window. The fresh, fragrant air penetrated the room and filled it. Through the window was heard the din of the city and the chirping of the sparrows in the garden.

All objects were brilliantly illuminated, the room looked merrier, a light spring breeze agitated the leaves of my algebra and the hair on Nikoláy's head. I went up to the window, sat upon it, bent down to the garden, and fell to musing.

A novel, exceedingly powerful and pleasant sensation suddenly penetrated into my soul. The damp earth, through which here and there burst bright-green blades of grass, with their yellow stalks; the rills glistening in the sun, along which meandered pieces of earth and chips; the blushing twigs of the lilac bushes with their swelling buds swaying under the very window; the busy chirping of the birds that swarmed in the bushes; the black fence wet with the thawing snow; but, above all, that aromatic moist air and joyous sun spoke to me distinctly and clearly of something new and beautiful, which, though I am not able to tell it as it appeared to me, I shall attempt to tell as I conceived it. Everything spoke to me of beauty, happiness, and virtue; it told me that all that was easy and possible for me, that one thing could not be without the other, and even that beauty, happiness, and virtue were one and the same. "How was it I did not understand it before? As bad as I was in the past, so good and happy shall I become in the future!" I said to myself. "I must at once, this very minute, become

[1] Placed on the sand between the double windows.

another man, and live another life." In spite of this I sat for a long time on the window, dreaming and doing nothing.

Have you ever happened to fall asleep on a gloomy, rainy summer day, and, awaking at sundown, to open your eyes; through the broadening quadrilateral of the window, beneath the canvas awning, that, blown up by the wind, strikes its rod against the window-sill, to observe the shady, lilac side of the avenue of lindens, wet from rain, and the damp garden path, illuminated by the slanting rays of the sun; suddenly to hear the merry life of the birds in the garden; to see the insects that, translucent in the sun, hover in the opening of the window; to smell the fragrance of the air after the rain; to think "How ashamed I am to have slept through such an evening;" and hurriedly to jump up, in order to run into the garden to enjoy life? If such a thing has happened to you, you have a picture of that powerful feeling which I experienced at that time.

III.

DREAMS

"To-day I shall confess and cleanse myself of all my sins," I thought, "and I never again — " (here I thought of all the sins that most tormented me). "I shall go every Sunday to church, and afterward shall read the Gospel for a whole hour; and, from every twenty-five-rouble bill, which I shall receive every month as soon as I enter the university, I shall certainly give two and a half roubles (a tithe) to the poor, without letting anybody know it; and not to mere beggars shall I give it, but I shall hunt up some destitute people, an orphan or an old woman, of whom nobody knows.

"I shall have a separate room (no doubt St. Jérôme's), and I shall fix it up myself and keep it in wonderful order; I shall not permit a servant to do anything for me. For is he not just such a man as I am? For the same reason I shall walk every day to the university (and if they give me a vehicle, I shall sell it, and use the money for the poor), and promptly execute everything" (what that "everything" was I should not have been able at that time to tell, but I vividly understood and felt that "everything" of a sensible, moral, and blameless life).

"I shall take down the lectures, and even prepare my subjects in advance, so that I shall be first in the first year, and shall write a dissertation. In the second year I shall know everything in advance, and they will be able to promote me at once to the third year, so that at eight-

een years of age I shall graduate as a Candidate with two golden medals; then I shall get my master's and my doctor's degree, and I shall be the first learned man in Russia, I may even become the greatest scholar in Europe.

"Well, and then?" I asked myself; but I happened to think that these dreams were proud, consequently, a sin which I should have to tell that very evening to the priest, and I returned to the beginning of my reflections.

"To prepare my lectures, I shall walk to the Sparrow Hills. There I shall choose a spot under some tree, where I can read them over. Sometimes I shall take a lunch along with me, some cheese, or pasties from Pedotti, or something of the kind. I shall rest awhile, after which I shall read a good book, or draw a landscape, or play an instrument (I must by all means learn to play the flute). Then, *she*, too, will walk out to the Sparrow Hills, and she will some day walk up to me, and ask who I am. I shall glance sadly at her, and say that I am the son of a clergyman, and that I am happy only when I am here alone, all sole alone. She will give me her hand, will say something, and sit down by my side. Thus, we shall go there every day and be friends, and I shall kiss her — no, that is not good, on the contrary, from to-day I shall never again look at women. I shall never, never go to the maids' room, not even near it; three years later I shall be of age, and shall certainly marry.

"I shall take exercise as much as possible, and practise gymnastics every day, so that when I am twenty-five years old, I shall be stronger than Rappeau. The first day I shall hold twenty pounds in my outstretched arm, the next day twenty-one pounds, the third twenty-two, and so on, until at last one hundred and sixty pounds in each hand, so that I shall be stronger than anybody among the servants; and if anybody dares to insult me, or to refer disrespectfully to *her*, I shall take him just by his

chest, shall raise him with my hand some five feet from the ground, and hold him awhile, to make him feel my strength, and then let him go; however, that is not good; no, it will not do any harm, I sha'n't do anything to him: I shall only prove to him that I — "

Let no one accuse me that the dreams of my youth were just as childish as the dreams of my childhood and boyhood. I am convinced that if it is my lot to live to an old age, and if my story overtakes my old age, I, as a man of seventy years, shall dream just such impossible, childish dreams, as in the past. I shall dream of some charming Mary who will fall in love with me, the toothless old man, as she fell in love with Mazeppa; of my weak-minded son suddenly becoming minister by some strange accident; or of my suddenly losing millions. I am convinced that there is not a human being or an age that is free from this benign, consoling ability to dream. But, except for the common feature of their impossibility and their fairy-like nature, the dreams of every man and every age have their distinguishing characteristics. At that period, which I regard as the extreme limit of boyhood and beginning of youth, at the basis of my dreams were four sentiments: the love for *her*, an imaginary woman, of whom I dreamt ever in the same way, and whom I expected to meet somewhere at any minute. This *she* was partly Sónichka, partly Másha, Vasíli's wife, while washing linen in the trough, and partly a woman with pearls on her white neck, whom I had seen long ago in the theatre, in a box near us. My second sentiment was the love of love. I wanted everybody to know and love me. I wanted to say my name "Nikoláy Irténev," and have every one struck by this information, and surround me and thank me for something. The third sentiment was a hope for some unusual, vain happiness, — such a strong and firm hope that it passed into insanity. I was so convinced that very soon I should, by some

extraordinary occurrence, become the richest and most distinguished man in the world, that I continually lived in an agitated expectancy of some fairy happiness. I was waiting for it to begin, when I should obtain all that a man may wish, and I was always in a hurry, lest it should begin where I was not. My fourth and chief sentiment was my self-disgust and repentance, but a repentance which so closely welded with the hope of happiness, that there was nothing sad in it. It seemed to me so easy and natural to tear myself away from all my past, to transform and forget everything which was before, and to begin life with all its relations entirely anew, in order that the past should not oppress nor bind me. I even found pleasure in my disgust with the past, and tried to see it blacker than it was. The blacker the circle of my memories of the past, the brighter and cleaner stood out from it the bright and clean point of the present, and streamed the rainbow colours of the future. This voice of repentance and passionate desire for perfection was the main new sensation of my soul at that epoch of my development, and it was this which laid a new foundation for my views of myself, of people, and of the whole world.

Beneficent, consoling voice, which since then has so often arisen suddenly and boldly against all lies in those sad moments, when the soul in silence submitted to the power of deceit and debauch in life, which has angrily accused the past, has indicated the bright point of the present, causing one to love it, and has promised happiness and well-being in the future, — beneficent, consoling voice! will you ever cease to be heard?

IV.

OUR FAMILY CIRCLE

Papa was rarely at home during this spring. But when it did happen, he was exceedingly merry, strummed his favourite airs on the piano, smiled gaily at us, and joked us all, especially Mimi; he would say, for example, that the Tsarévich of Georgia had seen Mimi while she was out driving, and had fallen so in love with her that he had petitioned the Synod for a divorce; that I was to be appointed secretary to the ambassador at Vienna, — and he announced these items of news to us with a serious countenance; he frightened Kátenka with spiders, of which she was afraid; he was very kind to our friends Dubkóv and Nekhlyúdov, and continually told us and our guests his plans for the next year. Although these plans changed nearly every day, and contradicted each other, they were so attractive that we listened to them with pleasure, and Lyúbochka looked at papa's mouth without winking, lest she should lose a single word. Now the plan was for him to leave us at the university in Moscow, and go himself with Lyúbochka to Italy for two years; now, to buy an estate in the Crimea, on its southern shore, and to go there every summer; now, to settle with the whole family in St. Petersburg, and so on. Besides the unusual merriment, another change had of late taken place in papa, at which I marvelled very much. He had had made for himself a fashionable suit, — an olive-coloured dress coat, fashionable pantaloons with foot-straps, and a

long wadded overcoat, which was very becoming to him, and frequently he was scented with perfume, when he drove out to make calls, but especially at the house of a lady, of whom Mimi never spoke but with sighs and with a face upon which one almost could read the words: "Poor orphans! Unlucky passion! It is well that she is no more." I found out from Nikoláy, for papa would not tell us anything about his gaming, that he had been particularly lucky at cards that winter; he had won an immense sum, which he had deposited in the bank, and in the spring he did not want to play again. No doubt because he was afraid of the temptation, he wanted to leave for the country as soon as possible, He had even decided not to wait for my entering the university, but to leave immediately after Easter with the girls for Petróvskoe, whither Volódya and I were to go later.

Volódya was all that winter, until spring, inseparable from Dubkóv, but his relation with Dmítri was beginning to cool off. Their chief entertainments, so far as I could conclude from the conversations which I heard, consisted in drinking champagne, driving in sleighs by the windows of a lady, with whom they were both, I think, in love, and in dancing vis-à-vis, not at children's, but at real balls. This latter circumstance separated us very much, though we loved each other. We felt too great a difference between a boy who had teachers coming to him, and a man who danced at the balls of grown people, ever to make up our minds to tell each other our secrets.

Kátenka was quite a young lady, and read a lot of novels, and the thought that she would marry soon did not seem a joke any longer; yet, though Volódya himself was a young man, they did not become very intimate, and, it seemed, even despised each other. In general, whenever Kátenka was alone at home, nothing interested her but novels, and she suffered ennui; but when there were outside gentlemen present, she became very lively and

agreeable, and used her eyes in such a way, that I was unable to make out what she meant. Later I learned from a conversation of hers that the only permissible coquetry for a maiden was that of the eyes, and so I was able to explain to myself those strange, unnatural gestures with the eyes, which did not seem to surprise others.

Lyúbochka was beginning to wear a very long dress, so that her crooked legs could not be seen, but she was the same cry-baby she had been before. Now she was dreaming of marrying, not a hussar, but a singer or musician, and for this purpose she applied herself zealously to music.

St. Jérôme, who knew that he would stay in our house only until the end of my examinations, had found a place at the house of some count, and ever since had looked down contemptuously on our people. He was rarely at home, began to smoke cigarettes, which then was a sign of dandyism, and continually whistled some jolly airs through a visiting-card.

Mimi grew sadder from day to day, and did not expect anything good from any of us, ever since we had grown up.

When I came to dinner I found only Mimi, Kátenka, Lyúbochka, and St. Jérôme in the dining-room. Papa was not at home, and Volódya was preparing for his examination with his companions in his room, and had ordered his dinner to be sent up to him. Of late, Mimi generally occupied the place of honour at the table, but none of us respected her, and so the dinner lost much of its charm. The dinner no longer was, as with mamma and grandmother, a ceremony which at a certain hour united the whole family, and divided the day into halves. We allowed ourselves to be late, to arrive only at the second course, to drink wine in tumblers (an example set by St. Jérôme), to lean back in the chair, to rise before the end of the dinner, and similar liberties. It was quite differ-

ent at Petróvskoe, when at two o'clock all sat in the sitting-room washed and dressed for dinner, chatting merrily until the appointed hour. Precisely at the moment when the clock in the officiating-room growled, in order to strike two, Fóka softly walked in, with a dignified and somewhat austere face, holding his napkin over his arm. "Dinner is served!" he announced in a loud, drawling voice, and everybody went to the dining-room with a happy and satisfied countenance, the older people in front, the younger ones behind, rustling their starched petticoats and creaking with their boots and shoes, — and conversing in an undertone, they all seated themselves at their proper places. How different, too, it was in Moscow, when all, speaking softly, stood before the table which was set in the parlour, waiting for grandmother, to whom Gavrílo had gone to announce that the meal was served! Suddenly the door opened, there was heard the rustle of a dress and the shuffling of feet, and grandmother, in a cap with some extraordinary lilac ribbon, sailed in sideways, smiling or looking gloomy, according to the condition of her health. Gavrílo rushed to her armchair, the chairs were moved, and feeling a chill pass down my back, — a foreboding of a good appetite, — I would take up the damp, starched napkin and munch a crust of bread, and, rubbing my hands under the table in impatient and pleasant anticipation, would look at the steaming plates of soup, which the majordomo poured out according to rank, age, and grandmother's considerate attention.

Now I no longer experienced any pleasure or agitation, when I came to dinner.

The gossip of Mimi, St. Jérôme, and the girls about the terrible boots of the teacher of Russian, about trimmings on the dresses of the Princesses Kornákov and so forth, — their gossip, which formerly used to inspire me with genuine loathing that I did not try to conceal, especially before

Lyúbochka and Kátenka, did not ruffle my new, virtuous temper. I was exceedingly meek; I smiled and respectfully listened to them, respectfully asked them to pass me the kvas, and agreed with St. Jérôme, who corrected a phrase of mine which I had used at dinner, remarking that it was more elegant to say *je puis* than *je peux*. I must, however, confess that I was a little disappointed because nobody paid any attention to my meekness and virtue. Lyúbochka showed me after dinner a piece of paper on which she had marked down all her sins; I found that it was all very well, but that it was better still to write down one's sins in one's soul, and that her way was not "just the right thing."

"Why is it not the right thing?" asked Lyúbochka.

"Well, this is good, too; but you will not understand me." And I went up-stairs, saying to St. Jérôme that I went to study, but, in reality, to write out, in the hour and a half that were left before the confession, a schedule of all my duties and occupations for my whole life, to put down on paper the aim of my life and the rules from which I was never to depart in all my actions.

V.

THE RULES

I TOOK a sheet of paper, and first intended to consider the schedule of my obligations and occupations for the next year. I had to line the paper, but as I could not find the ruler, I used the Latin lexicon for it. After drawing the pen along the lexicon and removing the latter, I discovered that I had made a long puddle of ink on the paper, instead of a line, and that, since the lexicon was not long enough, the line had bent downward along its soft edge. I took another sheet and, moving the lexicon carefully, managed to get it ruled after a fashion.

I divided my duties into three categories: into duties to myself, to my neighbours, and to God. Then I began to write down the first, but there turned up so many of them, and so many kinds and subdivisions of them, that I had to write first "Rules of Life," and not until then to consider the schedule. I took six sheets of paper, sewed them into a book, and wrote above, "Rules of Life." These words were written so crookedly and unevenly, that I long considered whether I had not better rewrite them, and felt annoyed, as I looked at the torn schedule and the monstrous heading. "Why is everything so beautiful and clear in my soul, and yet so horrible on paper, and in life in general, when I want to apply to it something I am thinking of?"

"The father confessor has come. Please come downstairs to hear the rules!" Nikoláy announced.

I concealed the book in the table, looked in the mirror, brushed my hair upwards, which, in my opinion, gave me a pensive appearance, and went down into the sofa-room, where a table was placed with the image and the burning wax candles upon it. Papa entered the room through another door at the same time with me. The priest, a gray-haired monk, blessed papa with the stern mien of an old man. Papa kissed his small, broad, dry hand. I did the same.

"Call Vóldemar!" said papa. "Where is he? But no, he is preparing for the sacrament at the university."

"He is busy with the prince," said Kátenka, and looked at Lyúbochka. Lyúbochka suddenly blushed and, frowning as though she were in pain, left the room. I followed her. She stopped in the sitting-room, and wrote something down on the paper with her pencil.

"What, have you committed a new sin?" I asked.

"No, nothing, just nothing," she answered, blushing.

Just then was heard Dmítri's voice in the antechamber, bidding Volódya good-bye.

"Well, everything is a temptation for you," said Kátenka, entering the room and turning to Lyúbochka.

I could not make out what was the matter with Lyúbochka: she was confused, so that tears appeared in her eyes, and her agitation, reaching its highest limit, passed into annoyance with herself and with Kátenka, who evidently was teasing her.

"One can see you are a foreigner" (nothing could be more offensive to Kátenka than being called a foreigner, and Lyúbochka used the word intentionally); "before this mystery," she continued in a solemn voice, "you disturb me on purpose — you ought to understand — it is not a trifling matter."

"Do you know, Nikólenka, what she wrote down?" said Kátenka, who was offended by the name of foreigner "She wrote —"

"I did not expect you to be as mean as that," said Lyúbochka, blubbering, as she left us. "At such moments you on purpose, *all my life*, lead me into sin. I do not bother you with my sentiments and sufferings."

VI.

THE CONFESSION

WITH these and similar distracting reflections I returned to the sofa-room, when all had gathered there, and the priest rose, ready to read the prayer before the confession. But when, amidst a general silence, was heard the clear, stern voice of the monk saying the prayer, and especially when he pronounced the words to us, "Lay open all your transgressions without shame, concealment, or justification, and your soul shall be cleansed before God, but if you conceal anything, you shall incur a great sin," the feeling of devout tremor, which I had experienced in the morning at the thought of the impending mystery, returned to me. I even found pleasure in the consciousness of this state, and I tried to retain it, by arresting all the thoughts which came to my mind, and by endeavouring to fear something.

Papa went first to confession. He remained very long in grandmother's room, and all that time we were silent in the sofa-room, or in a whisper talked about who would come next. Then, the voice of the monk saying the prayer was once more heard in the door, and papa's steps. The door creaked, and he came out, coughing, as was his habit, jerking his shoulder, and not looking at any of us.

"Now, you go, Lyúba, but be sure and say everything. You are a great sinner, you know," merrily spoke papa, pinching her cheek.

Lyúbochka grew pale and blushed, took her note out of her apron and hid it again, and, lowering her head and somehow shortening her neck, as if expecting a blow from above, passed through the door. She did not stay there long, but when she issued thence, her shoulders were convulsed with sobs.

Finally, after pretty Kátenka had returned through the door smiling, my turn arrived. I went into the dimly lighted room with the same dull fear and the same desire consciously to increase that fear. The priest stood before the reading-desk, and slowly turned his face to me.

I passed not more than five minutes in grandmother's room, and I came out of it happy and, as I was then convinced, completely purified, morally regenerated, and a new man. Although I was unpleasantly affected by the old circumstance of life, by the old rooms, the old furniture, my old figure (I wished that all the external things might have changed as much as I thought I had changed internally), in spite of it all, I remained in this blissful frame of mind up to the time when I went to bed.

I was falling asleep, going over in my imagination all the sins from which I had been cleansed, when suddenly I recalled a shameful sin which I had concealed at the confession. The words of the prayer before the confession came to my mind and continually dinned in my ears. My peace was gone at once. "But if you conceal anything, you shall incur a great sin," resounded in my ears without interruption, and I saw myself as such a terrible sinner, that there was no adequate punishment for me. I long tossed from side to side, reflecting on my situation and awaiting the divine punishment at any time, and even sudden death, — a thought which induced an indescribable terror in me. All at once a happy thought came to me: the next morning, soon after daybreak, I would walk or drive to the priest in the monastery, to confess once more, and I quieted down.

VII.

DRIVE TO THE MONASTERY

I AWOKE several times during the night, fearing to sleep through the morning, and at six o'clock I was already on my feet. Day was just dawning. I put on my clothes and my boots, which lay rumpled and unbrushed near my bed, because Nikoláy had not had time to take them away, and without praying or washing, I for the first time in my life went out by myself into the street.

On the opposite side, the misty, chilly dawn gleamed behind the green roof of a large house. A fairly strong vernal morning frost fettered the mud and rills, stung my feet, and pinched my face and hands. In our lane there was no cabman with whom I could drive there and back at once as I had hoped. Only some wagons were slowly going down the Arbát, and two stone-masons passed, chatting, on the sidewalk. After I had walked some thousand paces, I began to come across men and women who were going to market with their baskets, and water-carts which were driving to get their barrels filled; a cake-seller walked out on the cross-road; a bakery opened its door; and at the Arbát gates I fell in with a cabman, an old man, who was asleep and nodding in his faded, grayish blue and patched-up vehicle. He was evidently still half asleep when he asked twenty kopeks for driving me to the monastery and back, but he suddenly came to his senses, and when I was about to take my seat, he

whipped up his horses with the ends of his reins, and drove away from me. "I have to feed the horse! I can't take you, sir!" he mumbled.

I stopped him after much persuasion, by offering him forty kopeks. He pulled up his horse, cautiously examined me, and said: "Take your seat, sir!" I must say I was a little afraid he would take me to some blind alley, to rob me. Getting hold of the collar of his badly torn cloak, thus ruthlessly laying bare the wrinkled neck over his stooping shoulders, I climbed on the blue, saddle-formed, shaky seat, and we rattled along the Vozdvízhenka. On the way down I noticed that the back of the vehicle was patched with a piece of greenish material, the same that his cloak was made of; this circumstance for some reason quieted me, and I no longer was afraid that he would take me to a blind alley, to rob me.

The sun had risen quite high, and brilliantly illuminated the cupolas of the churches, when we drove up to the monastery. In the shade there was still some frost, but all along the road flowed rapid, turbid rills, and the horse splashed in the thawing mud. After passing through the monastery enclosure, I asked the first person whom I met where to find the father confessor.

"There is his cell," said the monk, stopping for a minute and pointing to a small house with a porch.

"I thank you very much," I said.

What could the monks have thought of me, as they gazed at me, upon issuing, one after another, from the church? I was neither a man, nor a child; my face was not washed, my hair not combed, my clothes were covered with feathers, my boots were unblacked and muddy. To what category of men did the monks mentally refer me as they gazed at me? They certainly surveyed me attentively. I continued to walk in the direction which the young monk had pointed out to me.

An old man in black garments, with thick gray eye-

brows, met me on the narrow path that led to the cells and asked me what I wanted.

There was a minute when I wanted to say "Nothing," run back to the cab, and drive home, but, in spite of his threatening eyebrows, the old man's countenance inspired confidence. I said that I wanted to see the father confessor, giving his name.

"Come, young gentleman, I will take you there!" he said, turning back, and evidently guessing my predicament. "The father is at morning mass, but he will be here soon."

He opened the door, and through a clean hall and antechamber led me over a neat canvas strip to the cell.

"You wait here," he said, with a kind-hearted, soothing expression, and went out.

The room in which I found myself was very small and was kept exceedingly clean. The furniture consisted of a small table covered with oilcloth, standing between two tiny double windows, upon which stood two pots of geraniums, of a small stand with images and a lamp hanging before them, of one armchair and two straight chairs. In the corner hung a clock, with a flower design on its face and brass weights on a chain; on the partition, which was connected with the ceiling by whitewashed wooden crosspieces (behind which, no doubt, was a bed), two cowls hung upon nails.

The windows faced a white wall which was within six feet of them. Between them and the wall was a small lilac bush. No sound reached the room from without, so that in that silence the even, pleasant click of the pendulum appeared as a loud noise. The moment I was left alone in that quiet corner, all my former thoughts and reminiscences leaped out of my head as if they had never been there, and I was all merged in inexpressibly pleasant contemplation. That faded nankeen hood with threadbare lining, those well-thumbed black leather bindings of

the books with their brass clasps, those turbidly green flowers with their carefully watered earth and washed leaves, but particularly that monotonous, broken sound of the pendulum, spoke to me distinctly of a new, heretofore unfamiliar life, of a life of seclusion, prayer, and quiet, peaceful happiness.

"Months pass, years pass," I thought, "and he is always alone, always calm, always feels that his conscience is clean before God and that his prayer will be heard by him." I sat about half an hour in my chair, trying not to move and not to breathe audibly, in order not to disturb the harmony of the sounds that told me so much. And the pendulum continued ticking, louder toward the right, softer toward the left.

VIII.

MY SECOND CONFESSION

THE steps of the priest broke my meditation.

"Good morning," he said, smoothing his gray hair with his hand. "What do you wish?"

I asked him to bless me, and with especial pleasure kissed his small yellow hand.

When I explained to him my request, he said nothing, but walked up to the images and began the confession.

When the confession was finished, and I, overcoming my shame, told him all that was upon my soul, he placed his hands upon my head, and pronounced with his melodious, quiet voice: "The blessing of the heavenly Father be over you, my son, and may He for ever preserve your faith, meekness, and humility. Amen."

I was very happy. Tears of bliss welled up in my throat, I kissed the fold of his kerseymere cowl, and raised my head. The monk's countenance was serene.

I felt I was enjoying the sensation of contrition, and fearing lest it should be dispersed, I hastily bade the confessor good-bye, and, without looking on either side, in order not to be distracted, left the enclosure and again seated myself in the jogging, patched-up vehicle. But the jolting of the carriage and the motley aspect of the objects that flashed by my eyes soon dispelled that feeling, and I was thinking now of how the father confessor must be reflecting that he had never, in all his life, met, nor ever should meet, such a beautiful soul in a young

man such as I was, and even that there could not be the like of me. I was convinced of this; and this conviction induced in me a feeling of that kind of happiness which demands that it shall be imparted to somebody.

I was dying to talk to somebody; and as there was no one near at hand but the cabman, I turned to him.

"Say, was I gone long?" I asked.

"Well, rather long, and it is time to feed the horses, for I am a night cabman," answered the old driver, who, with the sun, had become comparatively livelier than he had been before.

"It seemed to me that I was gone but a minute," I said. "Do you know why I went to the monastery?" I added, seating myself in the lower part of the vehicle, which was nearer to the old man.

"What business is that of ours? Wherever our passengers tell us to go, there we go," he answered.

"Still, what do you think, why?"

"Well, I suppose you went to buy a lot to bury somebody in," he said.

"No, my friend. Do you know why I went there?"

"How can I know, sir?" he repeated.

The cabman's voice seemed so kindly that I decided, for his edification, to tell him the cause of my visit, and also the feeling which I was experiencing.

"If you wish, I will tell you. You see —"

And I told him everything, and described all my beautiful feelings to him. I even now blush at the thought of it.

"Indeed, sir," the cabman said, incredulously.

He remained silent for quite awhile and sat immovable, now and then fixing the fold of his cloak, which kept disarranging itself, between his striped legs that leaped about in their huge boots on the foothold of the vehicle. I concluded that he, too, was of the same opinion in regard to me as the priest; that is, that there was not in

the whole world another young man so beautiful. He suddenly turned round to me.

"Well, sir, yours is a gentlemanly affair!"

"What?" I asked.

"Your affair, I say, is a gentleman's affair!" he repeated, mumbling with his toothless lips.

"No, he did not understand me," I thought, and I did not say anything to him until we reached the house

Not the feeling of contrition and piety itself, but satisfaction at having experienced it lasted during my whole ride, in spite of all the crowd that moved about the streets in the bright sunshine; but the moment I reached home, that feeling vanished completely I did not have the forty kopeks to pay the driver. Majordomo Gavrílo, to whom I was already in debt, would not loan me any more. When the driver saw me twice running across the yard in order to get the money, he guessed what I was about, climbed down from his vehicle and, in spite of his apparent kindliness, began to cry aloud, with the evident desire of stinging me, that there were certain cheats who did not pay for their rides.

Everybody at home was still asleep, so that I could not borrow the money from any one but the servants Finally, Vasíli, who liked me and remembered the service which I had done him, paid the driver, having first exacted my most solemn word of honour, which, however, as I saw by his face, he did not believe in the least. Thus the feeling went off as in smoke. When I dressed myself for church, in order to go with the others to receive the sacrament, and discovered that my clothes had not been mended and I could not put them on, I committed a lot of sins. Putting on another suit, I went to the sacrament in a strange condition of hastiness of thought and with a complete suspicion of my beautiful intentions.

IX.

HOW I PREPARED FOR THE EXAMINATIONS

On Thursday of Easter Week, papa, sister, and Mimi, with Kátenka, went away to the country, so that in grandmother's large house only Volódya, St. Jérôme, and I were left. My frame of mind on the day of the confession and of my visit to the monastery had completely disappeared, and had left behind it only a dim, though pleasant, memory, which was more and more drowned by new impressions of a free life.

The note-book with the title "Rules of Life" was put away with the other exercise books. Although the idea that it was possible to compose rules for all circumstances of life, and always to be guided by them, pleased me and seemed to me very simple and at the same time great, — and I had intended by all means to apply the rules to life, — I somehow forgot that it had to be done right away, and kept postponing it to some future time. I was pleased to find that every idea which came to my mind fitted precisely into one of the subdivisions of my rules and duties: into the rules in regard to my neighbour, or to myself, or to God. "I shall then write it down in that category, together with the mass of other ideas that will occur to me about the same subject," I said to myself. I often ask myself now: when was I better and juster, then, when I believed in the all-power of the human mind, or now, when, having lost the ability to develop, I

doubt the power and meaning of the human mind? and I am unable to give myself a positive answer.

The consciousness of freedom and that vernal feeling of expectancy, of which I have spoken before, agitated me so much that I was absolutely unable to control myself, and I prepared but badly for my examinations. In the morning, while I was working in the class-room and was conscious that I had to work hard, because next day was the examination in a subject of which I had not read two whole questions as yet, suddenly some vernal fragrance would reach me through the window and it would seem that I had to recall something, and my hands would automatically drop the book, my feet begin automatically to move and pace to and fro, and I would feel as though somebody had touched a spring, and the whole machine had been put in motion, and all kinds of blissful thoughts would begin to course through my head so lightly, naturally, and swiftly, that I could perceive only their flashing. And thus an hour or two would pass unobserved.

Or I would be reading some book and concentrating my attention upon what I was reading, when I would hear feminine steps and the rustle of a dress in the corridor, — and everything would leap out of my head, and I could no longer sit in one place, although I knew full well that nobody had crossed the corridor but Gásha, grandmother's old maid. "But, suppose it should suddenly be *she?*" it would occur to me. "Suppose it is beginning now, and I should lose my chance?" and I would rush out into the corridor, and convince myself that it was really Gásha. Yet it would be some time after that before I could control my head. The spring was touched, and again there was a terrible pandemonium.

Or, again, I would be sitting in the evening by a tallow candle in my room. Suddenly I would tear myself away from my book for a moment, to snuff the candle or settle

myself in the chair, and I would see that it was dark in all the doors and corners, and hear that it was quiet in the whole house, — and, of course, I could not help stopping and listening to that silence, and looking at that darkness of the door that opened into a dark room, and for a long time remaining in an immovable position, or walking through all the empty rooms of the house. Frequently, too, I used to sit through the evenings unnoticed in the parlour, listening to the sound of the "nightingale" which Gásha, sitting all alone in the parlour by a tallow dip, was playing on the piano with two fingers. And in the moonlight I could not help rising from my bed, and, leaning over the window-sill into the garden, I would gaze at the illuminated roof of Shapóshnikov's house, and at the stately bell-tower of our parish, and the evening shadows of the fence and the shrubbery, which lay across the garden path; I could not help staying there so long that I later could not wake before ten o'clock.

So if it had not been for the teachers that came to me, and for St. Jérôme, who now and then unwillingly fired my ambition, and, mainly, for the fact that I was anxious to appear as a fine fellow in the eyes of my friend Nekhlyúdov, that is, to pass excellent examinations, which, according to him, was a very important matter, — if it had not been for all that, — spring and freedom would have made me forget everything I ever knew, and I should never have been able to pass my examinations.

X.

MY HISTORY EXAMINATION

On April 16th I entered for the first time the university hall under the guidance of St. Jérôme. We drove there in our sufficiently foppish phaeton. I had on a dress coat, for the first time in my life, and all my clothes, even my linen and stockings, were new and of the best. When the doorkeeper took off my overcoat down-stairs, and I stood before him in all the splendour of my dress, I felt a little ashamed at being so strikingly magnificent. Yet the moment I entered the bright parqueted hall, filled with people, and noticed the hundreds of young men in Gymnasium uniforms and dress coats, some of whom looked at me with indifference, and noticed at the farther end the solemn professors, who freely moved about between the tables, or sat in large armchairs, I at once felt disappointed in my hope of directing universal attention to myself, and the expression of my face, upon which at home and even in the antechamber had been written compassion for making against my will such a noble and distinguished appearance, was exchanged for an expression of the greatest timidity and even some despair. I even fell into the other extreme, and was very happy when I discovered on a near-by bench a carelessly and uncleanly dressed, gray-haired, though not yet old, man, who was sitting on the last bench, apart from the others. I immediately sat down near him, and began to watch the candidates, and to draw my conclusions

All kinds of people were there, but, according to the opinion which I then held, they could be distributed into three classes.

There were some who, like myself, had appeared at the examination with their tutors or parents, among their number the younger Ivin, with the familiar Frost, and Ilínka Grap, with his old father. All these had downy chins, wore fine linen, and sat quietly, without opening the books and notes which they had brought with them, and with perceptible timidity looked at the professors and the examination tables. To the second class of candidates belonged young men in Gymnasium uniforms, many of whom already shaved. They were mostly acquainted with each other, spoke loud, called the professors by their names and patronymics, prepared their questions, passed their note-books to each other, climbed across the benches, and brought from the antechamber pastry and sandwiches, which they devoured right there in the hall, by lowering their heads to the level of the benches. Lastly, the candidates of the third class, of whom, however, there were not many, were those who were quite old and wore dress coats, though more frequently simple coats, and were apparently without linen. They carried themselves very seriously, sat apart from the others, and had a sombre aspect. The one who had consoled me by being dressed worse than I belonged to that class. He leaned on both his arms, passing his fingers through his dishevelled gray hair, read a book, and only for a moment gazed at me with not very benevolent, beaming eyes; he frowned gloomily and stretched out his shiny elbow in my direction, so that I should not sit down too close to him. The Gymnasiasts, on the contrary, were too affable, and I was a little afraid of them. One of them put a book into my hands and said: "Give it to him;" another passed by me and said, "Please let me by;" a third leaned against me as against a bench, while

climbing over. All that seemed coarse and disagreeable to me; I considered myself a great deal higher than these Gymnasiasts, and thought they ought not to have permitted themselves such familiarity with me.

At last, names were called. The Gymnasiasts stepped boldly forward, generally answered their questions well, and returned in a happy frame of mind; our kind were much more timid and answered, as I thought, not so well. Of the older ones, some answered superbly, others badly. When Seménov was called, my neighbour with the gray hair and brilliant eyes pushed me roughly and, stepping over my legs, went to the table. As could be seen by the faces of the professors, he answered excellently and boldly. When he returned to his seat, he did not bother about finding out what mark he had received, but quietly took up his note-books and went out. I had shuddered several times at the sound of the voice which called out the names, but my turn had not yet come in the alphabetical order, though names beginning with I were now called. "Ikónin and Ténev" somebody suddenly cried in the professorial corner. A chill ran down my back and hair.

"Whom did they call? Who is Barténev?" they said all about me.

"Ikónin, go, you are called. But who is Barténev, Mordénev? I do not know, I must confess," said a tall, red-cheeked Gymnasiast who was standing behind me.

"You," said St. Jérôme.

"My name is Irténev," I said to the red-cheeked Gymnasiast. "Did they call Irténev?"

"Why, yes! Why don't you go? I declare, what a dandy!" he added under his breath, but so that I could hear his words, as I left the bench. Ahead of me was walking Ikónin, a tall young man some twenty-five years of age, who belonged to the third class of the ancients. He was dressed in a tight olive-coloured dress coat, blue satin necktie, to which ran down from behind his long

blond hair, carefully combed *à la muzhík*. I had noticed his face, while he was still in his seat. He was not bad-looking, and was talkative; and I was particularly struck by the strange red hair of his beard at the neck, and still more by his strange habit of continually unbuttoning his vest, and scratching his chest under his shirt.

Three professors were sitting at the table, to which Ikónin and I went up; not one of them returned our greeting. A young professor shuffled the tickets like a deck of cards; another professor, with a decoration on his dress coat, looked at a Gymnasiast who was speaking rapidly about Charlemagne, adding "finally" to every word; and a third one, an old man in spectacles, bent down his head, looked at us over his glasses, and pointed to the tickets. I felt that his look was directed simultaneously to Ikónin and to me, and that something in us displeased him (maybe, Ikónin's red hair), because he looked at us simultaneously another time and made an impatient gesture with his head, for us to hurry and take our tickets. I was angry and felt insulted, first, because no one had answered our greeting, secondly, because I was evidently classed with Ikónin as the same kind of candidate, as though one should be prejudiced against me for Ikónin's red hair. I took my ticket without any timidity, and was getting ready to answer; but the professor pointed with his eyes to Ikónin. I read my ticket: I was familiar with the question, and, waiting patiently for my turn, I watched what was going on in front of me. Ikónin was not in the least frightened, and moved forward boldly, somehow with his whole side, to take his ticket, shook his hair, and courageously read what was written down on his ticket. He opened his mouth, as I thought, to answer, when the professor with the decoration, who had just dismissed the Gymnasiast, looked at him. Ikónin seemed to remember something, and stopped. A universal silence lasted for about two minutes.

"Well," said the professor in the spectacles.

Ikónin opened his mouth and again stopped.

"You are not the only person here; so, will you answer, or not?" said the young professor, but Ikónin did not even look at him. He gazed fixedly at the ticket, and did not pronounce a word. The professor in the spectacles looked at him through his glasses and over his glasses, and without his glasses, for he had in the meantime taken them down, carefully cleaned them, and put them on again. Ikónin did not pronounce a word. Suddenly a smile flashed on his face, he shook his hair, again moving his whole side at once, turned to the table, put down the ticket, glanced at all the professors in succession, then at me, turned about, and with a bold step, waving his arms, returned to the bench. The professors looked at each other.

"He is a good one!" said the young professor. "A pay student!"

I moved up to the table, but the professors continued to speak in a whisper to each other, as if they did not even suspect my presence. I was then firmly convinced that all three professors were particularly interested to know whether I should pass my examination, and whether I should pass well, and that they only pretended, to show off their dignity, that it was a matter of indifference to them, and they did not notice me.

When the professor in the spectacles turned to me indifferently and invited me to answer the question, I looked at his eyes and felt a little ashamed for him for his duplicity before me, and at first faltered in my answer; but it soon went easier and easier, and as the question was in Russian history, which I knew excellently, I made a brilliant showing, and, in my desire to let the professors know that I was not Ikónin, and that I should not be mixed up with him, went so far as to offer to take another ticket. But the professor shook his head, and said: "That

will do, sir!" and put down a mark in his book. When I returned to the benches, I immediately learned from the Gymnasiasts, who had found it out, God knows how, that I had received a five mark.

XI.

MY MATHEMATICS EXAMINATION

At the following examinations I had a number of new acquaintances, in addition to Grap, whom I considered unworthy of my friendship, and Ívin, who was rather shy of me. Some of them greeted me. Ikónin was glad to see me, and informed me that he would be reëxamined in history, and that the professor of history had a grudge against him from last year's examination, at which he had made him fail. Seménov, who was entering the same faculty as I, the mathematical, kept away from all the others until the end of his examinations, sat silently by himself, leaning on his arms, and passing his fingers through his gray hair, and answered his examinations excellently. He was second. A Gymnasiast of the First Gymnasium was first. He was a tall, lean fellow of dark complexion, very pale, his cheek tied up with a black necktie, and his brow covered with pimples. His hands were lean and red, with extremely long fingers, and nails so bitten that the ends of his fingers seemed to be tied with threads. All that I thought beautiful and as it should be with a "First Gymnasiast." He spoke to every one like anybody else, and I became acquainted with him, but I judged from his carriage, the movement of his lips and black eyes, that there was something extraordinary, something "magnetic," in them.

I came earlier than usual to my mathematical examination. I knew my subject well, but there were two

questions in algebra which I had concealed from my teacher, and which were entirely unknown to me. Those were, as far as I remember now, the theory of associations, and Newton's binomial. I sat down on the back bench, and looked over the two unfamiliar questions; but not being accustomed to work in a noisy room, and not having sufficient time, a fact of which I was conscious, I was not able to concentrate my mind on my reading.

"Here he is, come here, Nekhlyúdov!" I heard behind me Volódya's familiar voice.

I turned round and saw my brother and Dubkóv, who were walking up to me between the benches with their coats unbuttoned, and swinging their arms. One could immediately see that they were students of the second year, who were at home in the university. The mere aspect of the unbuttoned coats expressed contempt for us fellows, the candidates, and they inspired us, in turn, with envy and respect. I was very much flattered by the thought that all persons about me could see that I was acquainted with two students of the second year, and I swiftly rose to meet them.

Volódya could not keep from expressing his feeling of superiority.

"Oh, you miserable fellow!" he said. "Have you not been examined yet?"

"No."

"What are you reading? Are you not prepared?"

"Not quite in two questions. I do not understand this."

"What? This?" said Volódya, and began to explain Newton's binomial to me, but so rapidly and indistinctly that, reading suspicion of his knowledge in my eyes, he looked at Dmítri, and, reading the same in his eyes, no doubt, he blushed, but continued to talk that which I did not understand.

"No, wait, Volódya! Let me go it over with him, if

there is time," said Dmítri, looking at the professors' corner, and seating himself by my side.

I noticed at once that my friend was in that contented, meek frame of mind which always came over him when he was satisfied with himself, and which I especially admired in him. As he knew mathematics well, and spoke distinctly, he explained the question so clearly, that I remember it even now. No sooner had he finished than St. Jérôme called out in a loud whisper, "*A vous, Nicolas!*" and I followed Ikónin out of the bench, without having had time to touch the other unfamiliar question. I walked up to the table, where two professors were seated, and a Gymnasiast was standing at the blackboard. The Gymnasiast was writing out a formula with much energy, noisily breaking the chalk against the board, and continued to write, although the professor had told him long ago, "That will do," and had ordered us to draw tickets. "What if I should get the theory of associations!" I thought, drawing with trembling fingers a ticket from a soft mass of bits of paper. Ikónin, with the same bold gesture as at the previous examination, swaying with his whole side took the topmost ticket, without much choosing, looked at it, and frowned angrily.

"I get nothing but these little devils!" he grumbled.

I looked at mine. O terror! it was the theory of associations!

"What have you?" asked Ikónin.

I showed him.

"I know that," he said.

"Let us exchange."

"No, it does not make any difference. I do not feel like it," Ikónin had barely whispered when the professor called us to the board.

"Well, all is lost!" I thought. "Instead of a brilliant examination, which I had intended to pass, I shall cover myself with shame for ever, worse than Ikónin." But

suddenly Ikónin turned to me, under the eyes of the professor, pulled the ticket out of my hands, and gave me his. I looked at the ticket. It was Newton's binomial.

The professor was not a very old man, and had a pleasant, intelligent expression, which was produced mainly by the large protruding lower part of his forehead.

"What is that? You are exchanging tickets, gentlemen?" he said.

"No, he just let me look at his, Mr. Professor," Ikónin had the presence of mind to say, and again "Mr. Professor" was the last word which he pronounced in that place; and again, as he passed by me, he glanced at the professors and at me, smiled and shrugged his shoulders, with an expression which said:

"It's all right, my friend!" (I later learned that it was the third year Ikónin had been coming to the entrance examinations.)

I answered my question excellently, for I had just had it explained to me, — the professor even said that I had passed it better than could be expected, and gave me a five mark.

XII.

THE LATIN EXAMINATION

EVERYTHING went well up to the time of the Latin examination. The bundled-up Gymnasiast was first, Seménov second, I third. I even began to grow proud and seriously to think that, in spite of my youth, I was somebody.

Even at the first examination all told with trembling of the Latin professor, who was a beast and took delight in the ruin of young men, particularly pay students, and who, it was asserted, never spoke but in Latin or Greek. St. Jérôme, who had been my teacher of Latin, encouraged me, and I myself thought I was prepared not worse than the others, since I had translated Cicero and a few odes of Horace without a dictionary, and knew Zumpt by heart. We heard all the morning of nothing but the ruin of those who were examined before me; to one the professor gave zero, to another one, a third canditate he called names and wanted to put out, and so on. Only Seménov and the "First" Gymnasiast walked out calmly as before, and returned, having received five each. I had a presentiment of my misfortune, when Ikónin and I were called to the small table at which the terrible professor was seated all by himself. The terrible professor was a small, lean, sallow man, with long, greasy hair, and a very pensive countenance. He handed to Ikónin a volume of Cicero's speeches, and told him to translate. To my great

astonishment, Ikónin not only read, but even translated a few lines with the aid of the professor, who helped him out. As I felt my superiority before so weak a rival, I could not help smiling, even somewhat contemptuously, when it came to the analysis, and Ikónin, as formerly, was merged in inextricable silence. I had intended to win the professor's favour with that intelligent, slightly derisive smile, but it turned out quite differently.

"You, no doubt, know it better, since you smile," said the professor to me in bad Russian. "We shall see. Now, you tell it."

Later I learned that the professor of Latin favoured Ikónin, and that Ikónin was even living at his house. I immediately answered the question on syntax which had been put to Ikónin, but the professor assumed a sad expression and turned away from me.

"Very well, sir, your turn will come, and we shall see what you know," he said, without looking at me, and began to explain to Ikónin the question he had asked him.

"That will do," he added, and I saw him mark Ikónin four in the book of marks. "Well," I thought, "he is not at all so severe as they said." After Ikónin had gone, he for a full five minutes, which appeared to me like five hours, arranged the books and tickets, cleared his nose, straightened out the chairs, threw himself into one, stared at the hall, around him, and everywhere, only not at me. All that feigning did not seem sufficient to him, so he opened a book and pretended he was reading it, as if I did not exist for him at all. I moved up and coughed.

"Oh, yes! You! Well, translate something," he said, handing me a book; "or no, you had better take this." He turned the pages of Horace, and opened it at a passage which, I was sure, nobody could ever translate.

"I did not prepare this," I said.

"Oh, you want to answer only what you have learned by rote! Very well! No, you translate this!"

I managed to make some sense out of it, but the professor shook his head at every questioning glance of mine, and, sighing, answered only "No." At last, he closed the book; he did it so swiftly and nervously that he caught his finger between the leaves; he angrily pulled it out, gave me a ticket in grammar, and, leaning back in his chair, was most ominously silent. I started to answer, but the expression of his face fettered my tongue, and everything I said sounded wrong to me.

"Not that, not at all that," he suddenly burst out in his horrible pronunciation, rapidly changing his position, leaning on the table and playing with his gold ring, which fitted badly on the lean finger of his left hand. "Gentlemen, it will not do to be prepared in such a manner for a higher institution of learning: you are thinking only of wearing a uniform with a blue collar, and you snap up the tops of things, and imagine that you can be students; no, gentlemen, you must begin your subjects in a thorough manner," and so forth in the same strain.

All during his speech, which was pronounced in very faulty language, I looked with dull attention at his drooping eyes. At first I was tormented by the disappointment that I should not be third, then by the fear that I should not pass my examination at all; finally there was added to this the feeling of injustice, offended self-esteem, and undeserved humiliation; in addition, a contempt for the professor for not meeting my conception of a man *comme il faut*, which I discovered when I saw his short, strong, and round nails, still more fanned these feelings and made them venomous. Looking at me, and noticing my quivering lips and eyes filled with tears, he evidently explained my agitation as a request that he should give me a better mark, and, as though taking pity on me, he said (in the presence of another professor, who had just stepped up):

"Very well, I shall give you a pass mark" (which meant two), "though you do not deserve it, but I do so out of consideration for your youth, and in the hope that you will not be so frivolous in the university."

The last sentence, which was said in the presence of a strange professor, who looked at me as if to say, "Yes, you see, young man?" completely undid me. There was a minute when my eyes were clouded: the terrible professor, with his table, appeared to me to be sitting a long distance off, and the wild idea passed through my mind with terrible, one-sided clearness: "Suppose — what would happen?" But, for some reason, I did not do it; on the contrary, I bowed very respectfully, though unconsciously, to both the professors, and, smiling softly, the same smile, I thought, Ikónin had smiled, went away from the table.

That injustice affected me so powerfully that, if I had been free to do as I chose, I should not have gone to the other examinations. I lost every ambition (I no longer could hope to be third), and I passed all the following examinations without the least preparation or anxiety. I received as an average four with a fraction, but that no longer interested me. I decided, and proved it to my full satisfaction, that it was very stupid, and even *mauvais genre* to try to be first, but that one ought to endeavour not to have one's standing either too good or too bad, just like Volódya. I made up my mind to stick to this plan in the university, though in this I departed for the first time from the opinion of my friend.

I now thought only of my uniform, the cocked hat, my own vehicle, my own room, and, above all, my personal freedom.

XIII.

I AM A GROWN-UP MAN

HOWEVER, these thoughts had their charm, too.

When I returned on the 8th of May from my last examination, in religion, I found at home an apprentice from Rozánov, who had before brought a basted uniform and a coat of smooth black cloth with a sheen, and had marked the lapels with chalk; he now brought the completed suit, with shining gold buttons, wrapped in papers.

I put on the suit and found it beautiful, in spite of St. Jérôme's assurance that the back of the coat wrinkled. I went down-stairs with a self-satisfied smile, which involuntarily spread over my whole countenance, and went to Volódya's room, feeling, though pretending not to notice, the glances of the servants, which were eagerly directed toward me from the antechamber and the corridor. Gavrílo, the majordomo, caught up with me in the parlour, congratulated me on my entering the university, presented to me, by papa's order, four twenty-five rouble bills, and said that, also by papa's order, from that day on coachman Kuzmá, a vehicle, and the bay, Beauty, were at my entire disposal. I was so rejoiced at this almost unexpected happiness that I was unable to feign indifference before Gavrílo, and, after a moment of confusion and hesitation, I said the first thing that occurred to me, — I think it was, "Beauty is an excellent trotter."

I glanced at the heads that stuck through the doors of the antechamber and the corridor, and, not being able to

hold myself in any longer, raced through the parlour in my new overcoat with the shining gold buttons. As I entered Volódya's room, I heard behind me the voices of Dubkóv and Nekhlyúdov, who had come to congratulate me and to propose that we drive out for dinner and drink champagne in honour of my entering the university. Dmítri said to me that, though he did not like to drink champagne, he would drive out with us to-day, in order to drink "brotherhood" with me. Dubkóv said that I somehow resembled a colonel; Volódya did not congratulate me, and very drily said that two days later we could go into the country. Although he was glad of my success, it looked as if he were a little annoyed at my being now just such a grown person as he. St. Jérôme, who also came to see us, said in high-flown terms that his duty was now ended, but that he had done all he could, and that the next day he should move to the count's house. In answer to all they told me, I felt that an involuntary, sweet, happy, stupidly self-satisfied smile was blooming forth on my face, and I noticed that that smile communicated itself to all who spoke with me.

And thus I had no longer a tutor, I possessed my own vehicle, my name was printed in the list of the students, I wore a sword with a sword-knot, — sentinels might present arms to me — I was a young man, and, I am sure, I was happy.

We decided to dine at Yar's at five o'clock; but as Volódya had driven out to Dubkóv's house, and Dmítri, as usual, had disappeared, saying that he had some business before dinner, I was able to pass two hours as I chose. I walked about the rooms for some time, and looked in all the mirrors, now with my coat buttoned, now unbuttoned, now buttoned with the upper button only, and always it looked beautiful to me. Then, though I had scruples about evincing too much joy, I could not restrain myself, and went to the stable and carriage shed

to look at Beauty, Kuzmá, and the vehicle; then I returned and began to walk through the rooms, looking in the mirrors and counting the money in my pocket, and all the time smiling blissfully. But not an hour passed before I felt lonely and sorry that nobody saw me in such a magnificent state, and I needed motion and activity. So I ordered the vehicle out, and decided that I had better go to Blacksmith Bridge, to make some purchases.

I recalled that Volódya, upon entering the university, had bought lithographs of horses by Victor Adam, and tobacco, and a pipe, and it seemed to me necessary to do likewise.

While the eyes of all were turned on me from every side, and the sun brilliantly shone upon my buttons, upon the cockade of my hat, and upon my sword, I arrived at Blacksmith Bridge, and stopped at the picture shop of Dazziaro. I looked all around me, and walked in. I did not want to buy Adam's horses, lest I should be accused of aping Volódya, but, being abashed, and wishing to choose as quickly as possible, in order to save the obliging clerk trouble, I took a water-colour painting of a female head which was standing in the window, and paid twenty roubles for it. Yet, though I paid twenty roubles, I felt ashamed at having troubled two beautifully dressed clerks with such a trifle, and, at the same time, I thought they did not pay me the proper respect. As I was desirous of letting them know who I was, I turned my attention to a silver thing that lay under a glass, and upon learning that it was a pencil-case, costing eighteen roubles, I asked to have it wrapped up, and paid for it. Having found out that good pipe-stems and tobacco could be purchased in the adjoining tobacco-shop, I politely bowed to the two clerks and walked out into the street, with the picture under my arm. In the neighbouring shop, on the sign of which was painted a negro smoking a cigar, I bought, also from a desire not to imitate any-

body, not Zhukóv's, but Turkish tobacco, a Turkish pipe, and two linden and briar pipe-stems. As I left the shop and walked to the vehicle, I saw Seménov, who was dressed in citizen's clothes and, with drooping head, was walking rapidly along the sidewalk. I felt annoyed because he did not recognize me. I called out quite loud, "Drive up!" and, seating myself in the vehicle, caught up with him.

"Good day," I said.

"My regards," he answered, and continued to walk.

"I see you are not in your uniform!" I said to him.

Seménov stopped, blinked, and showed his teeth, as though it pained him to look into the sun, but, in reality, to show his indifference to my vehicle and uniform, gazed at me in silence, and walked on.

From Blacksmith Bridge I drove to a confectioner's on the Tver Boulevard, and though I tried to feign that it was the newspapers that interested me there, I could not keep myself from eating one pastry after another. Although I felt ashamed before the gentleman who kept on looking at me from behind his paper, I devoured in rapid succession some eight cakes of every kind which was to be found in the shop.

When I arrived at home I felt some heartburn; but I paid no attention to it, and began to examine my purchases. I was so disgusted with my picture that I not only did not put it in a frame, but concealed it behind the bureau, where Volódya could not see it. Nor did I like a pencil-case at home; so I put it in the table, consoling myself, however, with the thought that it was of silver, a fine piece of work, and very useful for a student. But I decided at once to put to use the smoking paraphernalia, and to test them.

I opened the quarter-pound package, carefully filled the Turkish pipe with the brown, finely cut Turkish tobacco, placed upon it a burning piece of tinder, and,

taking the stem between the middle and ring fingers, — a position of the hand which I particularly admired, — began to puff.

The odour of the tobacco was very pleasant, but there was a bitter taste in my mouth, and the smoke choked me. I took courage, for quite awhile puffed ahead, and tried to make smoke rings, and to breathe in the smoke. The room was soon filled with bluish clouds, the pipe began to snarl, the hot tobacco bubbled, and I felt a bitterness in my mouth and a slight whirling in my head. I wanted to stop, and just to take a look at myself in the mirror, but, to my astonishment, my legs tottered; the room went round in a circle, and when I looked into the mirror, to which I had dragged myself with difficulty, I noticed that my face was as pale as a sheet. No sooner did I seat myself on the sofa, than I felt such nausea and weakness that I concluded the pipe was poisonous to me, and that I was sure to die. I was frightened in earnest, and was about to call for help and send for the doctor.

This fear did not last. I soon saw what the matter was, and for a long time lay, weak and with a terrible headache, upon the sofa, looking with dull attention at the trade-mark of Bostanzhóglo which was represented on the quarter-pound package, at the pipe which was lying upon the floor, at the tobacco lumps, and at what was left of the pastry, and I thought in disappointment and sadness: "Evidently I am not yet a grown-up man, if I am not able to smoke like others, and it is not fated that I should hold, like others, my pipe between my middle and ring fingers, and puff, and pass the smoke through my blond moustache."

Dmítri, who came for me after four o'clock, found me in that unfortunate condition. But after drinking a glass of water, I was almost entirely well, and ready to go with him.

"What good do you find in smoking?" he said, looking at the traces of smoking. "This is nothing but foolishness and useless waste of money. I have taken a vow never to smoke. However, come! We have to call for Dubkóv yet."

XIV.

WHAT DUBKÓV'S AND VOLÓDYA'S OCCUPATIONS WERE

THE moment Dmítri entered my room, I saw by his face, by his gait, and by his peculiar gesture, which he made every time he was out of sorts, and which consisted in winking and jerking his head awry, as if to rearrange his necktie, that he was in his cold and stubborn frame of mind, which came over him when he was dissatisfied with himself, and which always had a chilling effect upon my attachment for him. Of late I had begun to observe and judge the character of my friend, but our friendship did not suffer from it in the least: it was still so young and strong that from whatever side I looked at Dmítri I could not help but consider him perfection. There were two different men in him, and they both seemed beautiful to me. One, whom I loved passionately, was good, kind, meek, merry, and conscious of these amiable qualities. When he was in that mood, his whole exterior, the sound of his voice, and all his movements seemed to say, "I am meek and virtuous, and I take pleasure in being meek and virtuous, and you may see it all." The other, whom I had just begun to discover, and before whose majesty I bowed, was a cold man, severe to himself and to others, proud, fanatically religious, and pedantically virtuous. At that particular moment he was that second man.

With a frankness, which constituted a necessary condition of our relation, I told him, when we seated ourselves in the vehicle, that I was pained and sad to see him in

such a heavy and disagreeable frame of mind on a day which was so happy for me.

"No doubt something has annoyed you. Why do you not tell me?" I asked him.

"Nikólenka!" he answered in a leisurely manner, nervously jerking his head and winking, "if I promised you that I should not conceal anything from you, you have no cause for suspecting my secretiveness. A person cannot always be in the same mood, and if anything has annoyed me, I am not able to account for it!"

"What a wonderfully frank and honest character his is," I thought, and did not continue the conversation.

We reached Dubkóv's in silence. Dubkóv's apartments were unusually fine, or at least seemed so to me. There were everywhere rugs, pictures, curtains, gay wall-paper, wicker chairs, large armchairs; on the wall hung rifles, pistols, tobacco pouches, and card-paper animal heads. At the sight of that cabinet, I saw at once whom Volódya was imitating in fixing up his room. We found Dubkóv and Volódya at cards. A stranger (a man evidently not of much importance, to judge by his modest position) sat at the table and attentively watched the game. Dubkóv had on a silk dressing-gown and soft shoes. Volódya, without his coat, was sitting opposite him, on the sofa, and, to judge by his flushed face and the dissatisfied and cursory glance which he cast upon us, while tearing himself away from his cards for a second, was absorbed in the game. When he saw me, he blushed even more.

"Well, it is your deal," he said to Dubkóv. I understood that he was ill at ease, because I had found out that he played at cards. But there was no consternation in his look, — it simply said: "Yes, I play, and you are surprised because you are young. This is not only not bad, but quite the thing at our years."

I felt it and understood it at once.

Dubkóv, however, did not deal the cards, but rose,

pressed our hands, gave us chairs, and offered us pipes, which we refused.

"So here he is, our diplomatist, the cause of our celebration," said Dubkóv. "Upon my word, he looks very much like a colonel."

"Hm!" I muttered, again feeling a stupidly self-satisfied smile spreading on my face.

I respected Dubkóv as only a sixteen-year-old boy can respect a twenty-seven-year-old adjutant, whom all the big people called an exceedingly fine young man, who danced well and spoke French, and who, at heart despising my youth, endeavoured to conceal this feeling.

In spite of all my respect for him, it was, God knows why, during the whole time of our acquaintance, a hard and awkward matter for me to look into his eyes. I noticed later that there were three kinds of people, into whose eyes I found it hard to look straight: those who were considerably worse than I; those who were considerably better than I; and those to whom I did not dare to tell a thing which both of us knew. It may be, Dubkóv was better than I, or it may be, he was worse, but this much was certain, he lied a great deal, without acknowledging the fact, and I had noticed this weakness in him, but, naturally, did not have the courage to tell him so.

"Let us play another score," said Volódya, jerking his shoulder like papa, and shuffling the cards.

"Why do you insist?" said Dubkóv. "We could finish it later. However, let us have it!"

While they played I watched their hands. Volódya had a beautiful large hand, and the division of the thumb and the curvature of the other fingers, as he held the cards, so resembled papa's, that I thought for a moment Volódya was purposely holding his hands that way, in order to resemble a man; but when I observed his face, it was evident that he was thinking of nothing but the

game. Dubkóv's hands, on the contrary, were small, fleshy, bent inwardly, very agile, and with soft fingers,—just the kind of hands upon which rings are worn, and which belong to people who like to work with them, and love to have beautiful things.

Volódya must have lost, for the gentleman, who was looking into his cards, remarked that Vladímir Petróvich had terribly bad luck, and Dubkóv reached for his portfolio, wrote something down in it, and, showing it to Volódya, said: "Right?"

"Yes," said Volódya, looking with feigned indifference at the note-book, "now let us go!"

Volódya took Dubkóv with him, and Dmítri took me in his phaeton.

"What were they playing?" I asked Dmítri.

"Piquet. A stupid game, but, as for that, all games are stupid."

"Do they play for large stakes?"

"No, not large, but it is bad all the same."

"And do you not play?"

"No, I have vowed not to play; and Dubkóv is bound to win from anybody."

"But that is not nice of him," I said. "Volódya, no doubt, plays worse than he."

"Of course, it is not nice; but there is nothing bad about it. Dubkóv likes to play and knows how to play, but he is an excellent man for all that."

"I did not mean to say—" I said.

"There is no reason for having a bad opinion of him, for he is really a fine man. I love him very much, and shall always love him, in spite of his weakness."

It appeared to me, for some reason, that the fact that Dmítri so warmly defended Dubkóv proved that he no longer loved and respected him, but did not acknowledge this from stubbornness, in order that no one might accuse him of inconstancy. He was one of those men who love

their friends all their lives, not so much because their friends please them continually, as because they consider 't dishonourable to give up a man, after they have taken liking for him, even if it be by mistake.

XV.

I AM CONGRATULATED

Dubkóv and Volódya knew all the people at Yar's by their names, and all, from the doorkeeper to the proprietor, treated them with great respect. We were shown at once to a separate room, and we had a wonderful dinner, which Dubkóv selected from a French menu. A bottle of iced champagne, upon which I tried to look with entire indifference, was already prepared. The dinner passed very agreeably and merrily, although Dubkóv, as was his habit, told a lot of strange incidents, which he claimed were true, — among them, how his grandmother once killed, with a blunderbuss, three brigands who had attacked her (which made me blush and, lowering my eyes, turn away from him), and although Volódya evidently trembled every time I began to say something (which was quite unnecessary, for, so far as I remember, I did not say anything out of the way). When the champagne was brought, all congratulated me, and, crossing hands, I drank "brotherhood" with Dubkóv and Dmítri, and we kissed each other. As I did not know to whom the bottle of champagne belonged (I later learned that it was the whole company's), and as I wanted to treat my friends with my own money, which I kept on fingering in my pocket, I softly fetched out a ten-rouble bill and, calling up a waiter, gave it to him, and ordered him in a whisper, but so that they all could hear, for they were looking at me in silence, to bring us another half-bottle

of champagne. Volódya blushed, jerked his shoulder, and looked frightened at me and at everybody, so that I felt I had made a mistake, but the half-bottle was brought, and we drank it with much enjoyment.

We continued to have a jolly time. Dubkóv lied without cessation; Volódya, too, told funny stories, — he told them better than I had ever expected him to; and we all laughed a great deal. The character of their fun, that is, Volódya's and Dubkóv's, consisted in the imitation and exaggeration of certain anecdotes: "Have you been abroad?" asked one, and the other would answer: "No, I have not, but my brother plays the fiddle." To every question they answered each other in that way, and even without being questioned, they tried to connect the most incompatible things, and spoke that nonsense with most serious faces, — and the result was very funny. I began to see through their jokes, and wanted myself to say something funny, but all looked embarrassed and tried not to gaze at me while I was speaking, and the joke fell flat. Dubkóv said: "You are off, brother diplomatist;" but I was so happy from the champagne I had drunk, and from being in the company of big people, that this remark barely touched me. Only Dmítri, who had been drinking as much as any of us, remained in his severe, solemn mood, which to a certain extent subdued the general merriment.

"Now, listen, gentlemen!" said Dubkóv. "After dinner we must take the diplomat into our hands. How about driving to 'aunty'? We will fix him there!"

"You know Nekhlyúdov will not go with us," said Volódya.

"Intolerable saint! You intolerable saint!" said Dubkóv, turning to him. "Come along; you will see 'aunty' is a nice lady."

"Not only will I not go, but I will not let him either,' answered Dmítri, blushing.

"Whom? The diplomat? You want to, diplomat? Not? Really, he all brightened up when we mentioned 'aunty.'"

"I will not exactly forbid his going," continued Dmítri, rising from his seat, and beginning to pace the room, without looking at me, "but I advise him not to, and I do not want him to go. He is not a child now, and if he wishes to go there, he can do so without you. And you, Dubkóv, must be ashamed of your bad act, so you want others to do likewise."

"What wrong is there," said Dubkóv, winking at Volódya, "in inviting you all to 'aunty's' for a cup of tea? Well, if you do not like to go with us, Volódya and I will go alone. Volódya, do you want to?"

"Hm, hm," Volódya said in affirmation, "let us drive down there, and then we will return to my room to continue the piquet."

"Well, will you go with them?" said Dmítri, walking up to me.

"No," I answered, moving up on the sofa, so as to give him a seat near me, which he took. "I do not want to, anyway, and if you advise me not to, I certainly will not go."

"No," I added later, "I told an untruth when I said I did not want to go with them; but I am glad I am not going."

"That is right," he said, "live your own life, and do not dance to somebody else's fiddle. That is best."

This short discussion did not in the least curtail our pleasure, but even increased it. Dmítri suddenly fell into my favourite meek mood. The consciousness of a good act, as I often observed later, always produced that effect upon him. He was satisfied with himself for having saved me. He grew very jolly, asked for another bottle of champagne (which was against his rules), called in a strange gentleman, whom he began to fill with wine,

sang "Gaudeamus igitur," asked all to sing the refrain, and proposed to us that we go out driving to Sokólniki, to which suggestion Dubkóv replied that this was too sentimental.

"Let us have a good time," said Dmítri, smiling. "In honour of his entering the university I will, upon my word, drink myself drunk for the first time in my life." This merriment was rather odd in Dmítri. He resembled a tutor or a good father, who is satisfied with his children, and wants to give them pleasure, and at the same time prove to them that one can enjoy himself decently and honestly; still, this sudden merriment acted contagiously upon me and upon the others, the more so since each of us had already consumed a half-bottle of champagne.

In this happy frame of mine I went into the large room, to light the cigarette which Dubkóv had offered me.

When I rose from my seat, I noticed that my head was a little dizzy, and that my legs walked and my hands remained in a natural position only as long as I thought of them with concentration. Otherwise, my legs had a sideways leaning, and my arms cut capers. I directed all my attention to these limbs, ordered my arms to be lifted to button my coat, to smooth my hair (doing which my elbows flew up dreadfully), and commanded my legs to walk to the door, which they executed, but they stopped either too hard, or too gently, especially my left leg, which rose on tiptoe. A voice called out to me: "Where are you going? They will bring a candle!" I guessed that the voice belonged to Volódya, and I experienced a certain pleasure at the thought that I had guessed it, but I only smiled in reply, and went on.

XVI.

THE QUARREL

In the large room a short, thickset gentleman in citizen's clothes, with a red moustache, was sitting at a small table and eating. By his side sat a tall, dark-haired man without a moustache. They were speaking in French. Their gaze disconcerted me, but I decided, nevertheless, to light my cigarette at the candle which was standing in front of them. Looking about me, so as not to meet their glances, I walked up to the table, and began to light my cigarette. When the cigarette burned, I held out no longer, but cast a look on the gentleman who was dining. His gray eyes were directed fixedly and threateningly at me. I was about to turn away, when the red moustache came in motion, and he uttered in French: "I object to smoking, sir, when I am at dinner."

I muttered something unintelligible.

"Yes; I object," continued severely the gentleman with the moustache, casting a cursory glance upon the gentleman without the moustache, as if inviting him to watch his belabouring me. "And I do not like, sir, people who are so impolite as to smoke right before my face, — I do not like them."

I immediately made out that the gentleman was badgering me, but it appeared to me at first that I was very much to blame.

"I did not think it would incommode you," I said.

"Oh, you did not think you were a boor, but I did!" cried the gentleman.

"What right have you to yell?" I said, feeling that he was insulting me, and growing angry myself.

"This right, that I will not permit any one to fail in his respect to me; and I will always teach such fine fellows as you a lesson. What is your name, sir, and where do you live?"

I was furious, my lips quivered, and my breath choked me. I felt myself guilty, no doubt, for having drunk too much champagne, and I did not rudely insult the gentleman, but, on the contrary, my lips in the most humble fashion gave him my name and address.

"My name is Kolpikóv, dear sir, and you had better be more civil next time. You will hear from me" (*vous aurez de mes nouvelles*), he concluded, speaking all the time in French.

I answered only, "Very glad," trying to give my voice as much firmness as possible, turned about, and went to our room with my cigarette, which had in the meantime gone out.

I did not say a word of what had happened, either to my brother, or to my friend, particularly since they were warmly discussing something, but seated myself, all alone, in a corner, and began to ruminate over the strange incident. "You are a boor, sir" (*un mal élevé, monsieur*) resounded in my ears, ever more provoking me. My intoxication was all passed. When I reflected how I had acted in that affair, I was suddenly struck by the terrible idea that I had acted as a coward. What right did he have to attack me? Why did he not say simply that it incommoded him? It is he who is guilty. Why, when he told me that I was a boor, did I not tell him: "A boor, sir, is he who permits himself any rudeness," or why did I not yell at him: "Shut up!" That would have been excellent. Why did I not call him out to

a duel? No, I did not do any of these things, but swallowed the insult like any mean coward. "You are a boor, sir!" dinned provokingly in my ears. "No, it cannot be left so," I thought, with the firm determination of going again to that gentleman and telling him something terrible, and even knocking him down with the candlestick, if the opportunity offered itself. I considered this latter intention with great pleasure, and entered the large room, not, however, without a great deal of fear. Fortunately, Mr. Kolpikóv was gone; there was no one there but a waiter who was cleaning up the table. I wanted to communicate to the waiter what had happened, and to explain to him that I was not to blame for it, but I reconsidered the matter, and returned to our room in the gloomiest frame of mind.

"What is the matter with our diplomat?" said Dubkóv. "He is, no doubt, deciding the fate of Europe!"

"Oh, leave me alone!" I said, turning away morosely. After that I paced the room and reflected about Dubkóv, who, I concluded, was not at all a good man. "What sense is there in those eternal jokes, and in calling me 'diplomat?' There is no fun in it. All he cares for is to win from Volódya at cards, and to call on some 'aunty.' And there is nothing agreeable about him. Everything he says is a lie, or a mean remark, and he is always ready to ridicule a person. I think he is simply a stupid fellow, and a bad man." I passed some five minutes in these reflections, my hostile feeling for Dubkóv increasing all the time. Dubkóv, however, paid no attention to me, which provoked me still more. I was even angry with Volódya and Dmítri, because they were conversing with him.

"Do you know what, gentlemen? We ought to pour water over the diplomat," suddenly said Dubkóv, glancing at me with a smile which to me appeared derisive and even treacherous, "for he is no good; upon my word, he is no good!"

"Water ought to be poured over you! You are no good yourself," I answered, smiling maliciously and forgetting that we were speaking "thou" to each other.

This answer evidently surprised Dubkóv, but he turned away with indifference, and continued his conversation with Volódya and Dmítri.

I tried to take part in their discussion, but felt that I could not feign, and again betook myself to my corner, where I remained till our departure.

When we had paid our bills and were putting on our overcoats, Dubkóv turned to Dmítri: "Well, where will Orestes and Pylades go? I suppose home, to talk about love. Very well, but we will call on dear 'aunty,' — that is better than your sour friendship."

"How dare you speak so, and make fun of us?" I suddenly called out, walking up close to him, and waving my arms. "How dare you make fun of feelings which you do not understand? I shall not permit you to do that. Shut up!" I called out, and grew myself silent, not knowing what to say further, and breathless with emotion. Dubkóv was surprised at first, then wanted to smile and take it as a joke, but finally, to my great amazement, he was frightened and lowered his eyes.

"I am not making fun of you or your feelings. I was just talking," he said, evasively.

"That's it!" I cried, but at the same time I felt ashamed of myself and sorry for Dubkóv, whose red, disconcerted countenance expressed genuine suffering.

"What is the matter with you?" spoke Volódya and Dmítri at once. "Nobody intended to insult you."

"No, he wanted to offend me."

"I declare, your brother is a terrible gentleman," said Dubkóv, just as he was walking out of the door, so that he could not hear what I would say.

It may be, I should have run after him, to tell him a lot of rude things, but just then the waiter who had been

present during my affair with Kolpikóv, handed me my overcoat, and I at once quieted down, simulating, before Dmítri, only just enough anger not to make my sudden calm appear too strange. Next day I met Dubkóv in Volódya's room. We did not mention the affair, but spoke "you" to each other, and it became even harder for us to look into each other's eyes.

The memory of my quarrel with Kolpikóv, who gave me *de ses nouvelles* neither on the following day, nor later, was for many years terribly vivid and oppressive to me. I shuddered and shrieked for five years to come every time I thought of the unavenged insult, but consoled myself whenever I recalled with self-satisfaction how bravely I had conducted myself in my affair with Dubkóv. It was not until much later that I began to look in an entirely different way upon this matter, and with comical pleasure to recall my quarrel with Kolpikóv, and to regret the undeserved insult which I had offered the good fellow Dubkóv.

When, that very evening, I told Dmítri of the episode with Kolpikóv, whose appearance I described to him in detail, he was greatly surprised.

"Yes, it is the same man!" he said. "Think of it! this Kolpikóv is a well-known scoundrel and gambler, but, above all, a coward, who was kicked out of the army by his friends, for having received a box on his ears and refusing to fight for it. Where did he get that boldness from?" he added, looking at me with a kindly smile. "He did not call you anything else but 'boor'?"

"No," I answered, blushing.

"It is not good, but it is no great misfortune!" Dmítri consoled me.

Not until much later in my life, when I was able to reflect upon this matter calmly, did I make the very plausible suggestion that Kolpikóv had at last felt, after many years, that it was safe to attack me, and so he

avenged upon me, in the presence of his friend without the moustaches, the box on his ears which he had once received, just as I had avenged his "boor" on innocent Dubkóv.

XVII

I AM GETTING READY TO MAKE CALLS

When I awoke the next morning, my first thought was of the incident with Kolpikóv. I growled again and ran up and down my room, but there was nothing to be done; besides, it was the last day I was to pass in Moscow, and, according to papa's order, I had to make the calls which he had written out for me on a piece of paper. Papa's care of us consisted not so much in morality and education as in the worldly relations. On the paper was written, in his broken, rapid handwriting: "1, on Prince Iván Ivánovich, by all means; 2, on the Ivins, by all means; 3, on Prince Mikháylo; 4, on Princess Nekhlyúdov and Princess Valákhin, if you have time." And, of course, on the curator, the rector, and the professors.

Dmítri dissuaded me from making the last visits, saying that it was not only unnecessary, but even improper; but on the rest I had to call by all means on that day. The first two visits, after which was written "by all means," frightened me more especially. Prince Iván Ivánovich was general-in-chief, old, rich, and unmarried; consequently I, a sixteen-year-old student, should have to meet him personally, which, I surmised, could not be flattering for me. The Ivins also were rich, and their father was some kind of an important general in the civil service, who had called upon us, during grandmother's lifetime, but once. After grandmother's death, I noticed that the youngest Ivin kept aloof from us, and put on

airs The eldest Ivin, so I heard, had finished his course of jurisprudence, and was serving somewhere in St. Petersburg; the second, Sergyéy, whom I had worshipped once, was also in St. Petersburg, a big, fat cadet in the Corps of the Pages.

In my youth I not only did not like any relations with people who considered themselves higher than I, but such relations were unbearably painful to me, on account of my continuous fear of insult, and of my exertion of all my mental powers, in order to prove to them my independence. But, since I was not going to fulfil papa's order in regard to the last point, I had to extenuate my guilt by calling on the others. I walked to and fro in my room, examining my clothes, which were laid out on chairs, and my sword and hat, and was getting ready to go, when old Grap arrived with Ilínka to congratulate me. Father Grap was a Russified German, unbearably repulsive, fawning, and very often intoxicated. He used to call only when he wanted to ask for something, and papa sometimes took him to his cabinet, but he never was invited to dinner with us. His humility and beggary were so welded with a certain external kindliness and attachment for our house, that all accounted his apparent loyalty to us as a great credit to him, but I could not make myself like the man, and whenever he spoke I felt ashamed for him.

I was very much dissatisfied with the arrival of these guests, and did not attempt to conceal my dissatisfaction. I had grown, like the rest, to look at Ilínka from on high, and he had accustomed himself to consider us right in doing so, which made it rather unpleasant for me, when I saw him just such a student as myself. It seemed to me that he, too, had some scruples in my presence on account of this equality. I greeted him coldly and did not ask either him or his father to be seated, feeling rather awkward about inviting them to do what they might

do without my invitation, and ordered up the carriage. Ilínka was a good, scrupulously honest, and very clever young man, but he was what is called a cranky fellow; he used to be continually overcome, and apparently without any cause, by some extreme moods: he either grew lackadaisical, or sarcastic, or peevish, for the merest trifle; even now, he was in the last frame of mind. He said nothing, maliciously looked at me and at his father, and only, when addressed, smiled his submissive, forced smile, under which he was in the habit of concealing all his feelings, but especially the feeling of shame for his father, which he could not help experiencing before us.

"Yes, sir, Nikoláy Petróvich," said the old man to me, following me all over the room while I was dressing, and reverentially fingering a silver snuff-box which grandmother had presented to him. "The moment I found out from my son that you had passed your examinations so excellently, — everybody knows what a mind you have, — I at once hastened to congratulate you, my friend. I used to carry you on my shoulders, you know, and God knows that I love you all like my own family, and Ilínka asked me to take him to you. He, too, is used to you."

Ilínka sat all that time silent at the window, ostensibly examining my cocked hat, and just audibly muttering something to himself.

"Well, I wanted to ask you, Nikoláy Petróvich," continued the old man, "whether my Ilínka passed good examinations. He told me he would be with you, so do not abandon him. Look after him, and advise him."

"Yes, he passed excellently," I answered, looking at Ilínka, who felt my glance resting upon him, and blushed, and ceased to move his lips.

"And may one pass the day with you?" said the old man, with a timid smile, as though he was afraid of me, and keeping so close to me, wherever I moved, that the odour of liquor and tobacco, with which he was saturated,

did not leave me for a second. I was angry, because he placed me in such a false position in regard to his son, and because he distracted my attention from an exceedingly important occupation, that of dressing; but, in particular, that odour of brandy so pursued me that I was all put out, and I told him coldly that I could not be with Ilínka, as I should not be at home all day.

"Father, you wanted to go to sister," said Ilínka, smiling, and not looking at me, "and I have some business, too."

I felt even more annoyed and ashamed, and, to soften my refusal, hastened to add that I should not be at home, because I had to be at the house of Prince Iván Ivánovich, of Princess Kornákov, of Ivin, the one who occupied such a distinguished place, and that I should, no doubt, dine with Princess Nekhlyúdov. I thought that they would not have any cause for annoyance, if they knew on what distinguished people I was going to call. When they got ready to go, I invited Ilínka to come to see me some other time; but Ilínka only muttered something and smiled with a forced expression. I could see that he would never again set foot in my room.

I soon after drove out to make my calls. Volódya, whom I had asked early in the morning to go with me, in order that I might not feel so awkward, had refused, under the pretext that it would be too sentimental an affair for two brothers to travel together in one small vehicle.

XVIII.

THE VALÁKHINS

AND so I drove out myself. The first visit, in order of location, was at the house of the Valákhins, on Sívtsov Vrazhók. I had not seen Sónichka for three years, and my love for her had, naturally, passed away long ago, but in my soul was left a vivid and touching memory of my childish love. During those three years I had sometimes thought of her so clearly and with such strength of feeling, that I had shed tears and felt myself again in love, but such a mood lasted only a few minutes, and did not soon return.

I knew that Sónichka had been abroad with her mother, where they remained two years or more, and where, so I was told, they had had an accident in a stage-coach, during which Sónichka's face was all cut up by the broken glass of the coach, whereby she had lost her good looks. On my way to their house I vividly recalled Sónichka of old, and wondered how I should find her now. On account of her two years' sojourn abroad, I somehow imagined her to have grown exceedingly tall, with a beautiful figure, serious and majestic, but unusually attractive. My imagination refused to represent her with a face disfigured by scars; on the contrary, having heard somewhere of a passionate lover who had remained true to the object of his love, in spite of her disfiguring pock-marks, I endeavoured to think that I was in love with Sónichka, in order to have the merit of remaining true to

her, in spite of her scars. In truth, I was not in love when I approached the house of the Valákhins, but, all my former memories of love having been agitated, I was well prepared to fall in love, and I desired it, especially, since I felt ashamed of being the only one among all my friends, who was not in love.

The Valákhins lived in a small, neat frame house, with an entrance from the courtyard. Upon ringing the bell, which was at that time a great rarity in Moscow, the door was opened by a tiny, neatly dressed boy. He either did not know, or did not wish to tell me, whether the family was at home, and, leaving me in the dark antechamber, ran away into a still darker corridor.

I was left quite awhile alone in that dark room, from which, in addition to the entrance and the corridor, there was another closed door, and I partly marvelled at the gloomy character of the house, and partly supposed that it was the proper thing with people who had been abroad. About five minutes later, the door into the parlour was opened from within by the same boy, and he led me to a tidy, but not richly furnished, sitting-room, into which Sónichka entered right after me.

She was seventeen years old. She was very small of stature and very thin, and the colour of her face was sallow and unhealthy. No scars were to be noticed on her face, but the exquisite bulging eyes, and the bright, kindly, happy smile were the same that I had known and loved in my childhood. I had not expected her to be like this, and so was not able at once to pour out upon her all the feeling which I had prepared on my way up. She gave me her hand, frankly shook mine in the English fashion, which was then quite as rare a thing as the bell, and made me sit down near her upon the sofa.

"Oh, how glad I am to see you, dear Nicolas," she said, looking straight into my face with such a sincere expression on her countenance that I heard in the words

"dear Nicolas" a friendly, and not a condescending tone. To my astonishment, she was, after her journey abroad, even simpler, lovelier, and more familiar in her address than before. I noticed two small scars near the nose and upon an eyebrow, but her wonderful eyes and smile tallied with my recollections, and sparkled as of old.

"How you have changed!" she said. "You are a big man now! And I, how do you find me?"

"Ah, I should not have recognized you," I answered, though I was all the time thinking that I should have known her. I again felt myself in that careless, happy frame of mind in which, five years before, I had danced the "grandfather" with her at grandmother's ball.

"Well, have I grown much homelier?" she asked me, shaking her little head.

"No, not at all! You have grown a little taller, are older," I hastened to answer, "but, on the contrary — I even — "

"Oh, well, it makes no difference. And do you remember our dances and games, and St. Jérôme, and Madame Dorat?" (I did not remember any Madame Dorat; she was evidently carried away by the pleasure of childish reminiscences, and mixed them up.) "Oh, it was such a glorious time!" she continued, and the same smile, no, a smile even better than the one I had retained in my memory, and the same eyes sparkled before me. While she was speaking I had time to consider the situation in which I found myself, and I concluded that just then I was in love. The moment I had decided this, my happy and careless mood left me, a mist covered all that was before me, — even her eyes and smile; I was ashamed of something, I blushed, and lost my ability to speak.

"These are different times now," she continued, sighing and lightly raising her brows. "Everything is worse now, and we are worse, is it not so, Nicolas?"

I could not answer, and looked at her in silence.

"Where are now all those Ivins and Kornákovs of those days? Do you remember them?" she continued, with some curiosity gazing at my blushing and frightened face. "It was a glorious time!"

And still I could not answer.

I was for a time brought out of my state of oppression by the arrival of Madame Valákhin. I rose and bowed, and regained my ability to speak; on the other hand, a strange change took place in Sónichka with the appearance of her mother. All her merriment and familiarity suddenly disappeared, even her smile was different, and, except for her stature, she became the young lady from abroad, that I had imagined I should find. It seemed that the change had no cause, because her mother smiled just as pleasantly, and in all her movements expressed the same meekness as of old. Madame Valákhin seated herself in an armchair, and pointed out to me a place near her. She said something to her daughter in English, and Sónichka went out, which gave me still further relief.

Madame Valákhin asked me about my family, about my brother and father, then told me of her bereavement, — the loss of her husband, — and finally, feeling that there was nothing left to talk about, looked at me in silence, as much as to say: "If you will get up, and bow, and leave, you will be doing very well, my dear!" but a strange thing happened. Sónichka had returned to the room with some handiwork, and had seated herself in the other corner, so that I felt her glances upon me. While Madame Valákhin was telling me about the loss of her husband, I once more recalled that I was in love, and I thought that the mother must have guessed it, and was again overcome by a fit of bashfulness, which was so strong that I felt myself unable to move a limb in a natural manner. I knew that in order to rise and leave, I should have to think of

how to place my leg, what to do with my head, and what with my hand, — in short, I felt almost the same sensation as the evening before, when I had drunk half a bottle of champagne. I felt that I should not be able to manage it all, and consequently should not be able to rise, and I really could not rise. Madame Valákhin must have wondered when she saw my face as red as a lobster, and my complete immobility, but I decided that it was safer to stay in that stupid pose than to risk getting up and going in an awkward manner.

And thus I sat for quite awhile, hoping that some unforeseen accident would help me out of this predicament. This accident presented itself in the shape of an insignificant young man, who entered the room with the manner of a familiar acquaintance, and politely bowed to me. Madame Valákhin rose, excusing herself on the ground that she had to speak to her business manager, and looked at me with a perplexed expression, which said, "If you wish to stay here all the time, I shall not drive you away." Exerting a terrible effort over myself, I rose, but was not able to bow, and, starting to leave, accompanied by looks of sympathy from mother and daughter, caught my foot in a chair which was not at all in my way. I did so because all my attention was directed to not catching my foot in the carpet over which I was walking. In the open air, where I tossed about and moaned so loud that Kuzmá several times asked me what I wished, this feeling disappeared, and I began calmly to reflect over my love for Sónechka, and over her relations to her mother, which seemed strange to me. When I later told father that Madame Valákhin and her daughter were not on good terms, he said:

"Yes, she torments the poor girl with her dreadful stinginess, and that is strange," he added, with a feeling which was stronger than what he could have for a mere relative, "for she used to be such a dear, charming woman.

I cannot understand what made her change so. Did you not see in her house some kind of a secretary? What business has a Russian lady to keep a secretary?" he said, angrily walking away from me.

"Yes, I did," I answered.

"Is he, at least, good-looking?"

"No, not at all."

"Incomprehensible," said papa, angrily jerking his shoulder, and coughing.

"So I am in love," I thought, riding in my vehicle.

XIX.

THE KORNÁKOVS

THE second visit in my round of calls was at the house of the Kornákovs. They were living in the second floor of a large house in the Arbát. The staircase was exceedingly fine and neat, but not magnificent. A canvas stair-carpet was held in place by shining brass rods, but there were no flowers, and no mirrors. The parlour, through which I passed over a brilliantly polished floor into the sitting-room, was furnished just as severely, coldly, and neatly; everything shone and was solid, if not entirely new; but neither pictures, nor curtains, nor any other ornaments were to be seen. There were several princesses in the sitting-room. They all sat so correctly and so stolidly that it was quite apparent they sat differently when there were no guests.

"Mamma will be here soon," said the oldest of them, seating herself near me. This princess entertained me for fifteen minutes, speaking so freely and cleverly that the conversation did not lag for a second; but it was too obvious she was entertaining, and so I did not like her. She told me, among other things, that her brother Stepán, whom they called Etienne, and who had entered the School of Cadets two years ago, had been promoted to the rank of officer. When she spoke of her brother, especially of his having entered a regiment of hussars against his mother's will, she looked frightened, and all

the younger princesses, who sat in silence, also looked frightened; when she spoke of grandmother's death, she looked sad, and all the younger princesses looked likewise; when she recalled how I struck St. Jérôme, and was led out of the room, she laughed and showed her bad teeth, and all the princesses laughed and showed their bad teeth.

Their mother entered, — the same little, wizened woman with the same wandering eyes and the same habit of looking at others while speaking to you. She took my hand, and raised her own to my lips for me to kiss, which I should not have done otherwise, as I did not consider it necessary.

"How glad I am to see you!" she spoke with her usual volubility, glancing at her daughters. "Oh, how he resembles his mamma! Don't you think so, Lise?"

Lise said that it was so, although I am quite sure that there was not the faintest resemblance to my mother.

"So there you are, a big man! You know, my Etienne, he is your cousin twice removed — no, not twice removed, — how is it, Lise? My mother was Várvara Dmítrievna, the daughter of Dmítri Nikoláevich, and your grandmother was Natálya Nikoláevna."

"That makes it three times removed," said the eldest princess.

"Oh, you are getting everything mixed," her mother cried to her, angrily; "not at all thrice removed, but *issus de germains*, — that's what you are with Etienne. He is an officer now, do you know? Only it is not good for him to have his freedom so soon. You young people ought to be kept in strong hands, like this! You are not angry with your old aunt for telling you the truth? I kept Etienne with severity, and I find that it is the right way."

"Yes, that is how we are related," she continued. "Prince Iván Ivánovich is my uncle, and was your

mother's uncle. Consequently your mamma and I were first cousins — no, twice removed, yes, that's it. Well, tell me: have you, my friend, called on Prince Iván?"

I said I had not, but that I should that very day.

"Oh, how can you?" she cried. "You ought to have made your first visit to him. You know that Prince Iván is just like a father to you. He has no children, consequently you and my children are his only heirs. You must honour him according to his years and position in the world, and everything. I know, you young people in these years no longer count your family ties, and do not like old men; but you hear what your old aunt is telling you, because she loves you, and she loved your mamma, and also loved and respected your grandmother very much. Do go there by all means, by all means go there!"

I told her I would by all means, and as the visit had, in my opinion, lasted long enough, I rose and wanted to leave, but she held me back.

"No, wait a minute. Where is your father, Lise? Call him in. He will be so happy to see you," she continued, turning to me. About two minutes later Prince Mikháylo entered. He was a thickset gentleman, very untidily dressed, badly shaven, and with such an indifferent expression on his face that it looked stupid. He was not at all glad to see me, at least he did not say so; but the princess, whom he evidently feared very much, said to him:

"Am I not right? Vóldemar" (she had obviously forgotten my name) "resembles his mamma!" and she winked in such a way that the prince, guessing what she was after, walked up to me, and, with an impassive and even dissatisfied expression on his face, offered me his unshaven cheek for a kiss.

"You are not yet dressed, and you have to drive out," said the princess immediately after, in a tone which, no doubt, was her usual one in relation to the people of the

house. "You want to provoke them again, to make them angry."

"Directly, directly, my dear," said Prince Mikháylo, going out. I bowed and left.

I heard for the first time that we were heirs of Prince Iván Ivánovich, and that gave me an unpleasant sensation.

XX.

THE IVINS

THE impending obligatory visit weighed even more heavily on my mind. But before calling on the prince, my way lay past the Ivins. They were living in Tver Street, in an immense, beautiful house. I walked, not without fear, up the parade entrance, where a porter stood with a staff.

I asked him whether they were at home.

"Whom do you wish? The general's son is at home," said the porter to me.

"And the general himself?" I asked, courageously.

"I shall have to announce you. What shall I say?" said the porter and rang the bell. A lackey's feet in half-boots appeared on the staircase. I was so intimidated, without knowing why, that I told the lackey not to announce me to the general, that I should go first to see the general's son. As I walked up this large staircase, it seemed to me that I had become dreadfully small, not in the transferred, but in the real, sense of the word. I had experienced the same feeling as my vehicle drove up to the great entrance: it appeared to me that the vehicle, the horse, and the coachman had all become small. The general's son was lying on a divan, with an open book before him, and asleep, when I entered the room. His tutor, Frost, who was still staying in their house, walked in behind me with his smart gait, and woke up his charge. Ivin did not express any especial pleasure at seeing me,

and I noticed that he looked at my eyebrows while speaking to me. Although he was very civil, it seemed to me that he was entertaining me, like the princess, that he did not feel himself particularly attracted to me, and that he had no need of my acquaintance, since he certainly had a different, his own, circle of friends. All this I concluded from the fact that he gazed at my eyebrows. In short, his relations with me were, however much it hurt me to acknowledge it, very nearly the same as mine with Ilínka. I was becoming irritated, caught every glance of Ivin's on the wing, and when his eyes met those of Frost, I translated it by the question: "Why did he call on us anyway?"

Having conversed with me awhile, Ívin said that his parents were at home, and asked me whether I should not like to go down with him to see them.

"I shall be dressed at once," he added, as he left the room, though he was well dressed as it was, — in a new coat and white vest. A few minutes later he came out in his uniform, all buttoned up, and we walked down together. The gala rooms through which we passed were exceedingly large, high, and, I think, luxuriously appointed, for there was something of marble, of gold, of muslin-wrapped objects, of mirrors. Madame Ivin entered through another door into a small room behind the sitting-room, at the same time with us. She received me in a friendly and familiar manner, seated me near her, and sympathetically asked me about our whole family.

Madame Ivin, whom I had seen in passing two or three times before, and whom I now watched attentively, pleased me very much. She was tall, thin, very white, and seemed to be continually sad and emaciated. Her smile was sad, but exceedingly kind, her eyes large, tired, and slightly squinting, which gave her a still sadder and more attractive aspect. She sat, not bending over, but somehow flagging all her body, and all her movements were droop-

ing. She spoke indolently, but the sound of her voice and her enunciation, with the indistinct utterance of r and l, were agreeable. She did not entertain me. My answers relative to my family obviously afforded her a melancholy interest, as though, hearing me, she sadly recalled better times. Her son had gone out somewhere; she silently looked at me for about two minutes, and suddenly burst into tears. I was sitting in front of her and could not think what to say or do. She continued to weep, without looking at me. At first I was sorry for her, then I thought: "Had I not better console her, and how is it to be done?" and finally I was angry, because she had placed me in such an uncomfortable situation. "Is it possible I have so piteous an appearance?" I thought, "or is she doing it on purpose, to find out what I will do under the circumstances?"

"It would be improper for me to leave now, as though I were running away from her tears," I continued to think. I moved in my chair, at least to remind her of my presence.

"Oh, how foolish I am!" she said, looking at me, and trying to smile. "There are days when I weep without any cause."

She was looking for the handkerchief near her on the sofa, and suddenly burst into more intense weeping.

"O Lord, how ridiculous it is that I should cry all the time. I loved your mother so, we were so friendly — were — and — "

She found her handkerchief, covered her face with it and continued to weep. I was again in an awkward predicament, and it lasted quite awhile. I was both annoyed, and very sorry for her. Her tears seemed to be sincere, and I thought that she was not weeping so much for my mother, as because she was not happy now, but had been much happier in those days. I do not know how it would all have ended if young Ívin had not come

in and said that father Ívin wanted to see her. She rose, and was about to leave, when Ívin himself entered. He was a short, strongly built, gray-haired old gentleman, with thick black eyebrows, entirely gray, closely cropped hair, and a very austere and firm expression of the mouth.

I rose and bowed to him, but Ívin, who had three decorations on his green dress coat, not only did not answer my salutation, but hardly looked at me, so that I suddenly felt that I was not a man, but some worthless thing, — a chair or window or, if a man, then such as does not in any way differ from a chair or window.

"My dear, you have not written yet to the countess," he said to his wife in French, with a passionless, though firm expression.

"Good-bye, M. Irteneff," Madame Ívin said to me, suddenly nodding her head haughtily and, like her son, looking at my eyebrows. I bowed once more to her and to her husband, and again my salutation had an effect as if a window had been opened or closed. Student Ívin, however, took me to the door and told me on the way that he should attend the St. Petersburg University after that, because his father had received a place there, mentioning some very important office.

"Well, whatever papa may say," I muttered to myself, seating myself in the vehicle, "my foot shall never cross their threshold again. That blubberer cries, looking at me as though I were some ill-omened person, and Ívin is a swine that does not greet one. I'll give it to him!" I did not have the least idea how I was going to give it to him, though the remark seemed appropriate enough.

I had later to listen often to father's persuasive advice that I ought to cultivate that acquaintance, saying that I could not expect a man in his position to occupy himself with such a boy as I was; but I stood my ground for a long time.

XXI.

PRINCE IVÁN IVÁNOVICH

"Now, the last visit in Nikítskaya Street," I said to Kuzmá, and we drove to the house of Prince Iván Ivánovich.

After passing through several ordeals of visiting, I generally gained self-confidence, and so even now drove up to the prince's with a sufficiently calm spirit, when I suddenly recalled the words of Madame Kornákov that I was an heir; in addition, I noticed two carriages at the entrance, and my former shyness came over me.

It seemed to me that the old porter, who opened the door for me, and the lackey, who took off my overcoat, and the three ladies and two gentlemen, whom I found in the sitting-room, and especially Prince Iván Ivánovich himself, who sat on a sofa in citizen's clothes, — it seemed to me that all these were looking at me as an heir, and consequently with malevolence. The prince was very gracious to me, kissed me, that is, he applied for a second his soft, dry, and cold lips to my cheek, inquired about my occupations and plans, joked with me, asked me whether I still was writing verses such as I had written for grandmother's name-day, and invited me to dine with him that very day. But the more he was gracious, the more it appeared to me that he wanted to treat me kindly only to avoid showing how displeased he was with the idea that I was his heir. He had

a habit, caused by the false teeth of which his mouth was full, of raising his upper lip every time he said something, and drawing it into his nostrils, and as he was doing so now, I imagined he said to himself: "Boy, boy, I know without you that you are an heir," and so forth.

When we were small we used to call Prince Iván Ivánovich grandfather; but now, in my capacity of heir, my tongue refused to roll out "grandfather," and to say "Your Highness," as one of the gentlemen present said, seemed humiliating to me, so that I tried during my whole conversation not to address him directly. But more than anything I was put out by the old princess, who was also an heir of the prince, and who was living in his house. During the whole dinner, when I sat by the side of the princess, I surmised that she did not speak to me because she hated me for being just such an heir as she, and that the prince paid no attention to our side of the table, because we, the princess and I, were heirs and, consequently, equally detestable to him.

"Yes, you will not believe me how uncomfortable I was," I said that very evening to Dmítri, trying to brag of my feeling of disgust at the thought that I was an heir (I considered it a fine feeling), "how uncomfortable I was the two hours I passed with the prince. He is a fine fellow, and was very gracious to me," I said, trying, in reality, to impress my friend with the fact that I was not saying all that because I felt myself humbled by the prince, "but," I continued, "the thought that I might be looked upon like the princess who is living at his house and fawning before him, is a terrible thought. He is a beautiful old man, and exceedingly good and gentle to everybody, yet it was painful to see how he maltreated the princess. That abominable money spoils all relations!"

"Do you know, I think it would be best to speak frankly to the prince," I said, "and tell him that I respect him as a man, but that I do not think of his

inheritance, and ask him not to leave me anything, and that only under such conditions would I visit him."

Dmítri did not laugh when I told him this, but, on the contrary, fell to musing and, after a few moments' silence, said to me:

"Do you know, you are wrong. Either you have no business to surmise that they are thinking of you in the same way as of that princess of yours, or, if you do surmise it, you must go farther and surmise that you know what they might think of you, but that these thoughts are so far from you that you despise them and will do nothing on their basis. You must surmise that they are surmising that you are surmising it — but, in short," he added, feeling that he was getting snarled up in his consideration, "it will be best not to surmise it at all."

My friend was quite right. Much, much later I convinced myself from the experiences of my life that it was harmful to think, and still more harmful to express much that looks very noble but ought to be for ever concealed from all in the heart of every man, and that noble words rarely harmonize with noble deeds. I am convinced that when a good intention has been uttered, it is hard, and more often impossible, to carry out that good intention. But how is one to abstain from uttering the noble, self-satisfied impulses of youth? Only much later one thinks of them and regrets them as a flower which one impatiently plucked before it was unfolded and then saw withered and crushed upon the ground.

Though I had just told Dmítri, my friend, that money spoiled all relations, I discovered the next morning, before our departure into the country, that I had squandered all my money on all kinds of pictures and Turkish pipes, and so borrowed of him for the journey twenty roubles, which he had offered me, and which I did not pay back to him for a long time.

XXII

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK WITH MY FRIEND

THIS talk of ours took place in the phaeton on the road to Kuntsóvo. Dmítri dissuaded me from calling upon his mother in the morning, but came for me after dinner, in order to take me for the whole evening, even overnight, to the summer residence, where his family was staying. Only after we left the city behind us, and the muddy and motley streets and unbearable deafening noise of the pavement gave way to the broad view of the fields and the soft rumbling of the wheels on the dusty road, and the fragrant vernal air and broad expanse surrounded me on all sides, — only then I recovered from the manifold new impressions and from the consciousness of freedom which had completely entangled me in the last two days. Dmítri was communicative and meek, did not rearrange his necktie with his head, nor wink and blink nervously. I was satisfied with those noble sentiments which I had expressed to him, and supposed that for these he condoned my shameful affair with Kolpikóv, and no longer despised me for it. We chatted in a friendly manner about many confidential affairs which one does not communicate under all circumstances. Dmítri told me about his family, whom I did not know yet, about his mother, aunt, and sister, and about the one whom Volódya and Dubkóv regarded as his passion and called "red-haired." He spoke of his mother with a certain cold and solemn praise, as if to anticipate any retort upon that subject, his aunt he mentioned with

enthusiasm, but not without some degree of condescension; of his sister he spoke very little and as if ashamed to say anything about her; but of the "red-haired" girl, whose real name was Lyubóv Sergyéevna, and who was an old maid that, standing in some family relation to the Nekhlyúdovs, was living at their house, he spoke with animation.

"Yes, she is a remarkable girl," he said, blushing shamefacedly, but looking more boldly into my eyes. "She is not a young girl, I might even say she is old, and not at all good-looking, but what stupidity and nonsense to love beauty! I can't understand it, it is so stupid," he said, as though he had just discovered this latest and extraordinary truth, "but such a soul, such a heart and principles — I am sure, you will not find a girl like her in our day."

I do not know where Dmítri had got his habit of saying that everything good was rare in our day. He was fond of repeating this expression, and it somehow fitted him well.

"Only I am afraid," he continued, calmly, after he had in his mind completely demolished all people who were so stupid as to love beauty, "I am afraid that you will not understand or appreciate her soon: she is modest, and even retiring, and does not like to show her beautiful and remarkable qualities. Now, mother, who, you will see, is a beautiful and clever woman, has known Lyubóv for some years, but is not able and does not want to understand her. Even yesterday — I will tell you why I was out of sorts when you asked me about it. Two days ago Lyubóv Sergyéevna wanted me to take her to Iván Yákovlevich, — you have, no doubt, heard of Iván Yákovlevich, who is supposed to be insane, but in reality is a remarkable man. Lyubóv Sergyéevna is extremely religious, I must tell you, and understands Iván Yákovlevich thoroughly. She frequently goes to see him, to converse with him and to give him money for the poor, which she has earned herself.

She is a wonderful woman, you will see. Well, so I drove with her to Iván Yákovlevich, and I am very grateful to her for having seen this remarkable man. Mother refuses to understand this, and sees nothing but superstition in it. Yesterday this was the cause of my first quarrel with my mother, and it was pretty serious," he concluded, convulsively jerking his neck, as though in recollection of the feeling which he had experienced during that quarrel.

"Well, how do you think about it? That is, when you consider what will come of it — or have you talked with her of what will be, and how your love and friendship will end?" I asked, wishing to abstract him from his unpleasant memory.

"You ask whether I am thinking of marrying her?" he asked me, blushing again, but turning boldly around and looking into my face.

"Well, really," I thought, calming myself, "that's all right, we are grown-up men, — two friends travelling in a phaeton and discussing our future lives. Any outsider would be pleased to hear and see us."

"Why not?" he continued, after my affirmative answer. "My aim, like that of every sensible man, is to be as happy and as good as possible; and if she will only consent when I am entirely independent, I shall be happier and better with her than with the greatest beauty in the world."

While conversing, we did not notice that we had approached Kuntsóvo, and that the sky was clouded, and it was getting ready to rain. The sun stood low on our right, over the old trees of the Kuntsóvo garden, and half of the brilliant red disk was shrouded by a gray, weakly transparent cloud; from the other half burst forth in sprays the parcelled fiery beams and with striking clearness illuminated the old trees of the garden, that stood immovable and cast their thick green tops against the brightly luminous spot of the azure sky. The splendour

and light of this part of the heavens was in sharp contrast to a heavy lilac cloud which hung in front of us over a young birch grove that was visible on the horizon.

A little more to the right could be seen, beyond bushes and trees, the variegated roofs of the cottages, some of which reflected the bright sunbeams, while others assumed the gloomy aspect of the other side of the heavens. At the left, and below us, lay the blue expanse of a motionless pond, surrounded by pale-green willows that were darkly reflected on its dull, seemingly convex surface. Beyond the pond, a blackish fallow field stretched along the incline of a hill, and the straight line of a bright green balk, which cut through it, went away into the distance and was lost in the leaden, threatening horizon. On both sides of the soft road, over which the phaeton swayed in even measure, stood out the green, succulent, tufty rye, which here and there was beginning to form its stalks. The air was perfectly calm, and redolent with freshness; the verdure of the trees and leaves and rye was motionless and pure and bright. It seemed as though every blade were living its separate, full and happy life. Near the road I noticed a black footpath, which meandered between the dark-green rye that had risen to one-fourth of its full stature, and this footpath for some reason vividly reminded me of the country, and, through the reminiscence of the country, by some strange association of ideas brought before me with intense vividness Sónichka and the fact that I was in love with her.

In spite of all my friendship for Dmítri and the pleasure which his frankness caused me, I did not want to know anything more about his feelings and intentions in regard to Lyubóv Sergyéevna, but was very anxious to tell him about all my love for Sónichka, which seemed to me to be a love of a much higher sort. But I could not make up my mind to tell him straight out how good I thought it would be when, having married Sónichka

I should be living in the country, how I should have little children who would crawl on the ground and would call me papa, and how happy I should be when he would come with his wife, Lyubóv Sergyéevna, to see me, in their travelling clothes. Instead of all that I said, pointing to the sun, "Dmítri, see how magnificent!"

Dmítri did not say anything to me, being obviously dissatisfied because to his confession, which had, no doubt, cost him an effort, I had answered by directing his attention to Nature, to which he was generally indifferent. Nature affected him quite differently from me: it affected him not so much by its beauty as by its intrinsic interest. He loved it more with his mind than with his feelings.

"I am very happy," I said to him soon after, without paying any attention to his preoccupation with his own thoughts and to his complete indifference to what I might be telling him. "I have told you, you will remember, of a young lady with whom I was in love when I was a child: I saw her to-day," I continued, enthusiastically, "and now I am in love with her in earnest — "

And I told him, in spite of the continued expression of indifference upon his face, about my love and about all my plans for future conjugal happiness. And a strange thing happened: the moment I told him in detail of the whole power of my feeling, I began to feel that this feeling was diminishing.

A light rain overtook us after we had entered the birch avenue which led to the summer residence, but we did not get wet. I knew that it was raining because a few drops fell upon my nose and hand, and because something was pattering on the young viscid leaves of the birches which suspended their motionless curly branches and received these pure transparent drops with evident enjoyment that expressed itself in the strong odour with which they filled the avenue. We jumped out of the vehicle, in order to run through the garden to the house. At the

very entrance to the house we ran against four ladies who were coming from the other direction with rapid steps, two of them carrying some handiwork, one of them with a book, and another with a lapdog. Dmítri introduced me on the spot to his mother, his sister, his aunt, and Lyubóv Sergyéevna. They stopped for a second, but the rain began to fall in earnest.

"Let us go to the gallery; there you will introduce him once more," said the one whom I had taken for Dmítri's mother, and we ascended the staircase together with the ladies.

XXIII.

THE NEKHLYÚDOVS

In the first moment I was impressed more particularly by Lyubóv Sergyéevna, who, with her lapdog in her hands, walked up the staircase behind the rest, in thick, hand-knit shoes, and who, stopping two or three times, carefully examined me, and every time after that kissed her dog. She was very ill-looking; red-haired, thin, short, and somewhat misshapen. What made her homely face still more homely was her odd hair-dressing, with a parting on one side (the kind of hair-dressing bald-headed women use). However much I tried to please my friend, I could not find one single beautiful feature in her. Her brown eyes, though they expressed kindliness, were too small and dim, and decidedly homely, even her hands, that characteristic feature, though not large and not badly shaped, were red and rough.

When I walked up to the terrace after them, all the ladies but Várenka, Dmítri's sister, who only looked attentively at me with her large dark gray eyes, said a few words to me, before taking up their work, while Várenka began to read aloud her book, which she held on her knees, marking the place with her finger.

Princess Márya Ivánovna was a tall, stately woman of about forty years. One might have given her more, if one were to judge by the locks of half-gray hair that frankly stood out from under her cap. But by her fresh, exceedingly tender face, with hardly a wrinkle, and

especially by the lively, merry sparkle of her eyes, she seemed to be much younger. Her eyes were brown and wide open, her lips were rather thin and somewhat severe, her nose fairly regular and slightly to the left, her hands were without rings, large, almost masculine, with beautiful elongated fingers. She wore a dark blue high-cut dress that fitted tightly over her stately, youthful waist, which was evidently her pride. She sat remarkably upright, and was sewing a dress. When I entered the gallery, she took my hand, drew me to her, as if desiring to examine me at close range, and said to me, as she looked at me with the same cold, open glance which Dmítri had, that she had known me for a long time from her son's description. She invited me to stay a whole day with her, in order that she might get better acquainted with me.

"Do anything you may think of, without any regard to us, just as we shall not be inconvenienced by you, — walk around, read, listen, or sleep, if that gives you most pleasure," she added.

Sófya Ivánovna was an old maid and a younger sister of the princess, but she looked older. She had that superabundant corpulence which one finds only in short, fat old maids who wear corsets. She looked as though all her vitality had sprouted upward with so much force that it threatened to choke her any minute. Her short fat hands could not unite below the down curve of the band of her waist, and she was not able even to see the tightly laced band itself.

Though Princess Márya Ivánovna was black-haired and dark-eyed, and Sófya Ivánovna blonde and with large, vivacious, and at the same time calm, blue eyes (a rare thing indeed), there was a great family resemblance between the sisters: there were the same expression, the same nose, the same lips; only Sófya Ivánovna's nose and lips were a little thicker and turned to the right when she smiled, while with the princess they turned to

the left. Sófya Ivánovna, to judge by her garments and hair-dressing, endeavoured to appear young, and would not have shown her gray locks, if she had had any. Her glance and her treatment of me at first appeared very haughty and flurried me, while with the princess, on the contrary, I felt completely at ease. It may be, her stoutness and a certain resemblance to the picture of Catherine the Great, by which I was struck, gave her in my eyes that haughty mien; but I was thoroughly frightened when she looked fixedly at me and said, "The friends of our friends are our friends." I calmed down and suddenly changed my opinion of her completely as soon as she grew silent; after saying these words, she opened her mouth and drew a deep sigh. No doubt her corpulence had induced in her the habit of drawing a deep sigh after every few words, by opening her mouth a little and slightly rolling her large blue eyes. In this habit was somehow expressed such a gentle kindliness that after that sigh I lost my fear of her, and began to like her. Her eyes were charming, her voice melodious and pleasant, and even those very circular lines of her body at that time of my youth did not seem devoid of beauty.

Lyubóv Sergyéevna, as the friend of my friend, would soon say, I thought, something very friendly and familiar to me, and she, indeed, looked at me for quite awhile in silence, as if undecided whether that which she was going to say to me would not be too familiar; but she interrupted the silence only to ask me in what Faculty I was. Then she again looked for a long time sharply at me, obviously wavering as to whether she had better speak that intimate word or not, and I, noticing that hesitation in her, begged her by the expression on my face to tell it to me, but she only said, "Nowadays, they say, they do not pay much attention to the sciences in the university," and called up her lap-dog Suzette.

Lyubóv Sergyéevna spoke all that evening mostly in

such phrases, which had nothing to do with the matter in hand, and did not fit each other; but I had such confidence in Dmítri, and he kept on looking all the evening with such anxiety, now at me, and now at her, with an expression which meant, "Well, what do you say?" that, as is often the case, I was very far from formulating my thought in regard to her, though at heart I was convinced that there was nothing remarkable in Lyubóv Sergyéevna.

Finally, the last person of that family, Várenka, was a plump girl sixteen years of age. Nothing but her dark gray eyes, which united merriment and quiet attention, and in expression very much resembled the eyes of her aunt, and a long blond braid, and an extremely tender and beautiful hand, was attractive in her.

"M. Nicolas, it must be tiresome to you to begin listening in the middle," said Sófya Ivánovna with her kindly sigh, turning the piece of the dress which she was sewing.

The reading just then stopped, because Dmítri had left the room.

"Or have you read 'Rob Roy' before?"

At that time I considered it my duty, because of my student uniform if for no other reason, to answer the simplest question of persons with whom I was little acquainted, in a clever and original manner, and regarded it as shameful to give short, clear answers, such as, "yes," "no," and so forth. Looking at my new fashionable pantaloons and the bright buttons of my coat, I answered that I had not read "Rob Roy," but that I liked very much to hear it read, because I preferred to read books from the middle rather than from the beginning.

"It is twice as interesting. You can guess what was before, and what will follow after," I added, smiling contentedly.

The princess laughed, as it seemed to me, unnaturally, but I learned later that she had no other laugh.

"It must be the truth," she said. "Well, shall you stay here long, Nicolas? You will not be offended at our not calling you Monsieur. When do you leave?"

"I do not know; maybe to-morrow, and maybe we shall stay quite awhile yet," I answered for some reason, although I was quite sure we should leave the next day.

"I wish you would stay, both for your sake and for Dmítri's," the princess remarked, looking somewhere into the distance. "At your years friendship is a glorious thing."

I felt that all were looking at me and waiting to hear what I should say, though Várenka pretended to be examining the work of her aunt; I felt that I was, so to speak, being examined, and that I had to show myself from my most advantageous side.

"Yes, for me," I said, "Dmítri's friendship is useful, but I cannot be useful to him: he is a thousand times better than I."

Dmítri was not there to hear me, or I should have been afraid of his feeling the insincerity of my words.

The princess again laughed her unnatural laugh, which was natural to her.

"Well, hearing him," she said, "*c'est vous qui êtes un petit monstre de perfection.*"

"*Monstre de perfection,* — that is excellent, I must remember it," I thought.

"However, not to mention you, he himself is a good example of that," she continued, lowering her voice (which was particularly pleasing to me) and pointing with her eyes to Lyubóv Sergyéevna. "He has discovered in poor aunty" (thus they called Lyubóv Sergyéevna), "whom I have known these twenty years with her Suzette, perfections which I had never suspected — Várya, tell them to bring me a glass of water," she added, again gazing into the distance, probably considering that it was yet too early, or that I ought not to be initiated at all in their

family relations, "or no, he had better go. He is doing nothing, but you continue to read. Go, my dear, right through the door and, having walked fifteen paces, stop and say in a loud voice, 'Peter, bring Márya Iványovna a glass of ice-water!'" she said to me, and again laughed her unnatural laugh.

"She, no doubt, wants to say something about me," I thought, leaving the room. "No doubt, she wants to say that she has noticed that I am a very clever young man." I had not yet walked the fifteen paces when stout Sófya Iványovna, all out of breath, but walking with rapid and light steps, caught up with me.

"*Merci, mon cher*," she said, "I am going there myself, so I shall order it."

XXIV.

LOVE

Sófya Ivánovna, as I found out later, was one of those rare unmarried women who are born for family happiness, but to whom fate has denied that happiness, and who, on account of this denial, suddenly decide to pour out on a few chosen people all that treasure of love which has so long been stored up, and has grown and strengthened in their heart for husband and children. And that treasure is in old maids of this description so inexhaustible that, though there may be many chosen ones, there is still left much love, which they pour out on all their neighbours, good and bad people, with whom they happen to come in contact in their lives.

There are three kinds of love:

1. Fair love,
2. Self-sacrificing love, and
3. Active love.

I am not speaking of the love of a young man for a young woman, and *vice versa*,—I am afraid of these tendernesses. I have been so unhappy in my life that I never have seen in this kind of love one spark of truth, but only a lie in which sentimentality, conjugal relations, money, and the desire to tie or untie one's hands so entangled the sentiment itself that it was impossible to make out anything. I am speaking of the love for man, which, according to the greater or smaller power of the soul, is concentrated on one, on a few, or is poured

out on many, — of the love for a mother, father, brother, for children, for a companion, for a countryman, — of the love for man.

Fair love consists in love for the beauty of the sentiment and its expression. For people who love thus, the loved object is dear only to the extent to which it evokes that agreeable sensation, the consciousness and expression of which they enjoy. People who love with a fair love, care very little for reciprocation, as being a circumstance that has no effect upon the beauty and pleasurableness of their sentiment. They often change the objects of their love, since their main aim consists only in having the pleasurable sensation of love continually evoked. In order to sustain that pleasurable sensation, they speak in the choicest terms of their love, both to the object of that love, and to all who do not even have any interest in the matter. In our country people of a certain category, who love fairly, not only tell everybody of their love, but invariably tell it in French. It may seem strange and ridiculous, but I am convinced that there have been and still are many people of a certain society, particularly women, whose love for their friends, husbands, and children would be annihilated at once, if they were prohibited from speaking of it in French.

Love of the second kind — self-sacrificing love — consists in the love for the process of self-sacrifice in behalf of the beloved object, without any regard to whether the beloved object is to gain or lose anything from these sacrifices. "There is no unpleasantness which I should be unwilling to inflict upon myself, in order to prove my loyalty to the whole world and to *him*, or to *her*." That is the formula of the love of this kind. People who love in this manner never believe in reciprocation (for it is more meritorious to sacrifice myself for him who does not understand me), are always sickly, which also in-

creases the deserts of sacrifice; they are generally constant, for it would be hard for them to lose the deserts of the sacrifices which they have made for their beloved object; they are always ready to die, in order to prove to *him* or *her*, all their attachment, but despise the petty, commonplace proofs of love, which do not demand any special impulse of self-sacrifice. It is a matter of indifference to them whether you have eaten or slept restfully, whether you are happy or well, and they will do nothing to afford you these comforts, if these are in their power; but they are ever ready, if the opportunity offers itself, to face bullets, throw themselves into the water, or into the fire, and to go into consumption from love. Besides this, people who are inclined to a self-sacrificing love are always haughty in their love, exacting, jealous, suspicious, and, oddly enough, wish dangers to the objects of their love, in order to save them from misfortune and to console them, and even vices, in order to mend them.

You are living alone in the country with your wife, who loves you with self-devotion. You are well and calm, and you have some occupation which you enjoy, — your loving wife is so weak that she cannot busy herself with her house affairs, which are transferred into the hands of servants, nor with her children, who are in the hands of nurses, nor with any other business, which she likes, because she loves nothing but you. She is obviously ill, but, not wishing to grieve you, she does not tell you so; she obviously suffers ennui, but she is prepared to feel all her life ennui for your sake; she is obviously worrying her life away because you so assiduously busy yourself with your affairs (whatever they may be, the hunt, books, the estate, service), and she sees that these occupations will be your undoing, — still she is silent, and suffers. But you are ill, and your loving wife forgets her own illness and does not leave your bed, in spite of your entreaties not to worry needlessly; and you

proverb, "A man is not a prophet in his own country," is just. One of two things is true: either there is really more of bad than good in every man, or a man is more susceptible of bad than of good. Lyubóv Sergyéevna he had known but for a short time, and the love of his aunt he had experienced ever since his birth.

XXV.

I AM BECOMING ACQUAINTED

When I returned to the gallery, they were not speaking of me, as I had surmised, Várenka was not reading, but, having put aside her book, was warmly discussing something with Dmítri, who was walking to and fro, rearranging his necktie with his neck, and blinking. The subject of their discussion was ostensibly Iván Yákovlevich and superstition; but the discussion was too heated for the implied meaning to be anything else than one nearer to the whole family. The princess and Lyubóv Sergyéevna sat silent, listening to every word, apparently desiring to take part in the discussion, but restraining themselves and letting Várenka speak for the one, and Dmítri for the other. When I entered, Várenka looked at me with an expression of such indifference that it was evident she was much in earnest about the discussion, and did not care whether I heard what she was saying, or not. The same expression was on the face of the princess, who was apparently on Várenka's side. Dmítri began to discuss more heatedly in my presence, and Lyubóv Sergyéevna seemed to be frightened at my appearance and said, without turning to any one in particular: "Old people say rightly, '*si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.*'"

But this proverb did not stop the dispute, and only made me think that the side of Lyubóv and of my friend was in the wrong. Although I felt awkward at being present at a small family discussion, it was pleasant to see

the real relations of this household, which were brought out by the discussion, and to feel that my presence did not keep them from expressing their views.

How often it happens that you see a family for years under one and the same false shroud of decency, and that the real relations of its members remain a mystery for you! I have even noticed that the more impenetrable, and, therefore, more beautiful, that shroud is, the coarser are the actual, hidden relations. But let sometime, quite unexpectedly, a seemingly insignificant question about some blonde or some visit, or the husband's horses, arise in this family circle, — and the quarrel becomes without any apparent cause ever more embittered, things grow too crowded under the shroud for settlement, and suddenly, to the terror of the persons quarrelling themselves, and to the amazement of those present, all the real coarse relations come to the surface, the shroud, which no longer conceals anything, flaunts between the contending parties and only reminds you of how long you have been deceived. Frequently it is not so painful to strike the head against a crossbeam as to touch lightly a sore place. There is just such a painful sore place in nearly every family. In the family of the Nekhlyúdovs it was Dmítri's odd love for Lyubóv Sergyéevna, which provoked in his sister and mother, if not a feeling of jealousy, at least an offended family feeling. For this reason the discussion about Iván Yákovlevich and superstition had such a serious meaning for all.

"You always try to see in that which everybody ridicules and everybody despises," spoke Várenka in her melodious voice, pronouncing every letter distinctly, "yes, you always try to find something unusually good in it."

"In the first place, only the most frivolous person can speak of despising such a remarkable man as Iván Yákovlevich," answered Dmítri, convulsively jerking his head in a direction away from his sister, "and, in the second

place, you, on the contrary, try on purpose not to see the good which is standing before your eyes."

Turning to us, Sófya Ivánovna looked several times now at her nephew, now at her niece, and now at me, and two or three times she opened her mouth and drew a deep sigh, as though saying something mentally.

"Várya, please hurry up and read," she said, handing her the book and gently patting her hand, "I am anxious to learn whether he found her." (As far as I remember there was nothing in the novel about anybody finding anybody.) "And you, Mítya, had better wrap up your cheek, my dear, for it is blowing here, and you will get a toothache again," she said to her nephew, in spite of the dissatisfied glance which he cast upon her, presumably for having broken the logical thread of his proofs. The reading was continued.

This small quarrel did not in the least affect the family peace and the sensible harmony of that feminine circle.

That circle, to which Princess Márya Ivánovna obviously gave direction and character, had for me the entirely new and attractive character of a certain logicalness and, at the same time, simplicity and refinement. This character was expressed for me in the beauty, cleanliness, and solidity of things, — the bell, the binding of the book, the chair, the table, — and in the erect, corseted attitude of the princess, and in the display of the locks of gray hair, and in the habit of calling me at the first meeting Nicolas and *he*, in their occupations, in the reading and sewing, and in the extraordinary whiteness of their feminine hands. (They all had a common family feature in their hands, consisting in the flesh colour of the outer side of their palms, which, by a sharp, straight line, was separated from the extraordinary whiteness of the back of the hand.) But, above all this, character was expressed in the way all three spoke excellent Russian and French, distinctly

enunciating every letter, and with pedantic exactness finishing every word and sentence; all this, and especially the fact that they treated me in their company simply and seriously, like a grown man, telling me their own opinions and listening to mine, — I was so little used to it that, in spite of my shining buttons and blue facings, I was all the time afraid that they would tell me, "Do you really think we are speaking to you in earnest? Go to your lessons," — all this had the effect of relieving me entirely of timidity. I rose from my chair, changed seats, and boldly spoke to everybody, except Várenka, with whom, it seemed to me, it was not proper, but somehow prohibited, to speak the first time.

During the reading, while I listened to her pleasant, ringing voice, and looked, now at her, and now upon the sand path of the flower-garden, on which round, darkling drops of rain were formed; and upon the linden-trees, on the leaves of which continued to patter rare drops of rain from the pale, bluishy translucent rim of the cloud which was just passing over us, and then again upon her; and upon the last blood-red rays of the setting sun, which illuminated the thick old birches wet with the rain, and again upon Várenka, — I reflected that she was not at all ill-looking, as I had thought in the beginning.

"What a pity I am already in love," I thought, "and that Várenka is not Sónichka! How good it would be suddenly to become a member of this family: I should have at once a mother, an aunt, and a wife." All the time I was thinking this, I kept looking at Várenka while she was reading, and I imagined I was magnetizing her, and that she would have to look at me. Várenka raised her head from the book, looked at me and, meeting my glance, turned away.

"I see the rain has not stopped," she said.

And, suddenly, I experienced a strange feeling: I recalled that precisely what was happening then was a

repetition of something that had happened with me before; that just such a rain had pattered then, and the sun went down behind the birches, and I looked at *her*, and she read, and I magnetized her, and she looked around, and I recalled that it had happened before.

"Is it possible it is *she?* Is it really beginning?" But I quickly decided that it was not *she*, and that it was not beginning yet. "In the first place, she is not good-looking," I thought, "and she is just a young lady, with whom I became acquainted in the commonest manner, but *she* will be uncommon, and *her* I shall meet in some uncommon place; and then, I like this family so much because I have not seen anything as yet," I reflected, "and there are, no doubt, always such, and I shall meet many of them in my life."

XXVI

I SHOW MYSELF FROM MY MOST ADVANTAGEOUS SIDE

At tea the reading stopped, and the ladies engaged in a conversation about persons and affairs unknown to me. This they did, as I thought, in order to make me feel, in spite of the gracious reception, the difference which existed between them and me, on account of the disparity of years and social standing. When the conversation became general, so that I could take part in it, I redeemed my previous silence by trying to display my extraordinary mind and originality, which, as I thought, I owed it to my uniform to do. When the conversation turned to summer residences, I at once told them that Prince Iván Ivánovich had a summer residence near Moscow; that people had come from London and Paris to look at it; that it was surrounded by a fence which had cost three hundred and eighty thousand; and that Iván Ivánovich was a very near relative of mine; and that I had dined with him to-day, and he had invited me by all means to come and stay with him the whole summer in his country house, but that I had refused because I knew that residence well, having been there several times; and that all those fences and bridges did not interest me in the least, because I could not bear luxury, particularly in the country; and that I liked the country to be entirely country-like. Having told this terrible, complicated lie, I became confused, and blushed, so that every one must have noticed that I was lying. Várenka, who was just then

passing a cup of tea to me, and Sófya Ivánovna, who was looking at me all the time I spoke, turned their faces aside and conversed about something else with an expression which I later met frequently in good people, when a very young man began to tell obvious lies, and which meant: "We know that he is lying, and why is the poor fellow doing so?"

I said that Prince Iván Ivánovich had a summer residence, because I could not find a better excuse for mentioning my relationship with Prince Iván Ivánovich, and my having dined with him that day. But why did I tell about the fence that cost three hundred and eighty thousand, and say that I had frequently been there, when I had not been there once, nor ever could have been, for Prince Iván Ivánovich lived only in Moscow and in Naples, which was quite well known to the Nekhlyúdovs, — why did I tell all that? I am absolutely unable to account for it. Neither in my childhood, nor in my boyhood, nor later in my riper years, have I ever noticed in myself the vice of lying: on the contrary, I was more inclined to be unduly truthful and frank; but in that first period of my youth I was frequently attacked by the strange desire to tell the most desperate lies, without any apparent cause whatsoever. I say "desperate lies," because I lied in matters in which it was very easy to catch me. It seems to me that the chief cause of this strange tendency lay in the vain desire to show myself as a different man from what I was, united with the hope, unrealizable in life, of lying without being detected.

As the rain had passed, and the weather during the evening glow was calm and clear, the princess proposed after tea that we take a stroll through the lower garden and inspect her favourite spot. Following my rule always to be original, and thinking that such clever people as the princess and I ought to stand above banal civility, I answered that I could not bear strolling around without

any aim, and if I did go out for pleasure I preferred to go all alone. I did not stop to consider that what I said was mere rudeness; it appeared to me at that time, that as there was nothing more disgraceful than trite compliments, so there was nothing more agreeable and original than a certain impolite frankness. However satisfied I was with my answer, I nevertheless went out with all the company.

The favourite spot of the princess was quite a distance below, in the very depth of the garden, on a small bridge which was thrown over a narrow strip of swamp. The view was very limited, but melancholy and graceful. We are so accustomed to mistake art for nature, that frequently the phenomena of nature which we have never met in art appear unnatural to us, as though nature were factitious, and, *vice versa*, those phenomena which have been too frequently repeated in art appear hackneyed, while some views which are too much permeated by one idea and sentiment, such as we meet in reality, seem artificial. The view from the favourite spot of the princess was of that kind. It was formed by a small shrub-fringed pond, just behind which rose a steep hill, all overgrown with immense, old trees and bushes, which frequently intermingled their variegated verdure, and by an ancient birch at the foot of the hill, which, overhanging the pond and extending its thick roots in its moist bank, leaned with its top against a tall, stately aspen and stretched its curly branches above the smooth surface of the pond, which reflected all those pendent branches and the surrounding verdure.

"How charming!" said the princess, shaking her head and speaking to nobody in particular.

"Yes, charming, but it seems to me it awfully resembles painted scenery," said I, trying to prove that I held my own opinion in everything.

The princess continued to enjoy the view, as though she had not heard my remark, and turning to her sister and

to Lyubóv Sergyéevna, pointed out the part which she particularly liked, — a crooked overhanging branch and its reflection. Sófya Ivánovna said that it was beautiful, and that her sister passed several hours at a time there; but it was evident she said all that to please the princess. I have noticed that persons who are gifted with the ability to love rarely are impressed by beauties of nature. Lyubóv Sergyéevna was also enthusiastic; she asked, among other things, "What keeps up the birch-tree? Will it stand a long time yet?" and continually glanced at her Suzette, which wagged its shaggy tail, and with its crooked little legs ran up and down the bridge, with an anxious expression, as though it were out of doors for the first time in its life. Dmítri entered into a very logical discussion with his mother, trying to prove that no view could be beautiful whose horizon was limited. Várenka did not say anything. When I looked round at her she, standing in profile, was leaning against the balustrade of the bridge, and gazing into the distance. Something obviously attracted and interested her very much, for she was apparently lost in contemplation and thought neither of herself, nor of being observed. In the expression of her large eyes was so much concentrated attention and calm, clear thought, and in her attitude so much unconstraint and, in spite of her low stature, even majesty, that I seemed to be struck again by the recollection of her, and I again asked myself whether it was not beginning. And again I answered myself that I was in love with Sónichka, and that Várenka was merely a young lady, the sister of my friend. But she pleased me at that moment, and in consequence, I was seized by an undefinable desire to do or tell her some little unpleasantness.

"Do you know what, Dmítri?" I said to my friend, walking up closer to Várenka, so that she might hear what I was saying, "I find that even without the mosquitoes there would not be anything beautiful here, but now," I

added, slapping my forehead and really killing a mosquito, "it is no good at all."

"You do not seem to love Nature," said Várenka to me, without turning her head.

"I find that it is a barren, useless occupation," I answered, quite satisfied at having said an unpleasant thing to her, and an original one at that. Várenka barely raised her brows for a moment, with an expression of pity, and just as calmly continued to gaze ahead of her.

I was vexed at her, and yet, the gray, faded railing of the bridge against which she leaned, the reflection of the pendent branch of the overhanging birch in the dusky pond, striving to unite with the drooping branches above, the swampy odour, the feeling of a crushed mosquito on my forehead, and her attentive gaze and majestic attitude frequently afterward appeared suddenly in my imagination.

XXVII.

DMÍTRI

When we returned home after the stroll, Várenka did not wish to sing, as she was wont to do of an evening, and I was so conceited as to attribute the cause of it to myself, imagining that it was due to what I had told her on the bridge. The Nekhlyúdovs did not eat supper, and dispersed early, and on that day, when, as Sófya Ivánovna had predicted, Dmítri's teeth really began to ache, we went up to his room earlier than usual. As I supposed that I had accomplished all that my blue collar and my buttons demanded, and that all were pleased with me, I was in a very agreeable and self-satisfied frame of mind; Dmítri, on the contrary, was taciturn and gloomy, on account of the quarrel and the toothache. He sat down at the table, took out his note-books, — a diary and a copy-book where he was in the habit of writing down every evening his future and past occupations, — and, continually frowning and touching his cheek with his hand, was busy writing for a long time.

"Oh, leave me alone!" he cried at the chambermaid who was sent by Sófya Ivánovna to ask him how his toothache was, and whether he did not want a hot compress. After telling me that my bed would soon be made up, and that he would be back shortly, he went to Lyubóv Sergyéevna.

"What a pity Várenka is not pretty and, in general,

not Sónichka," I meditated, when I was left alone in the room. "How nice it would be after leaving the university to come here and propose to her. I would say: 'Princess, I am not young any more; I cannot love passionately, but I will love you for ever, like a dear sister.' 'I already respect you,' I would say to her mother, 'and you, Sófya Ivánovna, believe me, I esteem highly.' 'So tell me straight out: will you be my wife?' 'Yes.' And she will give me her hand, and I shall press it, and shall say: 'My love is not in words, but deeds.' How would it be," it occurred to me, "if Dmítri suddenly fell in love with Lyúbochka, — for Lyúbochka is already in love with him, — and wanted to marry her? Then one of us would not be allowed to marry. That would be well. Here is what I would do. I would notice it at once, and so I would come to Dmítri, without saying anything to anybody else, and would say to him: 'My friend, it would be in vain for us to conceal it from each other. You know that my love for your sister will end only with my life; but I know all; you have deprived me of my best hope; you have made me unhappy. Do you know how Nikoláy Irténev requites the unhappiness of all his life? Here is my sister,' and I would give him the hand of Lyúbochka. He would say: 'No, not for anything in the world!' and I would say: 'Prince Nekhlyúdov, you are trying in vain to be more magnanimous than Nikoláy Irténev! There is not in the whole world a more magnanimous man than he.' And I would bow, and leave. Dmítri and Lyúbochka would run out after me, in tears, and implore me to accept their sacrifice. And I might consent, and even be very happy, if only I were in love with Várenka —" These dreams were so pleasant that I was dying to communicate them to my friend, but, in spite of our vow of mutual frankness, I felt, for some reason or other, that there was no physical possibility of telling it.

Dmítri returned from Lyubóv Sergyéevna with some drops on his teeth, which she had given him. He was suffering more than before and, consequently, was more gloomy still. My bed had not yet been made, and a boy, Dmítri's servant, came to ask him where I was to sleep.

"Go to the devil!" called out Dmítri, stamping his foot. "Váska! Váska! Váska!" he cried, the moment the boy had left, raising his voice more and more. "Váska, make my bed on the floor!"

"No, I had better lie on the floor," I said.

"Well, all right, make the bed anywhere," Dmítri continued in the same angry voice. "Váska, why are you not making the bed?"

But Váska evidently did not understand what he was asked to do, and stood motionless.

"Well, what is the matter with you? Make the bed! Make the bed! Váska! Váska!" Dmítri cried, suddenly bursting into a fury.

But Váska did not understand him, being all perplexed, and did not budge.

"Have you sworn to kill — to drive me mad?" And Dmítri jumped from his chair, ran up to the boy, and with all his might struck his fist against the head of Váska, who ran headlong out of the room. Stopping at the door, Dmítri turned round to me, and the expression of madness and cruelty which had been on his face but a second ago, gave way to such a meek, shamefaced, and loving, childish expression that I was sorry for him, and, however much I wanted to turn away from him, I was unable to do so. He did not say anything to me, but silently paced the room for a long time, now and then casting a glance at me, with the same expression of entreaty, then took out his note-book, wrote something in it, took off his coat, carefully put it away, walked into the corner where the image was hanging, crossed his large white hands over

his breast, and began to pray. He prayed so long that Váska had time to bring the mattress and make a bed on the floor, as I directed him in a whisper. I undressed myself and lay down on the bed on the floor, but Dmítri was still praying. As I looked at Dmítri's slightly stooping shoulders and at the soles of his shoes, which stood out before me in all humility, every time he was making low obeisances, I loved Dmítri even more than before, and I considered whether or not I had better tell him what I had been dreaming about our sisters. When Dmítri finished his prayer, he lay down on the bed and, leaning on his arm, for a long time looked silently at me, with a kind and shamefaced expression. It was a hard thing for him to do so, but he seemingly was punishing himself. I smiled, looking at him. He smiled, too.

"Why do you not tell me," he said, "that I have acted contemptibly? That is what you have been thinking about."

"Yes," I answered (although I had been thinking of something else, it seemed to me that I had really been thinking of it), "yes, it was very bad. I had never expected such a thing from thee," I said, experiencing that moment a special pleasure in speaking "thou" to him. "Well, how are thy teeth?" I added.

"That is all over. Ah, Nikólenka, my friend!" said Dmítri, so gently that I thought there were tears in his eyes, "I know and feel how bad I am, and God sees how I wish and ask Him to make me better; but what am I to do if I have such an unfortunate, despicable character? What am I to do? I try to restrain and to reform myself, but that cannot be done at once, nor alone. It is necessary that some one should support and aid me. Now, Lyubóv Sergyéevna understands me and has helped me much. I know, by my diary, that I have greatly improved in the course of the year. Ah, Nikólenka, my darling!" he continued, after this confession, with unusual

tenderness, and in a calmer voice, "how much the influence of a woman like her means! O Lord, how good it will be when I am independent, with such a companion as she! I am a different man, in her presence."

Thereupon Dmítri began to evolve all his plans of marriage, country life, and uninterrupted labour over himself.

"I shall be living in the country, you will come to see me, and, maybe, you will be married to Sónichka," he said. "Our children will play together. All this seems ridiculous and foolish, and yet it may happen."

"Why not? It is very likely," I said, smiling and thinking all the while that it would be better still if I married his sister.

"Do you know what I will tell you?" he said to me, after a short silence. "You only imagine that you are in love with Sónichka, but, as I see, that is all nonsense, and you do not know yet what the real feeling is like."

I did not retort, because I almost agreed with him. We were silent for a moment.

"You have noticed that I was out of sorts to-day and had a bad quarrel with Várya. I felt ashamed later on, particularly because it happened in your presence. Although she does not think the right way about many matters, she is an excellent girl, and very good, as you will find her to be upon closer acquaintance."

His transition in the conversation from the subject of my not being in love to the praise of his sister gave me great joy and caused me to blush; still, I did not say anything to him about his sister, and we went on to speak of something else.

Thus we chatted to the second cockcrow, and the pale dawn peeped through the window when Dmítri went over to his bed and extinguished the candle.

"Well, now to sleep," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "only one word more."

"Well?"

"Is it nice to live in the world?" said I.

"It is nice to live in the world," he answered, in such a voice that it seemed I could see in the darkness the expression of his mirthful, gentle eyes and childlike smile.

XXVIII.

IN THE COUNTRY

THE next day Volódya and I left for the country on post-horses. On the road I passed in review all the different Moscow reminiscences, and also thought of Sónichka Valákhin, but not before evening, when we had five stations behind us. "Now, this is strange," I thought; "I am in love, and have entirely forgotten it. I must think of her." And I began to think of her, as one thinks while travelling, not connectedly, but vividly; and the upshot of my deliberations was that when I arrived in the country, I considered it necessary for two days to appear melancholy and pensive before the home people, and in particular before Kátenka, whom I regarded as a great connoisseur in matters of this kind, and to whom I hinted a bit about the condition my heart was in. Yet in spite of all my attempts at feigning before myself and others, in spite of all the intentional adoption of all the signs which I had observed in others who were in love, I recalled only for two days, and that not continuously, but more especially in the evenings, that I was in love, and finally, as soon as I entered into the new rut of country life and occupations, I completely forgot my love for Sónichka.

We arrived at Petróvskoe in the night, and I was so fast asleep that I saw neither the house, nor the birch avenue, nor any of the family, who had all gone to their rooms, and were long asleep. Stooping old Fóka, bare-

foot, in some kind of a woman's wadded jacket, with a candlè in his hand, unlatched the door for us. When he saw us, he shook with joy, kissed us repeatedly on the shoulder, hastily removed his felt bed, and began to dress himself. I passed the front hall and the staircase while still half asleep, but in the antechamber the door-lock, the latch, the warped floor, the clothes-chest, the old candlestick stained as ever by tallow drops, the shadows from the crooked, cold, just lighted wick of the tallow dip, the ever dusty, unremoved double windows, beyond which, I remembered, grew a rowan-tree, — all these were so familiar, so full of memories, so in agreement with each other, as if united by one thought, — that I suddenly felt the caresses of the dear old house upon me. The question involuntarily presented itself to me: How could the house and I so long have been without each other? and, hastening somewhere, I ran to see whether all the rooms were still the same. Everything was the same, only everything was smaller and lower, and I had grown taller, heavier, and coarser, but such as I was, the house joyfully received me in its embrace, and with every deal, every window, every step of the staircase, every sound, awakened in me a host of images, feelings, and incidents of an irretrievable, happy past. We came to the sleeping-room of our childhood: all the childish terrors again nestled in the dusk of the corners and doors; we passed the drawing-room — the same quiet, tender love of our mother was shed over all the objects which stood there; we passed the parlour — the noisy, careless, childish mirth, it seemed, had stopped in this room, and was only waiting to be revived. In the sofa-room, whither Fóka took us, and where he made beds for us, everything, — the mirror, the screen, the old wooden image, every unevenness of the wall with its white wall-paper, — everything told of suffering and of death, and of that which will never be again.

We lay down, and Fóka left us, wishing us a good night.

"Is it in this room mamma died?" said Volódya.

I did not answer him, but pretended to be asleep. If I had said anything I should have burst into tears. When I awoke the next morning, I found papa, undressed, in slippers and dressing-gown, with a cigar in his mouth, sitting on Volódya's bed, and speaking and laughing with him. He jumped up from the bed with a merry shrug of his shoulders, walked up to me and, slapping my back with his large hand, placed his cheek before me and pressed it to my lips.

"Well, that is good, glad of it, diplomat," he said with his particular, mirthful kindness, gazing at me with his small shining eyes. "Volódya says that you have passed a good examination, like a fine fellow, — that is good. Whenever you make up your mind not to fool away your time, you are a nice chap, too. I am glad, my dear. Now we shall have a good time here, and in the winter we shall, perhaps, settle in St. Petersburg. What a pity the hunting season is past, or I should have given you the pleasure of that sport; well, can you hunt with a gun, Vóldemar? There is a lot of game, and I may go out with you some day. In the winter, God willing, we shall settle in St. Petersburg, and you will meet people and form ties, — you are now my big lads. I just told Vóldemar, you are now on the road, my work is done, you may go yourselves, and if you wish to take my advice, I shall give it to you. I am no longer your nurse, but your friend; at least, I want to be your friend and companion and adviser, wherever I can, and nothing else. How is that according to your philosophy, Kokó. eh? Good or bad? Eh?"

I, naturally, told him that it was good, and really found it so. Papa had that day an especially attractive, mirthful, and happy expression; these new relations with

me, as with an equal, a companion, made me love him even more.

"Well, tell me, did you call on all your relatives? At the Ívins? Did you see the old man? What did he say to you?" he continued to ask. "Were you at the home of Prince Iván Ivánovich?"

We conversed so long without getting dressed that the sun was beginning to pass away from the windows of the sofa-room, and Yákov (who was just as old, and just in the same way twirled his fingers behind his back) came into our room and announced to papa that the carriage was ready.

"Whither are you going?" I asked papa.

"Oh, I forgot," said papa, with a jerk of annoyance, and coughing. "I have promised to call on the Epifánovs to-day. You remember Miss Epifánov, *la belle Flamande?* She used to visit your mamma. They are excellent people." Papa left the room, jerking his shoulder, as I thought, bashfully.

Lyúbochka had come up several times to the door, during our chat, and asked, "May I come in?" but papa every time called out to her through the door, "By no means, for we are not yet dressed."

"What of it? I have seen you often in your dressing-gown."

"You cannot see your brothers without their 'inexpressibles,'" he cried to her. "Now, they will both knock at the door for you, — will that do you? Knock. It is even indecent for them to speak to you, while they are in such negligée."

"Oh, how intolerable you are! At least come as soon as possible to the drawing-room, for Mimi wants to see you," Lyúbochka cried through the door.

As soon as papa left us, I hurriedly dressed myself in the student coat, and went to the drawing-room. Volódya, on the contrary, was in no haste, and stayed awhile up-

stairs, talking to Yákov about the places where snipes and woodcocks were abundant. As I have said before, he was afraid of nothing as much as of what he called "tendernesses," with brother, papa, or sister, and, avoiding every expression of sentiment, fell into the other extreme, — coldness, which frequently gave painful offence to people who did not understand its causes. In the antechamber I stumbled on papa, who with short, rapid steps was hastening to take his seat in the carriage. He was dressed in his new, fashionable Moscow coat, and was scented with perfume. When he saw me, he merrily nodded to me, as if to say, "You see, it is fine!" and again I was struck by the happy expression on his face, which I had noticed in the morning.

The drawing-room was the same bright, high room, with the yellow English grand piano and large open windows, through which looked merrily the green trees and the reddish brown paths of the garden. After kissing Mimi and Lyúbochka, I walked up to Kátenka, but it suddenly occurred to me that it was no longer proper to kiss her, and I stopped, in silence, and blushing. Kátenka was not in the least confused, gave me her white little hand, and congratulated me on having entered the university. When Volódya came to the drawing-room, the same thing happened to him, at his meeting with Kátenka. Indeed, it was hard to decide, after we had grown up together, and seen each other every day, how we were to meet now, after our first separation. Kátenka blushed more than we. Volódya was not in the least abashed, but bowed to her lightly, and went over to Lyúbochka, with whom he spoke but little, and not at all seriously, and then they went out for a stroll.

XXIX.

OUR RELATIONS WITH THE GIRLS

Volódya held very strange views about the girls. He could be interested by such questions as whether they had had enough to eat, whether they had slept well, whether they were decently dressed, whether they did not make mistakes in speaking French, for which he would have to be ashamed before strangers, — but he did not admit the thought that they could think or feel anything human, and still less did he admit the possibility of discussing anything with them. Whenever they had occasion to turn to him with some serious question (which, however, they tried to avoid), when they asked his opinion about some novel, or about his occupations at the university, he made faces at them and walked away in silence, or answered them in a contorted French sentence, "*Comme c'i tri joli*," and so forth, or, looking serious and purposely stupid, he told them a word that had no meaning whatsoever, and no reference to the question, and suddenly pronounced, with dull eyes, such words as "roll" or "gone," or "cabbage," or something of the kind. If I repeated to him what Lyúbochka and Kátenka had said to me, he invariably answered:

"H'm, so you still discuss with them? No, you, I see, are no good yet."

One would have to hear and see him in order to appreciate the deep, invariable contempt which was expressed in that phrase. Volódya had now been a grown

man for two years, and fell continually in love with all the pretty women whom he met; but, although he every day met Kátenka, who had been wearing long dresses for two years, and was all the time getting prettier, the possibility of falling in love with her had never occurred to him. Whether it originated in the fact that the prosaic reminiscences of childhood, the ruler, the sheet, the caprices, were still too fresh in his memory, or in the disgust which very young people feel for everything domestic, or in the universal human weakness, when meeting upon the first path something good and beautiful, to pass by it, saying to oneself: "Oh, I shall meet many more of this kind in my life," — Volódya continued to look upon Kátenka as not a woman.

Volódya suffered much ennui during that summer. This ennui was caused by the contempt in which he held us, and which he did not attempt to conceal. The constant expression of his face said, "Pshaw, what ennui, and nobody to talk to!" He would go out in the morning with his gun to hunt, or he would stay undressed until dinner in his room, reading a book. If papa was not at home, he even came to dinner with his book, continuing to read it, and not exchanging a word with any of us, which made us all feel guilty before him. In the evening he lay down with his feet on a sofa in the drawing-room, slept leaning on his arm, or with a most serious countenance told some most terrible, often quite improper, nonsense, which made Mimi furious and brought out red spots on her face, but caused us to die with laughter; but he never condescended to speak seriously with any one of our family, except with papa and occasionally with me. I quite involuntarily imitated my brother's view in regard to the girls, although I was not at all so afraid of tendernesses as he, and my contempt for the girls was far from being as strong and deep. From sheer ennui I tried that summer several times to get on a closer footing with

Lyúbochka and Kátenka and to converse with them, but I found in them every time such an inability to think logically, and such ignorance of the simplest, commonest things, as what money was, what people studied at the university, what war was, and so on, and such an indifference to the explanations of these things, that my attempts only confirmed me in my unfavourable opinion of them.

I remember how one evening Lyúbochka repeated for the hundredth time some dreadfully tiresome passage on the piano, while Volódya lay dozing on the sofa in the drawing-room, and now and then, with a certain malicious irony, not speaking to anybody in particular, mumbled: "She does bang! — Musician! — Bitkhoven!" (he pronounced this word with especial irony), "let her go — once more — that's it," and so on. Kátenka and I remained at the tea-table, and, I do not remember how, Kátenka led up to her favourite subject — love. I was in a mood to philosophize, and began superciliously to define love as a desire to obtain in another what one did not possess in himself, and so forth. Kátenka answered me that, on the contrary, it was not love when a girl thought of marrying a rich man, and that possessions were, in her opinion, a very unimportant matter, and that genuine love was only that which could last through separation (I knew at once she referred to her love for Dubkóv). Volódya, who, no doubt, had heard our conversation, suddenly raised himself on his elbow and interrogatively called out, "Kátenka — the Russians?"

"His eternal nonsense!" said Kátenka.

"Into the pepperbox?" continued Volódya, accentuating every vowel. I could not help thinking that Volódya was quite right.

Independently of the common, more or less developed, faculties of the human mind, of sentiment, and artistic feeling, there exists a private faculty, more or less developed in various circles of society, and especially in families,

which I call "understanding." The essence of this faculty consists in a conventional feeling of measure, and in a conventional one-sided view of things. Two people of the same circle, or of the same family, who possess this faculty, permit the expression of sentiment to a certain point, after which they both see nothing but empty phrases; they see at exactly the same moment where praise ends and irony begins, where enthusiasm ends and hypocrisy begins, which to people with different understanding may appear quite otherwise. People with the same understanding are impressed by every object, more especially by its ridiculous, or beautiful, or nasty side. To facilitate this equal understanding among the members of the same circle or family, there establishes itself a conventional language, conventional expressions, and even words, which define those shades of meaning that do not exist for others. In our family, this understanding was highly developed between papa and us brothers. Dubkóv also fell in with our circle and "understood," but Dmítri, who otherwise was much more clever than he, was dull in this. With no one did I carry this faculty to such perfection as with Volódya, with whom I had been brought up under identical conditions. Papa was falling behind us, and much which was to us as clear as two times two is four, was incomprehensible to him. For example, between Volódya and me were established, God knows why, the following words with their corresponding meanings: "raisins" meant a vain desire to show that I have money; "pinecone" (whereat it was necessary to put the fingers together and distinctly to pronounce the consonants) signified something fresh, healthy, elegant, but not foppish; a noun used in the plural signified an unjust prejudice in favour of that object, and so forth. However, the meaning depended more on the expression of the face, and on the subject under discussion, so that no matter what new word one used to express a new shade, the

other immediately understood it by the mere reference. The girls did not have our understanding, and that was the chief cause of our moral disunion, and of the contempt which we felt for them.

It may be they had their own "understanding," but it so differed from ours, that where we saw only twaddle, they saw feeling, and our irony appeared as truth to them. At that time I did not understand that they were not to blame for it, and that this absence of understanding did not prevent their being good and clever girls, and I had contempt for them. Then, having made a hobby of frankness, and applying this idea to myself in the extreme, I accused the quiet and trustful nature of Lyúbochka of secretiveness and hypocrisy because she did not see any necessity for unearthing and displaying all her thoughts and feelings. For example, Lyúbochka's making the sign of the cross over papa in the evening, her weeping and that of Kátenka in the chapel, whenever they went to serve mass for mother, Kátenka's sighing and rolling her eyes, when she played on the piano, — all that appeared to me as the merest hypocrisy, and I asked myself: "When did they learn to feign like grown people, and why are they not ashamed?"

XXX.

MY OCCUPATIONS

In spite of it all, I became that summer much more friendly with our young ladies, through my newly manifested passion for music. In the spring a young neighbour introduced himself at our house. The moment he entered the drawing-room he began to gaze at the piano and imperceptibly to move his chair up to it, while speaking with Mimi and Kátenka. After having said something about the weather and the pleasures of country life, he skilfully led up the conversation to a piano tuner, to music, and to the piano, and finally announced to us that he played, and, indeed, soon played for us three waltzes, while Lyúbochka, Mimi, and Kátenka stood at the piano and looked at him. This young man never called at our house again, but I took a great liking to his playing, his attitude at the piano, his head-shake, and especially his manner of taking octaves with his left hand, by rapidly stretching his little finger and thumb to an octave span, then slowly bringing them together, and again swiftly stretching them. This graceful gesture, his careless attitude, his head-shake, and the attention which the ladies showed to his talent gave me the idea of playing the piano. In consequence of this idea and because I convinced myself that I had talent and a passion for music, I began studying it. In this respect I acted like millions of people, of the masculine, but particularly of the feminine sex, who study without a good teacher, with-

out a real calling, and without the least conception what this art can offer them, and how they are to go about it in order that it should offer them something. For me, music, or rather piano playing, was a means to charm the girls with my sentiments. With the aid of Kátenka, I learned the notes, and limbered up my fat fingers; however, I used more than two months to accomplish this, and was so studious that even at dinner I practised with my refractory ring-finger on my knee, and in my bed on my pillow. I soon began to play "pieces," and played them, of course, with feeling, *avec âme*, as Kátenka herself admitted, but not in time.

The choice of pieces was the usual one, waltzes, galops, romances, arranged arias, and so forth, all by those charming composers, of which every man with a little healthy taste will select a small pile from a mass of beautiful things in a music store, saying, "These things one ought never to play, because nothing more insipid and stupid has ever been put down on music paper," and which, no doubt, for this very reason, you may find on the piano of every Russian young lady. It is true we had also "Sonate Pathétique" and the Cis-mol sonatas of Beethoven, for ever maimed and torn by the young ladies, which Lyúbochka played in memory of mother, and a few other good things which her Moscow teacher had given her; but there were also compositions by that teacher, insipid marches and galops, which Lyúbochka played also.

Kátenka and I did not like serious things, and preferred to everything "Le Fou" and "The Nightingale," which Kátenka played so that the fingers could not be seen, and I began to play quite loud and smoothly. I appropriated to myself the gesture of the young man, and frequently regretted that there were no strangers to see me play. Soon Liszt and Kalkbrenner proved to be above my strength, and I saw no chance of catching up with

Kátenka. For this reason, having concluded that classical music is easier, and also for the sake of originality, I suddenly decided that I liked the German classical music, became enthusiastic whenever Lyúbochka played "Sonate Pathétique," although, to tell the truth, that sonata had long been palling upon me, and began myself to play Beethoven and to pronounce his name in the German fashion. Through all that tangle and hypocrisy I had, as I remember, something like talent, because music frequently affected me powerfully to tears, and the things that I liked I managed to pick out on the piano without notes, so that if somebody had taught me then to look upon music as an aim, as an independent enjoyment, and not as a means with which to charm girls by the rapidity and expressiveness of my playing, I might have in reality become a decent musician.

The reading of French novels, of which Volódya had brought many with him, was my other occupation during that summer. It was then that all kinds of "Monte Cristos" and "Secrets" began to appear, and I pored over the books of Sue, Dumas, and Paul de Kock. All the most unnatural persons and incidents were as true to me as reality, and I not only did not dare to suspect the author of lying, but the author himself did not exist for me; from the printed page rose before me the living, real people and incidents. If I nowhere had met people that resembled those of whom I read, I did not for a moment doubt that I should some day.

I experienced in myself all the passions described, and perceived a similarity between me and all the characters, both the heroes and the villains of every novel, just as a susceptible man finds in himself the symptoms of every possible disease, when he reads a medical work. I liked in these novels the cunning ideas, the fiery passions, the magic incidents, the perfect characters, — if good, absolutely good, if bad, absolutely bad, — just as in my first

youth I imagined people to be; I was also very much pleased because it was all in French, and because the noble words which the noble heroes spoke, I could learn by heart and quote on the occasion of some noble deed. How many different French phrases I thought out by the aid of these novels, to be used to Kolpikóv, if I ever met him, and to *her*, when I should at last see her and confess my love to her! I was preparing to tell them something from which they would be overcome the moment they heard me.

On the basis of the novels, I even formed new ideals of moral qualities which I strove to attain. I wished above everything in all my acts and affairs to be "noble" (I use the French word, because it has a different significance from the Russian, which the Germans have comprehended, by adopting the word "nobel" and not mixing it up with the conception of "ehrlich"), then to be passionate, and finally, to be as *comme il faut* as possible, for which, however, I had a leaning even before. I tried in my looks and habits to resemble the heroes who had any of these qualities. I remember, in one of the hundred books which I had read that summer, there was one exceedingly passionate hero with thick eyebrows, and I was so anxious to resemble him in appearance (I felt myself morally to be his equal) that when I looked at my eyebrows in the mirror, I decided to cut them a little that they might grow out thicker; but when I began to cut them, I accidently cut too much in one spot, and it was necessary to even them up; to my terror I noticed in the mirror that I had lost my eyebrows altogether, and, consequently, was very ill-looking. But hoping that my brows would soon grow out thick as in a passionate man, I consoled myself, and was only disconcerted as to what to say to my people when they should see me without eyebrows. I got some powder from Volódya, rubbed it into my eyebrows and burnt it. Although the powder

did not flash up, I sufficiently resembled one who is burnt, and no one discovered my cunning; and really, when I had entirely forgotten about the passionate man, my eyebrows grew much thicker.

XXXI.

COMME IL FAUT

In the course of this narrative I have frequently hinted at the conception which corresponds to this French title, and now I feel myself constrained to devote a whole chapter to the conception that was one of the most disastrous and false ideas with which I was inoculated by education and society.

The human race may be divided into a variety of classes, — into rich and poor, good and bad, soldiers and citizens, wise and foolish, and so on; but every man invariably has a favourite chief classification of his own, in which he unconsciously places every new person. My chief and favourite classification at the time of which I am writing was into people *comme il faut* and *comme il ne faut pas*. The second division was subdivided into people more particularly not *comme il faut*, and into the common people. I respected people *comme il faut*, and considered them worthy of being on an equality of relations with me; I pretended a contempt for the second, but in reality hated them, cherishing against them an offended feeling of personality; the third did not exist for me, — I disregarded them entirely. My *comme il faut* consisted, first and foremost, in the use of an excellent French, more especially in the pronunciation. A man who pronounced French badly immediately provoked a feeling of hatred in me. "Why do you attempt to speak as we do, if you do not know how?" I asked him men-

tally, with a venomous smile. The second condition for *comme il faut* consisted in long, manicured, and clean nails. The third was the ability to curtsey, dance, and converse. The fourth, and this was very important, was an indifference to everything, and a constant expression of a certain elegant, supercilious ennui. In addition to these, I had common signs, by which I decided to what category a man belonged, even without speaking with him. My chief sign, outside of the room, gloves, handwriting, and carriage, were the feet. The relation of a man's boots to his pantaloons at once decided in my eyes his standing. Boots without heels, with sharp tips, and narrow borders of the pantaloons without straps, — that was a common man; boots with narrow round tips, and with heels, and pantaloons with narrow borders and straps, tightly fitting the legs, or broad, with straps standing out like canopies over the tips, — that was a man *mauvais genre*, and so forth.

It is strange that this conception of *comme il faut* should have become such a part of me, for I myself did not possess the least fitness for it. And, maybe, it took such strong possession of me, for the very reason that it cost me such effort to acquire this *comme il faut*. It is terrible to think how much invaluable time of my seventeenth year I wasted on the acquisition of this quality. It seemed to me that all those whom I imitated, Volódya, Dubkóv, and the larger part of my acquaintances, learned it with ease. I looked at them with envy, and quietly worked at my French, at the art of bowing without looking at the person to whom I bowed, at the art of conversing and dancing, at evolving in myself an indifference to everything and ennui, at my nails, cutting my flesh to the quick with scissors, — and I still felt that there was much labour left before I should reach the goal. My room, my writing-desk, my carriage, — all that I was unable to arrange in such a way as to be *comme il faut*, although,

in spite of my disinclination for practical work, I laboured very hard over it. With others everything seemed to go right, without the least effort, as though it could not be otherwise.

I remember how once, after a prolonged and vain effort over my nails, I asked Dubkóv, whose nails were remarkably beautiful, how long they had been in that shape, and how he had managed it. Dubkóv answered me: "As far back as I can remember myself, I have done nothing to make them so, and I cannot understand how a decent fellow can have any other nails." This answer grieved me very much. I did not know at that time that one of the chief conditions of *comme il faut* was secrecy in regard to the labours by which this *comme il faut* is acquired.

Comme il faut was for me not only an important merit, a beautiful quality, a perfection, which I wished to obtain, but it was a necessary condition of life, without which there could be no happiness, no glory, nothing good in the world. I should not have respected a famous artist, a savant, a benefactor of the human race, if he were not *comme il faut*. A man *comme il faut* stood beyond comparison higher than they; he left it to them to paint, compose music, write books, and do good, he even praised them for it, — why not praise the good wherever it may be found? — but he could not place himself on the same level with them, for he was *comme il faut*, and they were not, — and that was enough. It seems to me that if I had had a brother, mother, or father who were not *comme il faut*, I should have said that it was a misfortune, and that there could be nothing in common between me and them.

But not the loss of the golden time, which was employed on the assiduous task of preserving all the difficult conditions of the *comme il faut*, that excluded every serious application, nor the hatred and contempt for nine-tenths of the human race, nor the absence of any interest

in all the beauty that existed outside that circle of *comme il faut*, was the greatest evil which this conception caused me. The greatest evil consisted in the conviction that *comme il faut* was an independent position in society, that a man did not have to try to be an official, or a carriage-maker, or a soldier, or a learned man, if he was *comme il faut;* that, having reached that position, he had already fulfilled his purpose, and even stood higher than most people.

At a certain period of his youth, every man, after many blunders and transports, generally faces the necessity of taking an active part in social life, chooses some department of labour, and devotes himself to it; but this seldom happens with the man who is *comme il faut.* I know many, very many old, proud, self-confident people, sharp in their judgments, who to the question which may be given in the next world, "Who are you? And what have you been doing there?" would not be able to answer otherwise than: "*Je fus un homme très comme il faut.*"

This fate awaited me.

XXXII.

YOUTH

In spite of the jumble of ideas which took place in my head, I was in those years young, innocent, and free, and, therefore, almost happy.

At times I rose early, and this happened quite often. I slept in the open on the terrace, and the bright, slanting rays of the morning sun woke me. I dressed myself in a hurry, took a towel under my arms, and a French novel, and went to take a bath in the river, in the shade of a birch forest, which was but half a verst from the house. There I lay down in the grass in the shade and read, now and then tearing my eyes away from the book, in order to glance at the surface of the river which was violet in the shade, and began to ripple in the morning breeze, at the field of yellowing rye on the opposite bank, at the bright red light of the morning rays, painting ever lower the white trunks of the birches which, hiding one behind the other, passed away from me into the distance of the thick forest, and I enjoyed the consciousness of just such a fresh, young power of life as Nature was breathing all around me. When there were early gray cloudlets in the sky, and I felt chilled after my bath, I frequently walked across fields and through woods, regardless of roads, and with enjoyment wet my feet through my boots in the fresh dew. At that time I had vivid dreams about the heroes of my latest novel, and I imagined myself now

a general, now a minister, now an extraordinary strong man, now a passionate person, and with a certain thrill continually looked about me, in the hope of suddenly meeting *her* in the clearing or behind a tree.

When, in these walks, I came across peasants working, I, in spite of the fact that the common people did not exist for me, experienced an unconscious strong trepidation, and tried not to be seen by them. When it grew warmer, and the ladies had not yet come out for tea, I walked into the orchard or garden to eat the fruits and vegetables which were ripe. This occupation afforded me one of my greatest pleasures. I would go to the apple orchard, and there lose myself in the midst of a high tangle of raspberry bushes. Above my head was the bright, hot sky, and around me the pale green, prickly verdure of the raspberry bushes, intermingled with rank weeds. The dark green nettles, with their thin flowering tops, towered upwards in serried ranks; the claw-shaped burdocks, with their unnaturally violet prickly flowers, grew rankly above the raspberry bushes and higher than my head, and here and there, together with the nettles, reached up to the spreading, pale green branches of the old apple-trees, where, far above, the round, green apples, shining like ivory balls, were ripening against the hot sun. Below, a young raspberry bush, almost dried up and without leaves, winding, tended toward the sun; the green, needle-shaped grass and the young sage, bursting through the last year's dew-drenched leaves, grew luxuriantly in the eternal shade, as if they did not know that the sun was playing brightly on the leaves of the apple-tree.

In this thicket it was always damp, and there was an odour of dense, permanent shade, of cobwebs, of rotting apples that lay black on the damp earth, of raspberries, and, at times, also of chermes which I accidentally swallowed with a raspberry and washed down by quickly eating another berry. In moving ahead I frightened some

sparrows that always live in such thickets, and heard their hasty twittering and the strokes of their tiny, swift wings against the branches, and the buzzing of a honey bee in one spot, and, somewhere on the path, the steps of the gardener, Akím the fool, and his eternal mumbling. I thought, "No, neither he, nor any one else in the world, will find me here," — and with both hands I picked right and left the juicy berries from the white conical pedicels, and with avidity swallowed one after another. My legs, even above my knees, were wet through and through; my head was filled with some terrible nonsense (I mentally repeated, a thousand times in succession: "A-a-and twe-e-enty a-a-and se-e-even"); my arms and legs were stung through my wet clothes by the nettles; my head was burnt by the direct rays of the sun that penetrated through the thicket; I had long satisfied my hunger, and still I remained in the thicket, looking around, listening, meditating, and mechanically picking and swallowing some choice berry.

At about eleven o'clock I generally went to the drawing-room, usually after tea, when the ladies were sitting at their work. Near the first window, shaded from the sun by its unbleached canvas blind, through the rents of which the glaring sun cast such shining fiery circles on everything it struck that it was painful to look at them, stood an embroidery-frame, over the white linen of which leisurely walked some flies. Mimi sat at the frame, continually shrugging her head in anger, and moving from place to place, to escape the sun which, suddenly bursting through, cast a fiery strip now here, now there, upon her hand or face. Through the other three windows fell bright, perfect parallelograms, encased in the shadow of the window-frames; on the unpainted floor of the room, Mílka, true to her old habit, lay on one of these parallelograms and, pricking her ears, watched the flies that walked over it. Kátenka was knitting or reading, while

seated on the sofa, and impatiently warded off the flies with her white hands, which appeared translucent in the sun, or, frowning, shook her head in order to drive out a fly that had lost itself in her thick golden hair. Lyúbochka paced the room, with her hands behind her back, waiting for us all to go to the garden, or played on the piano a piece, every note of which had long been familiar to me. I seated myself somewhere, listening to her music or to the reading, and waited for a chance to sit down at the piano myself.

After dinner I sometimes honoured the girls with my presence in their horseback rides (to walk I regarded as incompatible with my years and position in the world). Our outings — when I took them to unusual places and ravines — were very pleasant. At times accidents happened to us, when I showed myself a brave fellow, and the ladies praised my riding and my daring, and considered me their protector. In the evening we drank tea in the shady veranda, and, if there were no guests, I took a walk with papa to inspect the estate, and then lay down in my old place, the large armchair, and, listening to Kátenka's or Lyúbochka's music, read a book and at the same time mused as of old.

At times, when I was left alone in the drawing-room, while Lyúbochka was playing some ancient piece of music, I involuntarily put down my book, and gazed through the open door of the balcony, at the curly pendent branches of the tall birches, upon which the evening shadows were falling, and at the clear sky, on which, upon looking fixedly at it, there seemed to appear and disappear a dusty, yellowish spot; and I listened to the music in the parlour, the creak of the gate, the voices of the peasant women, and the returning herds in the village, — and I suddenly thought of Natálya Sávishna, and mamma, and Karl Ivánovich, and for a moment felt sad. But my soul was at that time so full of life and

hopes, that this reminiscence only touched me with its pinion, and flew off again.

After supper, and, at times, after an evening stroll with some one through the garden, — I was afraid to walk by myself through the dark avenues, — I went to sleep alone on the floor of the veranda, which afforded me great pleasure, in spite of the millions of mosquitoes that devoured me. When there was a full moon, I frequently passed the whole night sitting on my mattress, gazing at the light and shadows, listening to the silence and to the sounds, dreaming about all kinds of subjects, especially about the poetical, voluptuous happiness that then seemed to me to be the greatest happiness of life, and repining because until then it had been my fate only to imagine it. When all the people went to their rooms, and the lights of the drawing-room were transferred to the upper chambers, where the feminine voices and the noise of opening and closing windows could be heard, I used to repair to the veranda, and walk to and fro there, eagerly listening to all the sounds of the house falling asleep. As long as there was the least, causeless hope for even an imperfect happiness of the kind I was dreaming of, I was not able calmly to construe the imaginary happiness.

At every sound of bare feet, of coughing, sighing, slamming a window, rustle of dresses, I jumped up from my bed, stealthily listened and watched, and for no apparent cause became agitated. But now the lights went out in the upper windows; the sounds of steps and talking were exchanged for the sound of snoring; the watchman began to strike the board in the night fashion; the garden grew both brighter and more gloomy, when the streaks of red light disappeared from the windows; the last light passed from the buffet-room to the antechamber, throwing a bright streak over the dewy garden, and I saw through the window the stooping figure of Fóka, who, in his jacket, and with a candle in his hand, was going to his bed.

I often found a great, agitating pleasure in stealing over the damp grass in the black shadow of the house to the window of the antechamber, in order to listen breathlessly to the snoring of the boy, to the moans of Fóka, who did not suspect that anybody was listening to him, and to the sound of his feeble voice, as he was saying his prayers. At last his candle, too, was blown out; the window was slammed to; I was left all alone, and timidly looking about me, hoping to see a white woman somewhere in the flower-garden or near my bed, I ran at full speed up to the veranda. Then I lay down on my bed, facing the garden, and, protecting myself as much as possible against mosquitoes and bats, looked into the garden, listened to the sounds of the night, and dreamt of love and happiness.

Then, everything came to have a new meaning for me: the sight of the ancient birches, which, on one side glistened in the moonlit sky with their curly branches, and, on the other, gloomily shrouded the bushes and the road with their dark shadows; and the quiet, rich sheen of the pond, evenly growing, like sound; and the moonlit glitter of the dewdrops on the flowers in front of the veranda, casting their graceful shadows across the gray flower box: and the sound of the quail beyond the pond; and the voice of a man on the highway, and the quiet, scarcely audible creaking of two old birches grating against each other; and the buzzing of a mosquito above my ear, under the coverlet; and the fall of an apple, caught in the branches, upon the dry leaves; and the leaping of the frogs that now and then came up to the steps of the terrace, and mysteriously glistened in the moon with their greenish backs, — all that had a new, strange meaning for me, — a meaning of some extraordinary beauty and unfinished happiness. And then *she* appeared with her dark black braid, and swelling bosom, always sad and beautiful, with bared arms, with voluptuous embraces. She loved me, and I sacrified all my life for one minute of her

love. And the moon rose higher and higher, and stood brighter and brighter in the heavens, the rich sheen of the pond, evenly growing, like sound, became more and more distinct, the shadows became blacker and blacker, and the light ever more transparent; and as I looked at all that and listened, something told me that *she,* with her bared arms and passionate embraces, was very far from being all the happiness in the world, that the love for her was very far from being all the bliss; and the more I looked at the full moon up on high, the higher did true beauty and goodness appear to me, and purer and nearer to Him, the source of all that is beautiful and good, and tears of an unsatisfied, but stirring joy stood in my eyes.

And I was all alone, and it seemed to me that mysterious, majestic Nature, the attractive bright disk of the moon, which had for some reason stopped in one high, undefined place of the pale blue sky, and yet stood everywhere and, as it were, filled all the immeasurable space, and I, insignificant worm, defiled already by all petty, wretched human passions, but with all the immeasurable, mighty power of love, — it seemed to me in those minutes that Nature, and the moon, and I were one and the same.

XXXIII.

NEIGHBOURS

I WAS very much surprised when, on the day of our arrival, papa called our neighbours, the Epifánovs, excellent people, and still more so when I heard that he called upon them. The Epifánovs and we had for a long time been at law for a certain tract of land. When I was a child I used to hear papa getting angry on account of this litigation, scolding the Epifánovs, and calling in different people, in order to defend himself against them, as I thought. I heard Yákov calling them our enemies and "black people," and I remember mamma's asking that even the name of these people should not be mentioned in her house and in her presence.

From these data I formed in my childhood such a firm and clear idea that the Epifánovs were our enemies, who were ready to cut the throats not only of papa, but also of his son, if he ever fell into their hands, and that they were in the literal sense "black people," that when I saw the year mother died, Avdótya Vasílevna Epifánov, *la belle Flamande*, taking care of mother, I could not bring myself to believe that she belonged to a family of black people. Still, I retained a very low opinion of that family. Although we frequently saw each other during that summer, I continued to be strangely prejudiced against them. In reality, these were the Epifánovs: their family consisted of a mother, a fifty-year-old widow, who was a well preserved and happy old woman,

her beautiful daughter, Avdótya Vasílevna, and her stuttering son, Peter Vasílevich, an unmarried ex-lieutenant, a man of very serious character.

Anna Dmítrievna Epifánov had lived separated from her husband for the last twenty years of his life, staying now in St. Petersburg, where she had some relatives, but mostly in her village of Mytíshchi, which was about three versts from us. They used to tell such terrible things about her manner of life that Messalina was an innocent child in comparison with her. It was for this that mother had asked that her name should not be mentioned in her house; but, without being at all ironical, one could not believe even one-tenth of this most malicious of all gossips, the gossip of country neighbours.

When I became acquainted with Anna Dmítrievna, there was nothing resembling that which was still told of her, though there lived in her house an office clerk, Mítyusha, a serf, who during dinner stood, pomaded and spruce, in a coat made in the Circassian fashion, behind Anna Dmítrievna's chair, and she frequently invited her guests in French to admire his beautiful eyes and mouth. It seems that Anna Dmítrievna had entirely changed her mode of life when, ten years before, she had ordered her dutiful son Petrúsha to leave the service and come home. Anna Dmítrievna's estate was small, — in all about one hundred souls, — and during her gay life there were great expenses, so that ten years before, her mortgaged and remortgaged property was forfeited and to be sold at auction without fail. Under these extreme circumstances Anna Dmítrievna supposed that the receivership, the invoice of the property, the arrival of the officers, and similar annoyances were due not so much to the failure in paying the interest as to the fact that she was a woman; so she wrote to her son that he should come and save his mother in this predicament. Although everything in his service went so well that he soon

expected to earn his own bread, he threw up everything, asked for his discharge, and, like a dutiful son who regarded it as his first duty to comfort his own mother (as he very frankly wrote to her), came down to the estate.

Peter Vasílevich was, in spite of his homely face, gawkiness, and stuttering, a man of exceedingly firm character and unusually practical mind. By petty loans, investments, prayers, and promises he managed to keep the estate. Having become a landed proprietor, Peter Vasílevich donned his father's wadded coat, which had been kept in the storeroom, did away with the carriages and horses, taught the guests not to visit Mytíshchi, and fixed the ditches, increased the ploughed area, diminished the land of the peasants, cut down the timber with his own men and sold it advantageously, and improved affairs. Peter Vasílevich vowed, and he kept his word, not to wear anything but his father's wadded coat, and a sail-cloth ulster which he had made for himself, nor to travel otherwise than in a cart with peasant horses, until all the debts should be paid. He endeavoured to extend this stoical manner of life to his whole family, so far as his servile respect for his mother, which he considered his duty, permitted him to. In the drawing-room he stutteringly worshipped his mother, fulfilled all her wishes, and scolded the servants if they did not do what she had commanded; but in his cabinet and in the office he was very exacting, if a duck had been taken to the table without his permission, or a peasant had been sent by order of Anna Dmítrievna to ask about a neighbour's health, or peasant girls were told to go to the woods to pick berries, when they ought to have been in the garden, weeding.

Four years later all the debts were paid, and Peter Vasílevich, who had gone to St. Petersburg, returned from there in a new suit and in a tarantas. In spite of this

flourishing state of affairs, he kept the same stoical inclinations, of which he seemed gloomily to boast before his own people and before strangers, and he used to say, stammering, "He who is anxious to see me will be glad to see me in a sheepskin, and will eat my cabbage soup and buckwheat porridge. I eat them," he added. In every word and movement of his was expressed pride, which was based on the conviction that he had sacrificed himself for his mother and had saved the estate, and a contempt for others if they had not done something similar.

The mother and the daughter were of entirely different character, and in many things dissimilar to each other. The mother was one of the most agreeable women in society, always equally kindly and gay. Everything pleasing and joyful gave her genuine happiness. Even the faculty of enjoying the sight of merrymaking young people, a characteristic which is met with only in the case of the kindliest old people, was highly developed in her. Her daughter, Avdótya Vasílevna, was, on the contrary, of a serious turn of mind, or rather of that indifferently absent-minded and groundlessly haughty character which is so common in unmarried beauties. When she tried to be mirthful, her merriment was of a peculiar sort: it looked as though she made fun of herself, or of the person to whom she was speaking, or of the whole world, which she certainly did not mean to do. I often wondered, and asked myself what it was she intended to say when she used such phrases as: "Yes, I am awfully beautiful; why, of course, everybody loves me," and so forth.

Anna Dmítrievna was always active: she had a passion for arranging her house and garden, for flowers, canaries, and pretty trifles. Her rooms and garden were small and simple, but everything was fixed so precisely and neatly, and so bore that common character of facile mirth which is expressed in a pretty waltz or polka, that the word

"toy," which was frequently used by her guests to praise things, exactly fitted Anna Dmítrievna's garden and rooms. Anna Dmítrievna herself was a toy, — small, thin, with a fresh colour in her face, with pretty little hands, always happy and becomingly dressed. Only the dark violet veins which stood out too much in relief upon her small hands destroyed this ensemble.

Avdótya Vasílevna, on the contrary, hardly ever did anything, and not only did not care to busy herself with any trifles or flowers, but even cared very little about herself, and always ran away to get dressed when guests arrived. But when she came back in her fine clothes she was uncommonly beautiful, with the exception of a cold and monotonous expression of the eyes and the smile which is to be found in all very beautiful persons. Her severely regular and comely face and her stately figure seemed to be saying all the time, "If you please, you may look at me!"

Yet, in spite of the lively character of the mother and the indifferent, absent-minded appearance of the daughter, something told you that the first one had never before, nor even then, loved anything, except that which was pretty and jolly, and that Avdótya Vasílevna was one of those natures who, when they once fall in love, sacrifice all their life to him whom they love.

XXXIV.

FATHER'S MARRIAGE

FATHER was forty-eight years old when he married for the second time. His wife was Avdótya Vasílevna Epifánov.

Having arrived at the estate in the spring, all alone with the girls, papa, I imagine, was in that agitated, happy, and communicative frame of mind which generally comes over gamblers who stop playing after some great winnings. He felt that he had much unexpended happiness left, which he could make use of for successes in life in general, if he no longer wished to utilize it in cards. Besides, it was spring, he unexpectedly had a large sum of money, he was alone, and suffered ennui. When he talked to Yákov about affairs and recalled the endless litigation with the Epifánovs, and fair Avdótya Vasílevna, whom he had not seen for a long time, I imagine his having said to Yákov: "Do you know, Yákov Kharlámpych, rather than bother much longer about this litigation, I have a mind to let them have that accursed piece of land. Well, what do you think of it?"

I imagine how Yákov's fingers twitched negatively behind his back at such a question, and how he proved that "all the same, our cause is just, Peter Aleksándrovich."

But papa ordered his carriage out, donned his fashionable olive wadded coat, combed what was left of his hair, sprinkled some perfume on his handkerchief, and in the happiest frame of mind, produced by his conviction that

he was acting like a great gentleman, but especially by the hope that he would see a beautiful woman, drove over to his neighbour's.

All I know is that papa did not upon his first visit find Peter Vasílevich at home, for he was in the field, but passed an hour with the ladies. I imagine how profuse he was in civilities, how he charmed them, tapping his soft boot, lisping, and casting tender glances. I imagine, too, how the gay old woman suddenly took a liking for him, and how her fair, cold daughter suddenly became enlivened.

When a servant-girl came running out of breath to announce that old Irténev himself was calling at the house, I imagine how Peter Vasílevich answered, angrily, "What of it, if he is?" and how he in consequence thereof went home as slowly as possible; how, upon arriving in his cabinet, he purposely put on the dirtiest overcoat and sent word to the cook not to dare add anything to the dinner, even if the ladies did command him to.

Later I frequently saw papa with Epifánov, therefore I can vividly represent to myself that first meeting. I imagine how, in spite of papa's proposition to settle the litigation by arbitration, Peter Vasílevich was sullen and angry, because he had sacrificed his career for his mother, while papa had done nothing of the kind; how nothing surprised him; and how papa, disregarding his sullenness, was playful and merry, and treated him like a wonderful joker, which partly offended Peter Vasílevich, and partly made him surrender in spite of himself. Papa, with his tendency to turn everything into a joke, called Peter Vasílevich colonel, and although Epifánov once in my presence remarked, stuttering worse than ever and blushing from annoyance, that he was not a colonel, but a lieutenant, papa called him colonel again five minutes later.

Lyúbochka told me that, before our arrival in the country, they had met the Epifánovs daily, and had very

pleasant times with them. Papa, with his customary cleverness in arranging things originally, entertainingly, and at the same time simply and elegantly, gave now hunting parties, now angling parties, now firework displays, at which the Epifánovs were present. "And it would have been even more enjoyable if it were not for that intolerable Peter Vasílevich, who was sullen, and stuttered, and spoiled everything," said Lyúbochka.

Since our arrival, the Epifánovs had called but twice and once we went to see them. After St. Peter's Day father's name-day, when they and a large number of guests called, our relations with the Epifánovs for some reason or other were completely stopped, and only papa continued to visit them.

This is what I noticed in the short time in which I saw papa together with Dúnechka, as her mother called her. Papa was continually in that happy frame of mind by which I was struck on the day of our arrival. He was so merry, young, full of life, and happy, that the beams of that happiness extended to all those who surrounded him and involuntarily communicated the same disposition to them. He never stirred a step from Avdótya Vasílevna when she was in the room, continually paid her such sweet compliments that I was ashamed for him, or looking at her in silence, jerked his shoulder in an impassioned and self-satisfied manner, and coughed, or, smiling, at times spoke to her in a whisper; and he did all this with an expression which said, "I am just jesting," which was characteristic of him in the most serious affairs.

Avdótya Vasílevna seemed to have appropriated from papa the expression of happiness which almost uninterruptedly shone in her large blue eyes, except in those moments when she was seized by fits of bashfulness, so that I, who knew that feeling well, felt sorry and pained for her. At such moments she apparently was afraid of every glance and motion, thinking that everybody looked

at her, thought of her alone, and found everything about her wrong. She looked timidly at every one, the colour of her cheeks kept changing, and she began to speak loudly and boldly, mostly silly things, and she felt that papa and everybody heard them, and blushed even more But papa did not notice her misdeeds under these circumstances, and continued to watch her with the same impassioned, mirthful ecstasy, coughing now and then I noticed that, although Avdótya Vasílevna was taken by fits of bashfulness without any cause whatsoever, these sometimes followed soon after papa's mentioning some young and beautiful woman Her frequent changes from pensiveness to that kind of strange, uneasy merriment of which I spoke before, the repetition of papa's favourite words and turns of speech, the continuation with others of conversations which were begun with papa all that would have explained to me papa's relations with Avdótya Vasílevna, if the *dramatis personæ* had been another than papa, and I a little older, but at that time I did not suspect anything, even when papa was very much put out by a letter which he had received from Petersburg and stopped calling upon them until the end of August

Toward the end of August he again started to visit his neighbours, and on the day preceding our (Volódya's and mine) departure for Moscow, he announced to us that he was about to marry Avdótya Vasílevna Epifánov

XXXV.

HOW WE RECEIVED THE NEWS

On the day preceding that official announcement, everybody in the house knew and judged variously of this affair. Mimi did not leave her room all day, and wept. Kátenka sat with her and came out only to dinner, with an offended expression on her face, which she obviously had adopted from her mother; Lyúbochka, on the contrary, was very merry, and said at dinner that she knew an excellent secret, but that she would not tell it to anybody.

"There is nothing excellent in your secret," replied Volódya, who did not share her pleasure. "If you were able to think seriously about matters, you would understand that this is, on the contrary, very bad."

Lyúbochka looked fixedly at him in amazement, and grew silent.

After dinner Volódya wanted to take my hand, but, becoming frightened, no doubt, lest it should be considered a tenderness, only touched my elbow, and beckoned to me to come to the parlour.

"Do you know the secret of which Lyúbochka was speaking?" he said to me when he was sure we were alone.

We rarely spoke without witnesses, or at all seriously about anything, so that when this happened we both felt ill at ease, and, as Volódya used to say, little imps began to jump up and down in our eyes; but this time he, in answer to the confusion which was expressed in my face,

continued to look fixedly and seriously at me, with an expression which said: "There is nothing to get confused about; we are brothers after all, and ought to consult together about an important family matter." I understood him, and he continued:

"Papa is about to marry Miss Epifánov, you know?"

I nodded, because I had already heard about it.

"It is very unfortunate," continued Volódya.

"Why?"

"Why?" he answered, annoyed. "It is a great pleasure to have such a stammerer of an uncle as the colonel, and all that family. And she herself just now seems kind and all that, but who knows what she will be later? To us, I must say, it does not make much difference, but Lyúbochka must soon make her début in society. With such a *belle-mère* it is not especially pleasant; she even speaks poor French, and what manners can she teach her? A *poissarde*, and nothing else; I admit she is kind, but a *poissarde* all the same," concluded Volódya, evidently very much satisfied with the appellation "*poissarde*."

However strange it was to hear Volódya judging papa's choice so deliberately, I thought he was right.

"But why does papa marry?" I asked.

"That is a mysterious story, God knows. I only know that Peter Vasílevich advised him to marry and insisted upon it, and that papa did not want to, and then he took a fancy, — a kind of chivalry; it is a mysterious story. I have just begun to understand father," continued Volódya (it stung me to the quick to hear him say "father" instead of "papa"). "He is a fine man, good and kind, but so frivolous and changeable — it is remarkable! He cannot look in cold blood at a woman. You know yourself, there is not a woman he knows with whom he is not in love. You know, Mimi too."

"You don't say?"

"I tell you I lately found out he was in love with Mimi when she was young, and he wrote her verses, and there was something between them." And Volódya laughed.

"Impossible!" I said in wonderment.

"But the main thing," continued Volódya, again seriously, and suddenly speaking in French, "all our relatives will be just delighted with this marriage! And, no doubt, she will have children."

I was so impressed by Volódya's common sense and foresight, that I did not know what to reply.

Just then Lyúbochka stepped up to us.

"So you know?" she asked, with a happy face.

"Yes," said Volódya, "only I wonder, Lyúbochka, — you are not a baby in swaddling-clothes: what joy can it be for you that papa is to marry a slut?"

Lyúbochka suddenly looked serious, and fell to thinking.

"Volódya, why slut? How dare you speak thus of Avdótya Vasílevna? If papa marries her, she cannot be a slut."

"Well, not a slut; I was just saying that, still — "

"Don't say 'still,'" Lyúbochka interrupted him, excitedly. "I did not say that the young lady with whom you were in love was a slut. How can you speak thus of papa and of an excellent woman? Though you are the eldest brother, you must not talk this way to me."

"But why may one not discuss — "

"You dare not discuss," Lyúbochka again interrupted him. "You dare not discuss such a father as ours. Mimi may, but not you, our elder brother."

"No, you do not understand anything yet," said Volódya, contemptuously. "Well, is it good that a Dúnichka Epifánov should take the place of your deceased mamma?"

Lyúbochka grew silent for a moment, and suddenly tears appeared in her eyes.

"I knew that you were haughty, but I did not think you would be quite so bad," she said, and went away from us.

"Into the roll," said Volódya, with a serio-comic face and dull eyes. "Go and discuss with them," he continued, as if in self-reproach for having forgotten himself so far as to condescend to talk to Lyúbochka.

The next day the weather was bad, and neither papa nor the ladies were down to tea, when I walked into the drawing-room. In the night there had been a cold autumn drizzle; over the sky scudded the remainders of the cloud which had been exhausted in the night, and the sun, which stood quite high in the heavens, glimmered faintly through it. It was windy, damp, and chilly. The door into the garden was open; on the floor of the terrace, black with the dampness, were drying up some puddles of the night rain. The open door, driven by the wind, tugged at the iron hook; the paths were damp and dirty; the old birches with their bared white boughs, the shrubs and the grass, the nettles, the currant bushes, and the elders, with the pale sides of the leaves turned outwards, swayed in one spot and seemed to be anxious to tear themselves away from their roots; from the linden avenue came flying round yellow leaves, whirling and racing against each other, and, when they grew wet, lodging in the moist path and in the moist, dark green aftermath of the meadow.

My thoughts were busy with the coming marriage of my father, considering it from the same point of view as Volódya. The future of my sister, of ourselves, and of father did not present itself encouragingly to me. I was provoked at the thought that a strange, but especially, a "young" woman, who had no such rights, would suddenly in many respects take the place of — whom? — a mere "young" woman would take the place of my deceased mother! I was aggrieved, and father seemed

ever more blameworthy. Just then I heard his and Volódya's voice in the officiating-room. I did not wish to see father at that moment, and walked away from the door; but Lyúbochka came after me, and told me that father wanted to see me.

He was standing in the drawing-room, leaning with his hand on the piano, and impatiently and at the same time solemnly looked in my direction. On his face was no longer that expression of youth and happiness which I had observed heretofore in him. He looked sad. Volódya walked up and down the room, with his pipe in his hand. I went up to father and saluted him.

"Well, my friends," he said, with firmness, raising his head, and speaking in that very rapid tone with which one tells obviously unpleasant things that are past deliberation, "you know, I think, that I am about to marry Avdótya Vasílevna." He was silent for a moment. "I did not wish to marry again after your mamma, but" — he stopped for a minute — "but — it is evidently my fate. Dúnichka is a good and dear girl, and not very young; I hope you will love her, children, for she already loves you with all her heart, she is so good. It is time for you," he said, turning to me and Volódya, and speaking rapidly that we might not interrupt him, "it is time for you to depart, but I shall stay here until New Year's, and then shall come to Moscow," — he again hesitated, — "with my wife and with Lyúbochka." It was painful for me to see father feeling ill at ease and guilty before us; I walked up to him, but Volódya continued to smoke and, lowering his head, paced the room.

"So here is, my friends, what your old father has concocted," concluded papa, blushing, coughing, and giving his hand to me and to Volódya. There were tears in his eyes, when he said that, and the hand which he stretched out to Volódya, who was at that time at the other end of the room, trembled a little, I noticed. I was painfully

impressed by the sight of that trembling hand, and the odd thought came to me, which affected me even more, that papa had served in the year '12, and had, no doubt, been a brave officer. I held his large venous hand, and kissed it. He pressed mine firmly, and suddenly, sobbing through his tears, took Lyúbochka's black head into both his hands and began to kiss her eyes. Volódya pretended that he had dropped his pipe and, bending down, softly wiped his eyes with his clenched hand and, wishing to remain unnoticed, left the room.

XXXVI

THE UNIVERSITY

THE wedding was to come off in two weeks; but lectures at the university were to begin soon, and Volódya and I left for Moscow in the beginning of September. The Nekhlyúdovs had also come back from the country. Dmítri, with whom I had promised at parting to correspond, and with whom, of course, I had not exchanged one letter, immediately came to see me, and we decided that he should take me on the morrow to the university to introduce me to my lectures.

It was a bright, sunny day.

The moment I entered the auditorium, I felt that my personality disappeared in the mass of young, happy faces which billowed through the door and in the corridors, in the bright sunlight that penetrated through the large windows. The consciousness of belonging to that great society was an agreeable feeling. Among these many faces I found but few acquaintances, and with these my acquaintance was limited to a shake of the head and the words, "Good morning, Irténev!" All about me, hands were pressed, and the crowd surged, and words of friendship, smiles, civilities, and jokes were showered on all sides. I felt the common bond that united all that young society, and sorrowfully observed that that bond had slighted me. But this was only a momentary impression. In consequence of this impres-

sion, and of the mortification generated by it, I soon found, on the contrary, that it was very good indeed I did not belong to that society, that I ought to have a circle of my own, of decent people, and seated myself on the third bench, where sat Count B——, Baron Z——, Prince R——, Ívin and other gentlemen of that class, of whom I knew only Ívin and Count B——. These gentlemen, however, looked at me in such a manner that I felt I did not quite belong to their society. I began to observe everything that took place round me. Seménov, with his gray, dishevelled hair and white teeth, and in his unbuttoned coat, sat not far from me, leaning on his elbows, and chewing at a pen. The Gymnasiast, who had passed the examinations as first, sat on the first bench, his cheek still tied up with a black necktie, and played with the silver watch-key on his velvet vest. Ikónin, who had managed to get into the university, sat on a desk in his blue striped pantaloons that covered his whole boot, and laughed and cried that he was on Parnassus. Ilínka, who, to my astonishment, bowed to me not only coldly but contemptuously, as if to remind me that we were all equals here, sat in front of me and, placing his lean legs carelessly on the bench (this, I thought, he did on my account), conversed with another student, and now and then glanced at me. Ívin's company near me spoke French. These gentlemen seemed uncommonly stupid to me. Every word which I caught from their conversation seemed to me not only insipid, but even incorrect, simply not French ("*Ce n'est pas français*," I said mentally to myself), but the attitudes, speeches, and acts of Seménov, Ilínka, and others appeared to me ignoble, indecent, not *comme il faut*.

I belonged to no circle, and grew angry, because I felt myself lonely and incapable of making friends. A student in front of me was biting his nails which were full of red slivers, and that so disgusted me that I changed

my seat some distance away from him. On that first day, I remember, I felt quite sad.

When the professor entered, and everybody stirred and grew silent, I remember how I extended my satirical glance to him, and how the professor began his lecture with an introductory sentence in which I could see no sense whatsoever. I wanted the lecture to be so clever from the beginning to the end that it should be impossible to throw anything out, or add another word to it. Being disappointed in this, I immediately set out to make eighteen profiles, connected into a circle in the shape of a flower, beneath the title "First Lecture" of the beautifully bound note-book which I had brought with me; I only occasionally pretended to be writing, so that the professor, who I was sure was very much interested in me, might think that I was taking down notes. Having decided at this lecture that it was not necessary, and even was stupid, to write out all the professor said, I observed this rule to the end of my course.

At the next lectures I did not feel my loneliness so much, for I had become acquainted with a number of students whose hands I pressed and with whom I talked; but for some reason or other no close relations were established between my companions and me, and I was frequently given to melancholy and feigning. I could not be on a friendly footing with Ívin's company and the aristocrats, as everybody called them, because, as I now remember, I was savage and rude with them, and bowed to them only after they had saluted me, and they evidently had little need of my acquaintance. With the majority, however, this originated from an entirely different cause. The moment I felt that a fellow student was taking kindly to me, I gave him to understand that I dined with Prince Iván Ivánovich, and that I had a vehicle of my own. I said all that in order to show myself from my most advantageous side, and that my

companion should like me better still; but nearly every time, as soon as I had informed my companion of my relationship with Prince Iván Ivánovich and of my vehicle, he suddenly, to my amazement, became haughty and cold to me.

We had a stipendiary student, Óperov, a modest, extremely talented, and industrious young man, who always gave his stiff hand like a board, without bending his fingers, and making no motion with it, so that his jesting fellow students gave him their hands in the same manner, and called that kind of a hand-shake the "board handshake." I nearly always sat down by his side, and frequently conversed with him. I liked Óperov more especially for his free opinions about the professors. He very clearly and distinctly defined the merits and faults of each professor's instruction, and at times even made fun of them, all of which being uttered with his soft voice issuing from his tiny mouth affected me very strangely and powerfully. In spite of this, he continued to take down all the lectures without exception, writing them out carefully in a fine hand. We were becoming friendly, and decided to prepare our lectures together, and his small, gray, near-sighted eyes were beginning to turn to me with an expression of pleasure, whenever I came to take my seat near him. But I found it necessary, in talking with him, to let him know that my mother, dying, had asked father not to send us to a public school, and that all the stipendiary students might be very wise men, but not the people for me — not the right class of people. "*Ce ne sont pas des gens comme il faut*," I said, stammering and feeling that I was blushing. Óperov said nothing to me, but at the next lectures did not salute me first, did not give me his "board," did not converse, and when I took my seat, bent his head sidewise, a finger's length away from his note-books, and pretended to be looking into them. I wondered at Óperov's causeless coolness. As a

jeune homme de bonne maison I considered it improper to seek the favour of a stipendiary student Óperov, and left him alone, though, I confess, his coolness mortified me. Once I arrived before him, and as it happened to be a lecture of a favourite professor, which was attended by students who were not in the habit of coming to their lectures regularly, all the places were occupied; so I seated myself in Óperov's seat, put my note-books on his desk, and walked out. When I returned to the lecture-room, I noticed that my books had been removed to a back desk, and that Óperov was in my seat. I remarked to him that I had placed my books there.

"I don't know," he answered, with sudden irritation and without looking at me.

"I am telling you that I placed my books there," I said, purposely in anger, thinking that I might frighten him with my boldness. "Everybody saw it," I added, looking round at the students, but though many gazed curiously at me, not one of them said anything.

"There are no reserved seats here, and he who comes first takes one," said Óperov, angrily straightening himself in his seat and for a moment looking at me with a provoked countenance.

"That means that you are a boor," I said.

I thought that Operov mumbled something, and I think it was, "And you are a silly boy!" but I did not hear it at all. And what use would it have been for me to have heard it? Just to call each other names, like *manants!* (I was very fond of that word "*manant*," and it served me as an answer and solution to many puzzling relations.) I might have said something else to him, but just then the door slammed, and the professor in his blue uniform, shuffling his feet, rapidly walked up to his platform.

And yet, before the examinations, when I needed some note-books, Óperov, mindful of his promise, offered me his, and invited me to study with him.

XXXVII.

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

At that time I was much occupied with affairs of the heart. I was three times in love. Once I became passionately enamoured of a very stout lady who used to ride in Freitag's Manege; every Tuesday and Friday, when she frequented it, I went there to get a glimpse of her, but I was every time so afraid that she would see me, and, therefore, stood so far away from her and ran away so fast when she was about to pass by me, and so rudely turned aside when she looked in my direction, that I never got a good look at her face, and never found out whether she was really pretty or not.

Dubkóv, who knew the lady, having discovered me once in the Manege, where I stood concealed behind the lackeys and the furs which they held, and having learned from Dmítri of my infatuation, so frightened me with his proposition to introduce me to that Amazon, that I rushed headlong out of the place, and at the mere thought that he told her about me, never again dared enter the Manege, not even behind the lackeys, for fear of meeting her.

Whenever I was in love with strange, particularly married, women, I was seized by fits of bashfulness a thousand times stronger than what I experienced before Sónichka. I feared nothing so much in the world as that the object of my love should find out about my love and even of my existence. It appeared to me that if she should learn of the feeling which I had for her, it would

be such an insult to her that she could never forgive me. And indeed, if that Amazon had known in detail how I watched her from behind the lackeys, and imagined raping her and taking her to the country, and how I was going to live with her there, and what I was going to do with her, she no doubt would have been justly insulted. I could not form a clear conception of her knowing me without knowing at once all my thoughts of her, and therefore I could not imagine there was nothing disgraceful in an acquaintance with her.

Another time I fell in love with Sónichka, upon seeing her with my sister. My second love for her had passed long ago, but I became enamoured of her for the third time, when Lyúbochka gave me a copy-book of verses, copied by Sónichka, in which Lérmontov's "Demon" was in many gloomy passages of love underlined with red ink, and marked with little flowers. I recalled that Volódya had the year before kissed the purse of his lady-love, and so I tried to do the same, and really, when I was one evening all alone in my room and, looking at a little flower, began to meditate and put it to my lips, I experienced a certain pleasurable and tearful sensation, and was again in love, or supposed I was, for a few days.

Finally, for the third time that winter I was enamoured of a young lady with whom Volódya was in love, and who visited us. In that young lady, as I now remember, there was absolutely nothing beautiful, particularly of that kind of beauty which I admired. She was the daughter of a well-known, clever, and learned lady of Moscow, and was small, haggard, with long English locks, and a translucent profile. Everybody said that she was even more clever and learned than her mother, but I was entirely unable to judge of that, because I felt such a servile terror at the thought of her cleverness and learning that I dared but once to speak to her, with indescribable trepidation. But the ecstasy of Volódya, who

was never incommoded by the presence of others in giving vent to that ecstasy, was communicated to me with such force that I fell passionately in love with the lady. I did not tell Volódya of my love, being convinced that it would not please him very much to hear that "two brothers were in love with the same maiden." The chief pleasure I derived from this infatuation consisted in the thought that our love was so pure that, in spite of the fact that its object was one and the same charming creature, we remained friends and ever ready to make sacrifices for each other, if the opportunity offered itself. However, Volódya did not quite share my opinion of the ever ready sacrifice, for he was so passionately in love that he wanted to box the ears of, and call out to a duel a certain real diplomat who, it was said, was about to marry her. But it pleased me very much to be able to sacrifice my feeling, perhaps, because it did not cost me much labour, having but once held with her a bombastic discourse about the value of classical music,— and my love, however much I tried to sustain it, was dispersed the following day.

XXXVIII.

SOCIETY

THE social pleasures which I had dreamt of taking up, upon entering the university, in emulation of my elder brother, completely disenchanted me that winter. Volódya danced a great deal, and papa also drove out to balls with his young wife, but I was considered either too young, or unfit for such enjoyments, and nobody introduced me in those houses where balls were given. In spite of my vow of frankness with Dmítri, I told nobody, not even him, how anxious I was to attend balls, and how it mortified and angered me that they forgot me and apparently regarded me as a kind of a philosopher, so that in consequence thereof, I tried to appear like one.

That winter there was a reception at the house of Princess Kornákov. She personally invited us all, including me, and I went for the first time to a ball. Volódya came into my room before we were to start, and wanted to see me dressed. This act of his greatly surprised and puzzled me. It seemed to me that the desire always to be well dressed was blameworthy, and had to be concealed; but he, on the contrary, regarded this desire as so natural and necessary that he said quite openly that he was afraid I should disgrace myself. He ordered me to put on lacquered boots, was horrified when I wanted to put on chamois-leather gloves, fixed my watch in a particular manner, and took me to Blacksmith Bridge to a hairdresser. They curled my hair. Volódya stood off and looked at me from a distance.

"Now it is all right, but can't you really smooth down those tufts of his?" he said, turning to the hair-dresser.

But no matter how much Monsieur Charles smeared my tufts with a sticky essence, they rose again when I put on my hat, and my whole curled head looked worse to me than before. My only salvation lay in an affectation of carelessness. Only under such conditions did my exterior look like something.

Volódya, it seems, was of the same opinion, for he asked me to undo the curls, and when I did so and the effect still was bad, he no longer looked at me, and all the way to the Kornákovs was incommunicative and melancholy.

Volódya and I entered the house of the Kornákovs boldly; but when the princess invited me to dance, and I, who had come with this one aim in view, told her that I did not dance, I lost my courage and, remaining all alone among strange people, fell into my unconquerable, ever increasing bashfulness. I stood silently all the evening in one place.

During a waltz one of the young princesses walked up to me and asked me, with the official civility of her family, why I did not dance. I remember how I was put out by the question, and how, entirely against my will, a self-satisfied smile covered my face, and I began to tell her in French, with high-flown turns and introductory phrases, such dreadful nonsense that even now, after tens of years, I have to blush when I think of it. It must be that the music so affected me, by exciting my nerves, and drowning, as I supposed, the less intelligible parts of my speech. I said something or other about high life, about the emptiness of men and women, and finally was so completely lost in a maze of words, that I had to stop in the middle of a sentence which it was utterly impossible to finish.

Even the thoroughbred worldly princess was put out of

countenance, and reproachfully looked at me. I smiled. At this critical moment Volódya, seeing that I was speaking excitedly, and, no doubt, wishing to know how I explained away my refusal to dance, walked up to us with Dubkóv. When he saw my smiling countenance and the frightened expression of the princess, and heard the awful bosh with which I ended my discourse, he blushed and turned away. The princess rose and walked off. I was smiling, but suffered so terribly from the consciousness of my stupidity that I was ready to go through the floor, and felt the necessity of stirring about and saying something, in order to change my situation in some manner. I went up to Dubkóv and asked him whether he had danced many dances with *her*. I pretended to be playful and merry, but in reality I implored aid of that very Dubkóv whom I had told to shut up at the dinner at Yar's. Dubkóv looked as though he had not heard me and turned away in another direction. I moved up to Volódya, and said to him, with an expenditure of all my strength, endeavouring to give a playful tone to my voice, "Well, Volódya, are you tired?" But Volódya looked at me as much as to say, "You do not speak to me that way when we are alone," and silently walked away from me, apparently afraid that I might stick to him.

"My Lord, even my brother abandons me!" I thought.

I somehow did not have sufficient strength to leave. I stood sullen, in one spot, all during the evening, and only when all had congregated in the antechamber, ready to depart, and a lackey caught my overcoat on the edge of my hat, so that it rose, I laughed painfully through tears and, without addressing anybody in particular, said, "*Comme c'est gracieux!*"

XXXIX.

A CAROUSAL

ALTHOUGH, under Dmítri's influence, I did not yet abandon myself to the common student enjoyments which are called "carousals," I had occasion to be present at such an entertainment that winter, but I carried away from it a rather unpleasant sensation. It happened like this.

In the beginning of the year Baron Z——, a tall, blond young man, with a very solemn expression on his face, invited us all, at a lecture, to his house for a sociable evening. When I say all of us, I mean all the fellow students of our course who were more or less *comme il faut*, and among whom, of course, were neither Grap, nor Seménov, nor Óperov, nor any of those insignificant gentlemen. Volódya smiled contemptuously when he heard that I was going to a carousal of the first year students, but I expected an unusual and intense pleasure from this entirely unfamiliar pastime, and punctually at the appointed time, at eight o'clock, I was at the house of Baron Z——.

Baron Z——, in an unbuttoned coat and white waistcoat, received his guests in the lighted parlour and drawing-room of the small house in which his parents lived, who, on the occasion of the celebration, had granted him the use of the reception-rooms. In the corridor could be seen the heads and dresses of curious maids, and in the buffet-room flashed by the dress of a lady whom I took

for the baroness. There were some twenty guests, all of them students except Mr. Frost, who had come with Ívin, and one tall, red-faced private gentleman who had charge of the celebration, and who was introduced to all as a relative of the baron, and a former student of the university of Dorpat. The extremely bright illumination and the usual, conventional outfit of the reception-rooms at first acted so chillingly upon that youthful company that all kept close to the wall, except a few bolder fellows and the Dorpat student, who, having unbuttoned his waistcoat, seemed to be at the same time in every room, and in every corner of every room, and filled the whole room with his sonorous, agreeable, and continuous tenor voice. The other students were mostly silent, or modestly discussed their professors, the sciences, examinations, in general, serious matters. Everybody without exception watched the door of the buffet-room, and, though trying to conceal it, bore an expression which said, "Well, it is time to begin." I myself felt that it was time to begin, and waited for the beginning with impatient joy.

After tea, which the lackeys served to the guests, the Dorpat student asked Frost, in Russian:

"Dost thou know how to make the punch, Frost?"

"*O ja!*" answered Frost, moving his calves, but the Dorpat student again said to him in Russian:

"Then take it into thine hands" (they spoke "thou" to each other, as schoolmates of the Dorpat University), and Frost, taking a few long steps with his bent muscular legs, began to pass from the drawing-room to the buffet-room and back again, and soon there appeared on the table a large bowl with a ten-pound head of sugar in it, held in place by three crossed student swords. Baron Z—— in the meantime walked up to all the guests who had gathered in the drawing-room and were looking at the bowl, and with an unchangeable solemn face repeated nearly the

same thing: "Gentlemen, let us drink in student fashion the round bowl, '*Bruderschaft*,' for there is no comradeship in our course. Why don't you unbutton your coats, or take them off entirely, just as he has done?" And, indeed, the Dorpat student, having taken off his coat and rolled up his white shirt-sleeves above his elbows, and firmly planted his legs, was already burning the rum in the bowl.

"Gentlemen, put out the lights!" suddenly cried the Dorpat student as loud and sonorously as if we all were crying together. But we looked in silence at the bowl and at the white shirt of the Dorpat student, and all felt that the solemn moment had arrived.

"*Löschen Sie die Lichter aus, Frost!*" again cried the Dorpat student, this time in German, probably because he was quite excited. Frost and the rest of us began to blow out the lights. The room grew dark, and only the white shirt-sleeves and hands that supported the head of sugar with the swords were lighted up by the bluish flame. The loud tenor of the Dorpat student was no longer the only one, for they were talking and laughing in all the corners of the room. Many took off their coats (especially those who had fine linen, and very white shirts), and I did the same, and knew that now it was beginning. Although there was nothing merry as yet, I was quite convinced that it would be nice as soon as we should drink a glass of the brewing drink.

The drink was prepared. The Dorpat student poured out the punch in glasses, spilling a great deal on the table, and called out: "Now, gentlemen, come on!" When we all had well-filled sticky glasses in our hands, the Dorpat student and Frost sang a German song, in which the exclamation "*Juchhe!*" was frequently repeated. We sang with them as best we could, clinked our glasses, praised the punch, and, crossing hands with each other, or in simple fashion, began to drink the sweet, strong liquid.

There was nothing more to wait for, — the carousal was in full swing.

I emptied a whole glass; they filled another for me; the blood beat strongly in my temples; the light looked blood-red to me; everybody around me laughed and cried, and yet it not only seemed not jolly to me, but I was even convinced that all of us suffered ennui, and that we merely found it necessary to pretend that it all was very jolly. The Dorpat student was probably the only one who did not feign: he grew ever more bloodshot and ubiquitous, filled everybody's empty glasses, and spilled more and more on the table, which finally grew all sticky and sweet.

I do not remember everything that happened, or in what order, but I recall that I was that evening awfully fond of that Dorpat student and of Frost, learned by heart the German song, and kissed their sweet lips; I also recollect that on that same evening I hated the Dorpat student, and wanted to bang him with a chair, but restrained myself; I recollect that, in addition to the feeling of disobedience of all my limbs, which I had experienced at the dinner at Yar's, my head ached and whirled in such a terrible manner that I was dreadfully afraid I should die right off; I also recollect that we all seated ourselves for some reason on the floor, waved our hands, imitating the motion of oars, and sang "Down our mother Vólga," and that I thought all the time that it was not necessary to do all this; I recollect also that, lying on the floor, my legs caught in somebody's, and I fought with him in gipsy fashion and sprained his neck, whereat I thought that it would not have happened if he had not been drunk; I recollect also that we had supper, and drank something else, that I went outside to cool off, that my head felt cold, and that, at parting, I noticed that it was dreadfully dark, that the foot-rest of the vehicle had in the meanwhile become crooked and sleek, and that it

was not possible to hold on to Kuzmá, because he was very weak and flaunted like a rag; but, above all, I recollect that during that evening I never stopped feeling that I acted very foolishly, pretending that it was jolly, that I liked to drink much, and that I never thought of being drunk, and I also felt that the rest were acting just as foolishly when they pretended the same. I thought that each one in particular was just as dissatisfied as I, but that he supposed that he alone experienced that unpleasant sensation, and, consequently, regarded it as his duty to pretend to be merry, in order not to impair the general merriment; besides, though it may seem strange, I considered it my duty to pretend, for the reason alone, if for no other, that into that bowl had been poured three bottles of champagne, at ten roubles, and ten bottles of rum, at four roubles, which made in all seventy roubles, not counting the supper. I was so convinced of it, that next day I was exceedingly surprised during the lecture, when my companions, who had been present at the entertainment of Baron Z——, not only were not ashamed of what they had done there, but told of it in such a manner that the other students might hear it. They said that the carousal was fine, that the Dorpat boys were great at it, and that the twenty students had drunk forty bottles of rum, and that many of them were left for dead under the table. I could not understand why they should tell, and moreover lie, about themselves.

XL.

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH THE NEKHLYÚDOVS

That winter I frequently saw not only Dmítri, who was in the habit of visiting us, but also his whole family, with whom I was getting better acquainted.

The Nekhlyúdovs, mother, aunt, and daughter, passed all their evenings at home, and the princess was fond of having young people come to see them in the evening, that is, men who, she said, were able to pass a whole evening without cards or dancing. There must have been a dearth of such men, because I rarely saw any guests there, though I called nearly every day. I grew accustomed to the members of that family, and to their various dispositions, formed a clear conception of their mutual relations, got used to the rooms and furniture, and, when there were no guests, felt perfectly at ease, except when I was left alone with Várenka. It always seemed to me that she was not a very pretty girl, and that she was exceedingly anxious that I should fall in love with her. But this embarrassment, too, soon began to pass away. She was so unconstrained in her manner, whether she talked to me, to her brother, or to Lyubóv Sergyéevna, that I acquired the habit of looking at her simply as at a person to whom it was neither disgraceful nor dangerous to express the pleasure which her company afforded. During all the time of my acquaintance with her, she appeared on certain days very homely, while on others I thought she was not so ill-looking, but it never occurred to me to ask myself whether I was in love with her, or

not. I had occasion to speak to her directly, but more often I conversed with her by addressing Lyubóv Sergyéevna or Dmítri, and this latter method gave me especial pleasure. It was a great pleasure for me to speak in her presence, to listen to her singing, and in general to know that she was in the room while I was there. I was now rarely worried by the thought what my relations to Várenka would be in the future, and by the dreams of self-sacrifice for my friend if he should fall in love with my sister. And if such thoughts and dreams did come to me, I felt myself sufficiently contented in the present, and unconsciously warded off the thoughts of the future.

In spite of this closer acquaintance, I continued to regard it as my invariable duty to conceal my real sentiments and inclinations from all the family of the Nekhlyúdovs, and especially from Várenka, and endeavoured to pass for an entirely different young man from what I really was, and even to appear like one who could not have any existence in reality. I tried to appear impassioned, went into ecstasies, sighed, and made passionate gestures, whenever I wanted to express my great pleasure, and at the same time attempted to appear indifferent to every extraordinary occurrence which I had witnessed, or of which they told me; tried to appear a malicious jester for whom there was nothing holy, and at the same time a shrewd observer; tried to appear logical in all my acts, precise and punctual in the affairs of life, and at the same time contemptuous of everything of a material nature. I may say I was a much better man in reality than that odd creature which I endeavoured to represent, but even such as I pretended to be, the Nekhlyúdovs were fond of me and, to my good fortune, had, I think, no faith in my pretensions. Only Lyubóv Sergyéevna, who considered me as a great egotist, blasphemer, and cynic, I think, did not like me, and frequently quarrelled with me, grew angry, and tried to vanquish me with her fragmentary, inco-

herent phrases. But Dmítri remained in the same strange, more than friendly relations with her, and said that nobody understood her, and that she was doing him a great deal of good. His friendship for her continued to grieve the family as before.

Once Várenka, who was discussing with me that incomprehensible relation, explained it thus:

"Dmítri is egotistical. He is too proud, and, in spite of his good mind, is very fond of praise and admiration, and likes always to be first, while aunty, in the innocence of her soul, worships him, and has not enough tact to conceal that admiration for him, so that in reality she flatters him, only not feignedly, but sincerely."

This reflection impressed itself upon my memory, and when I later analyzed it, I could not help thinking that Várenka was a very clever girl, and, in consequence, with pleasure raised her in my opinion. As the result of the discovery of mind and other moral qualities in her, I frequently advanced her thus, with pleasure, but with a certain austere moderation, and never rose to ecstasy, which is the extreme point of this advancement. Thus, when Sófya Ivánovna, who never stopped talking about her niece, told me that Várenka, four years ago, while in the country, had without permission given away all her clothes and shoes to the village children, so that it was necessary to gather them up again, I did not at once accept the fact as worthy of advancing her in my opinion, but mentally made fun of her for such an impractical view of things.

When there were guests at the Nekhlyúdovs, among them sometimes Volódya and Dubkóv, I retreated, with self-satisfaction and with a certain calm consciousness of being a friend of the family, to the background, did not take part in the conversation, and only listened to what was said. And everything that others said seemed to me so incomprehensibly stupid that I wondered mentally how such a clever and logical woman as the princess, and

all her logical family, could listen to all those stupid things, and reply to them. If it had occurred to me then to compare with what the others said that which I said when I was alone, I, no doubt, should not have been surprised. Still less should I have been surprised if I had come to believe that our own family — Avdótya Vasílevna, Lyúbochka, and Kátenka — were just such women as the rest, by no means lower than others, and if I had recalled what it was Dubkóv, Kátenka, and Avdótya Vasílevna talked about for whole evenings, smiling merrily, and how, nearly every time, Dubkóv, stickling for something, read with feeling the verses, "*Au banquet de la vie, infortune convive*," or extracts from the "Demon," and, in general, with what pleasure they uttered all kinds of nonsense for hours at a time.

Of course, when guests were present, Várenka paid less attention to me than when we were alone, and, besides, there was no reading, and no music, which I liked to hear so much. When she spoke to the guests she lost her chief charm for me,— her calm thoughtfulness and simplicity. I remember how strangely I was impressed by the conversation about the theatre and the weather, which she held with my brother Volódya. I knew that Volódya more than anything avoided and abhorred banality, and that Várenka also was in the habit of making fun of the quasi-entertaining conversations about the weather, and so forth; then why did they, upon meeting, eternally utter the most unbearable commonplaces, and as if ashamed of each other? After every conversation of this kind I was silently provoked with Várenka, and the following day made fun of the guests, and after that I found even more pleasure in being alone in the family circle of the Nekhlyúdovs.

However it may be, I began to derive more enjoyment from being with Dmítri in the drawing-room of his mother than from being all alone with him.

XLI.

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH NEKHLYÚDOV

AT this period my friendship with Dmítri was suspended by a hair. I had begun long ago to pass judgment on him, in order to discover his faults; but in our first youth we love only passionately, and, therefore, we love only perfect men. But the moment the mist of passion begins to scatter, or the bright beams of reason begin involuntarily to burst through it, and we see the object of our passion in its real aspect, with its good and bad qualities, the bad qualities, like something unexpected, appear magnified and dazzle our eyes; the feeling of novelty and of hope that perfection in another man is possible encourages us not only to cool off toward, but even to turn away from, the former object of our passion; and we cast it off without regret, and rush forward to seek a new perfection. If the same thing did not happen in my relation to Dmítri, I owed it to his stubborn, pedantic, mental, rather than spiritual, attachment, which I should have felt ashamed to betray. In addition, we were united by our strange rule of frankness. When we parted from each other we were afraid to leave all the outrageous moral secrets of our confidences in the power of the other. However, our rule of frankness was evidently not always observed, and frequently embarrassed us, and produced strange relations between us.

Nearly every time when I called that winter on Dmítri, I found his classmate, Bezobyédov, with whom he studied.

Bezobyédov was a small, pockmarked, lean young man, with tiny, freckled hands, and very long, unkempt hair, always ragged, dirty, uncultured, and even a poor student. Dmítri's relations with him were as inscrutable to me as those with Lyubóv Sergyéevna. The only cause for his selecting him from among all his classmates and being friendly with him was that a worse-looking student could not be found in the whole university. Dmítri, no doubt, found a special delight in being friendly with him, in order to spite everybody. In all his relations with that student was expressed the haughty feeling, "It is all the same to me who you are, and I do not care for what others say; I like him, consequently he is all right."

I marvelled how he could constrain himself so much, and how unfortunate Bezobyédov was able to endure his awkward situation. I was very much displeased with that friendship.

I once called on Dmítri in the evening, in order to spend the time with him in his mother's drawing-room, to chat, and to listen to Várenka's singing and reading. Bezobyédov was up-stairs. Dmítri answered me in an abrupt voice that he could not go down, because, as I could see, he had a guest.

"What pleasure is there in it, anyway?" he added. "Let us sit here, and have a chat."

Although I was not at all delighted by the idea of staying two hours with Bezobyédov, I could not make up my mind to go down by myself into the drawing-room, and, inwardly provoked by my friend's odd ties, sat down in a rocking-chair, and began to rock. I was very angry with Dmítri and Bezobyédov for depriving me of the pleasure of being down-stairs; I waited, hoping that Bezobyédov would soon leave, and was irritated at him and Dmítri, and listened in silence to their conversation.

"A very agreeable guest! Stay with him!" I thought, when a lackey brought tea, and Dmítri had to ask Bezo-

byédov five times to take a glass, because his timid guest regarded it as his duty to decline the first and second glass, saying, "Drink yourself!" Dmítri had evidently to force himself to entertain his guest with a conversation, into which he vainly tried to drag me. I kept sullen silence.

"What's to be done? I have such a countenance that no one would dare imagine I am suffering ennui." I mentally turned to Dmítri, evenly rocking in my chair, in silence. I began, with a certain pleasure, to fan in myself an ever increasing feeling of quiet hatred for my friend. "What a fool," I thought of him; "he might have passed an agreeable evening with his charming relatives, — no, he must stay here with that beast, and now the time is passing, and it will be too late to go to the drawing-room," and I glanced at my friend past the edge of my chair. His hand, his attitude, his neck, and especially the back of his cranium and his knees seemed to me so disgusting and provoking, that I should have experienced a certain pleasure if at that moment I had said something very rude to him.

Finally Bezobyédov rose, but Dmítri would not let his agreeable guest depart at once: he proposed to him to stay overnight, but, fortunately, Bezobyédov declined, and went away.

Having taken him to the door, Dmítri returned and, softly smiling a self-satisfied smile and rubbing his hands, — no doubt, because he had sustained his character and because he was at last free from ennui, — began to pace the room, looking at me from time to time. He appeared still more disgusting to me. "How dare he walk and smile?" I thought.

"What makes you so sullen?" he said, suddenly, stopping opposite me.

"I am not at all sullen," I answered, as people always answer under these circumstances, "I am only annoyed

because you dissemble, before me, before Bezobyédov, and before yourself."

"What nonsense! I never dissemble before anybody."

"I am not forgetful of our rule of frankness, — I am telling you the truth. I am convinced," I said, "that this Bezobyédov is as unbearable to you as to me, for he is stupid, and God knows what, but you only put on airs before him."

"No! And, in the first place, Bezobyédov is a fine fellow — "

"But I say, yes. And I tell you that your friendship with Lyubóv Sergyéevna is also based on the fact that she regards you as a god."

"But I tell you, no."

"And I say, yes, because I know it from my own experience," I answered him, with the ardour of restrained annoyance, and trying to disarm him with my frankness. "I have told you so before, and I repeat it now, that it always seems to me that I love those people who tell me agreeable things, but when I examine myself closely, I find that there is no real attachment."

"No," continued Dmítri, correcting his necktie with an angry jerk of his neck, "when I love, neither praises nor chiding are able to change my feeling."

"It is not so. I have told you that when papa called me a good-for-nothing, I for some time hated him and wished his death; even thus you — "

"Speak for yourself. I am sorry if you are such — "

"On the contrary," I cried, jumping up from my chair, and with desperate boldness looking into his eyes, "what you say is wrong; did you not tell me about brother? — I do not understand you in this, because it would be dishonest, — did you not tell me? — and I will tell you, since I now understand you — "

In my attempt to sting him more painfully than he had stung me, I began to prove to him that he loved nobody,

and to reproach him for everything for which I thought I had a right to blame him. I was very much satisfied at having told him all, and forgot that the only possible purpose of this reproach was to make him confess the faults of which I accused him, and that this aim could not be reached at that particular moment when he was excited. I never told him these things when he was calm and might have confessed his shortcomings.

Our discussion was growing into a quarrel, when Dmítri suddenly became silent, and went into another room. I followed him, continuing to speak, but he did not answer me. I knew that in the column of his vices was also irritability, and that he was now trying to overcome it. I cursed all his rules.

This, then, is what our rule to tell each other everything we felt, and never to tell a third person about it, had led us to! In our transports of frankness we frequently made most disgraceful confessions to each other, and, to our shame, interpreted suppositions and dreams as desires and sensations, just as had happened in this particular case. These confessions not only did not strengthen the bond which united us, but dried up that very feeling, and disunited us; and now his egotism suddenly prevented him from making the simplest kind of confession, and in the heat of the discussion we made use of the very weapons which we had given one another, and which struck us painfully.

XLII.

OUR STEPMOTHER

ALTHOUGH papa had intended to come to Moscow with his wife after New Year's, he arrived in October, when hunting with dogs was still in full swing. Papa said that he had changed his mind because his case was to be taken up in the Senate; but Mimi told us that Avdótya Vasílevna suffered such ennui in the country, and so often spoke of Moscow, and pretended to be ill, that papa decided to fulfil her wish. "Because she never loved him, and only tired everybody talking of her love, when she really only wished to marry a rich man," added Mimi, drawing a pensive sigh, as if to say: "Certain people would have acted quite differently, if he had only known how to appreciate them."

Certain people were unjust to Avdótya Vasílevna; her love for papa, a passionate, loyal love of self-sacrifice, was visible in every word, look, and motion of hers. But this love did not in the least interfere, aside from her desire not to be separated from the husband she worshipped, with her wanting an extraordinary bonnet from Madame Annete, a hat with an unusual, blue ostrich feather, and a dress of blue Venetian velvet, which would artistically display her stately bosom and arms, that no one but her husband and maids had seen heretofore. Kátenka was naturally on the side of her mother, while between us and our stepmother strange, jocular relations were established from the very first day of her arrival.

The moment she stepped out of the carriage, Volódya, with a solemn face and dim eyes, scuffing and curtseying, walked up to her hand, and said, as if introducing some one:

"I have the honour of welcoming my dear mother, and kissing her hand."

"Oh, dear son!" said Avdótya Vasílevna, smiling her beautiful, monotonous smile.

"And do not forget your second son," I said, also walking up to her hand, and involuntarily assuming Volódya's expression and voice.

If our stepmother and we had been sure of mutual attachment, this expression might have signified a disregard of demonstrative tokens of love; if we had been before hostilely inclined toward each other, it might have signified irony, or contempt of dissembling, or a desire to conceal from father our real relations, and many other sentiments and thoughts; but in the present case, this expression, which exactly fitted Avdótya Vasílevna's disposition, meant absolutely nothing, and only concealed an absence of all relations. I have often noticed since, in other families, just such jocular, false relations, whenever their members have a presentiment that the true relations would not be in place; precisely these relations subsisted between us and Avdótya Vasílevna. We hardly ever came out of them; we were always dissemblingly polite to her, spoke French, scuffed, and called her "*Chère maman*," to which she always replied with jokes of the same character, and with her beautiful, monotonous smile. Blubbering Lyúbochka alone, with her bandy legs and silly conversations, took a liking to our stepmother, and very naïvely, and at times awkwardly, endeavoured to bring us all together; and thus Lyúbochka was the only person in the whole world for whom Avdótya Vasílevna had a drop of attachment outside of her passionate love for papa. Avdótya Vasílevna showed for her an ecstatic

admiration and timid respect, which amazed us very much.

In the beginning Avdótya Vasílevna was fond of calling herself stepmother and hinting how badly and unjustly children and home people always looked upon a stepmother, and how difficult her position was in consequence. Although she well knew the disagreeableness of this position, she did nothing to avoid it, — by fondling one, giving some gift to another, and keeping her temper, — which would have been a very easy thing for her to do, because she was not exacting by nature, and was very good at heart. She not only did not do so, but, on the contrary, foreseeing her disagreeable state, she prepared for defence without being attacked; and, suspecting that all the people of the house wanted to be in every way rude and insulting to her, she saw a purpose in everything, and regarded it as most dignified to suffer in silence; and, of course, by not inviting love with her inaction, invited only enmity. Besides, she was so entirely devoid of the faculty of "understanding," of which I have spoken before, and which was highly developed in our house, and her habits were so different from those which had taken deep root with us, that this alone went against her.

In our punctual and neat home she lived as though she had just arrived, rose and retired now late, now early, and came to dinner and supper irregularly. When there were no guests she walked about half-dressed, and was not ashamed to appear before us and the servants in her petticoat, with a shawl about her, leaving her arms bare. At first I liked this simplicity, but very soon I lost, on account of this very simplicity, the last respect which I had for her. Stranger still for us was the fact that there were two women in her, according as there were guests or not: before guests, she was a young, healthy, and cold beauty, superbly dressed, not stupid, not clever, but

mirthful; without guests, she was an oldish, haggard, repining woman, slatternly, and suffering ennui, though loving. Frequently, when I saw how she, smiling and flushed from the wintry cold, happy in the consciousness of her beauty, returned from visits, and, taking off her hat, walked up to the mirror to examine herself in it; or how she, rustling her superb low-cut ball-dress, ashamed and at the same time proud before her servants, walked to her carriage; or how she, at home, when we had some little evening parties, dressed in a high-necked silk dress, with fine laces about her delicate neck, showered on all sides her monotonous, but beautiful smile, I thought, what would those say who admired her if they saw her as I did, when she stayed at home in the evening, waiting till after twelve o'clock for her husband's return from the club, and in some capote, with unkempt hair, walked like a shadow through the dimly lighted rooms? She would walk up to the piano, and play, frowning with her effort, the only waltz which she knew; or take up a novel and, having read a few sentences in the middle, throw it away again; or, in order not to wake the people, walk up to the buffet and take out from it a cucumber and some cold veal, and eat it, standing at the window of the buffet; or again, tired and gloomy, aimlessly walk from one room to another.

Nothing disunited us so much as the absence of understanding, which found its expression more particularly in a characteristic manner of condescending attention, whenever we spoke about things unintelligible to her. She was not to be blamed for acquiring an unconscious habit of slightly smiling with her lips only, and nodding, whenever she was told things that little interested her (nothing interested her but herself and her husband); but this smile and nod, frequently repeated, were unbearably detestable. Her merriment, too, as though mocking herself, us, and the whole world, was also awkward and did

not communicate itself to others; and her sentimentality was truly nauseating. The main thing was that she did not blush to tell everybody continually of her love for papa. Though she did not tell an untruth when she asserted that all her life consisted in her love for her husband, and though she proved it by her whole life, this unabashed, uninterrupted repetition about her love was, according to our ideas, detestable, and we were even more ashamed for her when she told it to strangers, than when she made mistakes in speaking French.

She loved her husband more than anything else in the world, and her husband loved her, especially in the beginning, when he saw that she pleased others as well. The only aim of her life was to get the love of her husband; but she seemed purposely to be doing everything which might displease him, with the aim in view of showing him all the power of her love and her readiness for self-sacrifice.

She was fond of fine dresses, and father liked to see her a belle in society, so as to provoke praises and admiration; she sacrificed her passion for fine garments for father, and more and more accustomed herself to stay at home in a gray blouse. Papa, who regarded freedom and equality as necessary conditions in family relations, had hoped that his favourite Lyúbochka and his good young wife would become intimate and friendly; but Avdótya Vasílevna sacrificed herself, and thought it necessary to show an improper respect to the real hostess of the house, as she called Lyúbochka, which painfully offended papa. He played a great deal that winter, finally lost much, and, anxious, as ever, not to mix up his gambling with his domestic affairs, concealed all his gaming from his home people. Aydótya Vasílevna sacrificed herself, and though frequently ill, and even pregnant at the end of winter, considered it her duty, in her gray blouse, with unkempt hair, though it were four or five o'clock in the

morning, to totter along in order to meet papa, when he, frequently tired, having sustained losses, shamefaced, after an eighth fine, returned from his club. She asked him abstractedly whether he had been lucky at the game, and she listened with condescending attention, smiling and nodding, to what he told her about his doings in the club, and to his hundredth entreaty not to wait for him. And although my father's gains and losses, on which, such was his game, his wealth depended, did not in the least interest her, she continued to be the first to meet him, every time when he returned from his club. In truth, she was urged on to these meetings not only by her passion for self-sacrifice, but by a secret jealousy, from which she suffered to an extraordinary degree. Nobody in the world could have convinced her that papa was returning so late from his club, and not from an amour. She tried to read in papa's face his amatory secrets, and not making out anything, she sighed, with a certain pleasurableness of grief, and gave herself over to the contemplation of her misfortune.

On account of these, and many other, continuous sacrifices, in papa's relations with his wife, there became noticeable, in the last months of that winter, when he lost a great deal, and therefore was generally out of sorts, an intermediate feeling of quiet hatred, — that reserved detestation of the object of attachment, which expresses itself in an unconscious tendency to offer all kinds of petty, moral annoyances to that object.

XLIII.

NEW COMPANIONS

THE winter passed unnoticed and it began to thaw, and in the university the schedule of examinations was already nailed to the wall, when I suddenly recalled that I had to pass examinations in eighteen subjects which I had taken, but of which I had neither heard, nor noted down, nor prepared a single one. It is strange such a plain question as how to pass my examinations had never occurred to me. I lived all that winter in such a mist, which was occasioned by my enjoyment of being a grown man and *comme il faut*, that when such a question as the examinations did occur to me, I compared myself with my companions, and thought, "They will go to the examinations, and most of them are not yet *comme il faut*, consequently I have an advantage over them, and certainly shall pass my examinations." I attended my lectures only because I got used to doing so, and because papa told me to go. And then, I had many acquaintances, and I often had a jolly time at the university. I loved that noise, that conversation, that laughter of the lecture-rooms; loved during the lectures, while occupying a back seat, at the even sound of the professor's voice, to dream of something, and to observe my companions; loved sometimes to run down to Matern to take a drink of brandy and a bite of something, and, though I knew the professors might afterward get after me for it, timidly to open the creaking door, and enter the lecture-room; loved to take part in some practi-

cal joke, when the different courses pressed against each other in the corridor. All that was very jolly.

When everybody began to attend lectures more regularly, and the professor of physics finished his course and bade us good-bye until the examinations, and the students collected their note-books and started to study in groups, I, too, thought I ought to prepare myself. Óperov, with whom I continued to exchange greetings, but with whom I was otherwise on a very distant footing, offered me, as I mentioned before, his note-books, and even proposed that I should come with other students to prepare the examinations together with him. I thanked him and consented, hoping by honouring him thus to wipe out our old misunderstanding, but insisted that all the students should come to my house, because I had pleasant quarters.

I was told that we should prepare, by turns, now at one house, now at another, wherever it was most convenient as to distance. The first time we met at the house of Zúkhin. It was a small room with a partition, in a large house on Trubnóy Boulevard. I was late that first day, and arrived when they had begun to read. The small room was filled with smoke from the strongest kind of tobacco, which Zúkhin smoked. On the table stood a decanter with brandy, a wine-glass, bread, salt, and a leg of mutton.

Zúkhin did not get up, but invited me to have a drink, and take off my coat.

"I suppose you are not used to such a reception," he added.

They all had on dirty chintz shirts and fronts. Trying not to express my contempt for them, I took off my coat, and lay down on the sofa, in an unconventional fashion. Zúkhin was reading, occasionally consulting his note-books; others stopped him and asked him questions which he answered briefly, cleverly, and precisely. I listened, and asked him a question, since there was much which I did not understand, not knowing what preceded.

"My friend, there is no use listening if you do not know this," said Zúkhin. "I will give you the note-books, you study it up for to-morrow; there will otherwise be no use explaining to you." I felt ashamed of my ignorance, and, at the same time being conscious of the justice of Zúkhin's remarks, I quit listening, and busied myself with observing my new companions. According to my classification into people *comme il faut*, and people not *comme il faut*, they obviously belonged to the second division, and, consequently, aroused in me not only the feeling of contempt, but also a certain personal hatred which I experienced toward them, because, not being *comme il faut*, they seemed to regard me merely as their equal, and even to treat me in a condescending, though kindly manner. This feeling was provoked in me by their feet, their dirty hands with their bitten nails, by Óperov's long nail on his little finger, by their rose-coloured shirts, their fronts, their swearing, which they jestingly directed at each other, the dirty room, Zúkhin's habit of frequently clearing his nose by pressing his finger against one nostril, and especially by their manner of pronouncing, using, and accentuating certain words. For example, they used the word "insensate" for "foolish," "precisely" for "just," "superb" for "all right," and so forth, which seemed to me bookish and detestably improper. I was still more provoked to hatred by their accentuation of some Russian, and especially foreign, words.

In spite of their repulsive exterior, which at that time I was unable to overlook, I felt that there was something good in these people, and, envying the jolly comradery which united them, was drawn to these students, and wished to become better acquainted with them, however hard it was for me to do so. I already knew gentle, honest Óperov; now, I took a special liking for quick, extremely clever Zúkhin, who evidently was a leader in this circle. He was a small, thick-set man of dark com-

plexion, with a somewhat swollen and always shining, but exceedingly intelligent, lively, and independent countenance. This expression he owed mainly to a low, but arched forehead over deep-set black eyes, bristly short hair, and a thick black beard, which always looked unshaven. He did not seem to be thinking about himself (which always pleased me in people), and it was evident that his brain was never idle. He had one of those expressive faces which suddenly change in your opinion a few hours after you have seen them for the first time. This happened, in my opinion, with Zúkhin's face toward the end of that evening. Suddenly new wrinkles appeared in his face, his eyes retreated farther, his smile became different, and his whole countenance was so changed that it was hard to recognize him.

When the reading was over, Zúkhin, the other students, and I drank a glass of brandy, and the decanter was almost empty. Zúkhin asked who had a quarter, so that he could send the old woman, who waited on him, for some more brandy. I offered him my money, but Zúkhin turned to Óperov, as though he had not heard me, and Óperov took out his beaded purse, and gave him the required coin.

"Look out and don't drink too much," said Óperov, who did not drink himself.

"Don't be afraid," answered Zúkhin, sucking the marrow out of the bone of mutton (I remember how I thought that it was his eating so much marrow that made him so clever). "Don't be afraid," continued Zúkhin, smiling slightly, and his smile was usually such that you had to notice it, and thank him for it. "Though I may drink a bit, it will not harm me; now, my friend, we shall see who will beat whom, he me, or I him. It is all fixed, my friend," he added, boastingly snapping his fingers against his brow. "Now, I am afraid Seménov will flunk; he has been drinking hard."

So it happened: that very Seménov with the gray hair, who had so much pleased me at the first examination because he looked worse than I, and who, after having passed his entrance examinations second on the list, had in the first month of his student life regularly attended his lectures, toward the end did not appear at all at the university, having gone on a spree long before reviewing time.

"Where is he?" somebody asked.

"I have lost sight of him," continued Zúkhin. "Last time we smashed 'Lisbon' together. It was a superb affair. Then, they say, there was something or other — He has a great head! There is a lot of fire in that man! A lot of brain! It will be a pity if he goes to the dogs. And he will, no doubt. He is not the kind of a lad, with his impulses, to hold out at the university."

After a short chat, they went away, having first agreed to meet the following days at Zúkhin's, as his room was centrally located. When they went out, I felt embarrassed because they all walked, and I had a vehicle, so I timidly proposed to Óperov to take him home. Zúkhin had followed us out, and, having borrowed a rouble of Óperov, went away somewhere to pass the whole night. On our way, Óperov told me a great deal about Zúkhin's character and manner of life. When I returned home I could not fall asleep for a long time, as I pondered about these my new acquaintances. I long wavered between respect for them, to which their knowledge, their simplicity, honesty, and poetry of youth, and careless bravery led me, and revulsion, produced by their indecent exterior. In spite of my best wishes, it was at that time literally impossible for me to get on a close footing with them. Our conceptions were quite different. There was an abyss of shades which for me constituted the whole charm and meaning of life, but which was quite incomprehensible to them, and *vice versa*. But the chief cause which made it impossible

for us to get nearer to each other lay in the twenty-rouble cloth of my coat, my vehicle, and fine linen shirts. This cause was particularly important for me; it seemed to me that I involuntarily offended them with the signs of my wealth. I felt guilty before them, and, now humbling myself, now feeling provoked for my undeserved humility, and again passing to self-confidence, was entirely unable to enter into equal, sincere relations with them. The coarse and depraved side of Zúkhin's character was at this time drowned for me in that powerful poetry of daring, of which I felt he was possessed, so that it did not affect me unpleasantly.

I went nearly every evening for two weeks to Zúkhin's to study. I studied very little, however, because, as I have already remarked, I was too far behind my classmates. I did not have enough strength of character to study by myself in order to catch up with them, and thus only pretended I was listening and understanding what they were reading. I thought my companions guessed I was feigning, and I frequently noticed that they left out passages which they knew, and never asked me about them.

With every day I more and more excused the irregularities of that circle, entering more into its life, and finding more poetry in it. The word of honour, which I had given to Dmítri that I would never go out carousing with them, kept me back in my desire to share their pleasures.

Once I tried to boast to them of my knowledge of literature, particularly French, and led up the conversation to it. To my astonishment I found that, although they pronounced the foreign titles in Russian, they had read a great deal more than I, and that they knew and appreciated the English, and even Spanish, authors, and Le Sage, whose names even I had never heard. Púshkin and Zhukóvski were literature to them, and not, as to me, books in yellow bindings, which I had read and learned when a child. They despised Dumas, Sue, and Féval alike, and they all, espe-

cially Zúkhin, judged literature much better and clearer than I, a fact which I could not help acknowledging.

Nor did I have any advantage over them in the knowledge of music. To my still greater astonishment, Óperov played the violin, another student who came there played the cello and the piano, and both played in the university orchestra, knew music well, and appreciated what was good. In short, everything of which I wanted to boast before them, except my pronunciation of French and German, they knew better than I, and were not in the least proud of it. I might have bragged of my knowledge of the world, but I was not possessed of it like Volódya. Then, what was that height from which I looked down upon them? My acquaintance with Prince Iván Ivánovich? My pronunciation of French? My linen shirt? My nails? But were not all these mere trifles? It sometimes occurred to me dimly, under the influence of the feeling of envy which I had in that company and of the good-hearted merriment which I observed. They all spoke "thou" to each other. The simplicity of their address frequently reached coarseness, but even under that coarse exterior could be noticed a constant fear of offending one another. "Rascal," "pig," which they employed as words of endearment, were irksome to me, and gave me cause for making fun of them inwardly; but these words did not offend them, and did not prevent their being on a very friendly and intimate footing. In their relations with each other they were as careful and refined as only very poor and very young people can be. The main thing was, I felt a broad, daring sweep in Zúkhin's character, and in his exploits in "Lisbon." I imagined that these carousals were something quite different from that hypocrisy with the burnt rum and champagne, in which I had taken part at the house of Baron Z——.

XLIV.

ZÚKHIN AND SEMÉNOV

I DO not know to what condition of life Zúkhin belonged, but I know that he had been a Gymnasiast at S——, was without any means, and, it seems, was not of the gentry. He was then about eighteen years of age, though he looked much older. He was uncommonly clever, but especially quick-witted: it was easier for him at once to grasp a whole, complicated subject, to foresee all its details and deductions, than consciously to judge the laws by which these deductions were arrived at. He knew he was clever, was proud of it, and, on account of this pride, was equally simple in his relations with everybody, and kind-hearted. He had, no doubt, experienced much in life. His impassioned, receptive nature had had time to receive the impress of love, friendship, affairs, and money matters. Though in a small way, and only in the lower strata of society, there was not a thing for which, if he had experienced it, he did not have something like contempt, or indifference and inattention, which originated in the great facility with which everything came to him. He seemed to take up with ardour everything new, only in order to scorn it the moment he had attained his end, — and his apt nature always attained its ends, and the right to scorn them.

The same was true of his sciences: though he did not study much, nor take down notes, he knew mathematics excellently, and it was not an idle boast when he said he would beat his professor. He considered many of the

lectures the merest nonsense, but with the unconscious practical temporizing which was inherent in his nature, he easily fell in with the professors, and they liked him. He was brusque in his relations with the authorities, but the authorities respected him. He had no regard nor love for the sciences, and even had contempt for those who seriously strove to acquire what came to him so easily. The sciences, as he understood them, did not occupy one-tenth of his faculties; life as a student did not offer him anything to which he could devote himself entirely; and his impassioned, active nature, as he himself said, demanded life, and he gave himself up to carousing, according to his means, with ardour and with the desire to wear himself out completely. Just before the examinations, Óperov's prediction came true. He disappeared for two weeks, and we had to study at the house of another student. But at the first examination he appeared in the hall, pale, emaciated, with trembling hands, and was brilliantly promoted to the second course.

In the beginning of the year there were some eight men in the band of carousers, of which Zúkhin was the leader. Among their number were at first Ikónin and Seménov, but Ikónin withdrew from the company, being unable to stand all the reckless orgies to which they abandoned themselves in the beginning of the year, and Seménov withdrew, because it was not enough for him. In the beginning everybody in our course looked with terror at them, and told each other their exploits.

The chief heroes of these exploits were Zúkhin, and toward the end of the year, Seménov. Seménov finally was looked upon with a certain terror, and when he made his appearance at a lecture, which was rather rarely, the whole lecture-room was agitated.

Seménov ended his carousing activities immediately before the examinations in a most energetic and original manner, and I was a witness to it, thanks to my acquaint-

ance with Zúkhin. It happened like this. One evening, when we had just come together at Zúkhin's, and Óperov, having placed near himself one candle in a candlestick and another in a bottle, had lowered his head and begun to read in his thin voice his finely written note-books of physics, the landlady entered the room and announced to Zúkhin that somebody had brought a note for him —

XLV.

I FLUNKED

At last came the first examination, in differential and integral calculus, while I was still living in a strange mist, and was not clearly conscious of what was awaiting me. In the evenings, when I returned from my visits to Zúkhin's company, I was haunted by the thought that I ought to modify my convictions, that there was something wrong in them; but in the morning, in the sunshine, I again became *comme il faut*, was satisfied with it, and did not desire any changes.

I was in such a frame of mind when I arrived at my first examination. I sat down on the bench where princes, counts, and barons sat, began to converse with them in French, and, however strange it may seem, it did not even occur to me that very soon I should have to answer questions in a subject I knew nothing about. I looked calmly at all who went up to be examined, and even permitted myself to make fun of some of them.

"Well, Grap," I said to Ilínka, when he returned from the table, "are you scared?"

"We shall see how you will do," said Ilínka, who had revolted against my influence, ever since he had entered the university, did not smile when I spoke to him, and was ill disposed toward me.

I smiled contemptuously at Ilínka's answer, although the doubt which he had expressed frightened me for a moment. But a mist again shrouded that feeling, and I

continued to be absent-minded and indifferent, so that I promised Baron Z—— to go and lunch with him at Matern's as soon as I should be examined, as though that were the merest trifle for me. When I was called out together with Ikónin, I straightened out the skirts of my uniform, and in the coldest blood walked up to the examination table.

A light chill of terror ran down my back only when the young professor, the same that had examined me at the entrance examination, looked straight at me, and I touched the paper on which the tickets were written. Ikónin, who picked up a ticket with the same swagger as he had done at the previous examinations, answered a thing or two, though badly; but I did what he had done at his first examinations — even worse, for I took a second ticket, and did not answer even that. The professor looked pitifully at me, and in a quiet, but firm voice said:

"You will not pass to the second course, Mr. Irténev. You had better not try the other examinations. The department has to be cleaned up. And you, too, Mr. Ikónin," he added.

Ikónin asked permission to be reëxamined, as a special favour, but the professor answered him that he would not be able to do in two days what he had not done in the course of a year, and that he would pass under no conditions. Ikónin begged him again, piteously and humbly, but the professor declined again.

"You may go, gentlemen," he said, in the same loud, but firm voice.

Not until then did I decide to leave the table, and I felt ashamed because I had with my silent presence, as it were, taken part in Ikónin's humiliating prayers. I do not remember how I crossed the hall past the students, what I answered to their questions, how I walked out into the vestibule, and how I reached home! I was aggrieved and humiliated, — I was truly wretched.

For three days I did not leave my room, saw nobody, sought, as in my childhood, consolation in tears, and wept much. I looked for pistols with which to shoot myself, if I should make up my mind to do so. I thought Ilínka Grap would spit in my face upon meeting me, and that he would be right in doing so; that Óperov rejoiced at my misfortune and told everybody of it; that Kolpikóv was quite right when he insulted me at Yar's; that my stupid speeches with Princess Kornákov could have had no other results, and so forth. All the oppressive moments of my life, so tormenting to my egoism, passed, one after another, through my mind; I tried to accuse some one in particular of my misfortune; thought that somebody had done it on purpose; concocted a whole intrigue against myself; murmured against the professors, against my classmates, against Volódya, against Dmítri, and against papa for having sent me to the university; murmured against Providence for having permitted me to live to such a disgrace. Finally, feeling that I was completely undone in the eyes of all those who knew me, I asked father to let me become a hussar, or go to the Caucasus. Papa was dissatisfied with me, but, seeing my terrible grief, consoled me, saying that, however bad it was, it might be mended by my going over into another department. Volódya, too, who did not see anything terrible in my misfortune, said that in another department I should at least not have to be ashamed before my new classmates.

Our ladies did not understand at all, and did not wish, or were not able, to understand what an examination was, what it meant to be promoted, and were sorry for me only because they saw my grief. Dmítri came to see me every day, and was all the time very kind and considerate of me, but I thought that for that very reason he had cooled off to me. It always pained and mortified me when he came up-stairs and silently seated himself near me, with

something of the expression with which a physician sits down on the bed of a dangerously sick man. Sófya Ivánovna and Várenka sent me through him some books which I had desired to have, and wanted me to come to see them; but in this very attention I saw a haughty, offensive condescension for a man who had fallen very low. Three or four days later I calmed down a little, but did not leave the house until the day of our departure to the country, and continued to walk aimlessly from one room to another, all the time brooding over my sorrow, and trying to evade all the people of the house.

I thought and thought, and finally, late one evening, when I was down-stairs all alone, and listening to Avdótya Vasílevna's waltz, I suddenly jumped up, ran up-stairs, fetched the note-book on which was written "Rules of Life," opened it, and was overcome by repentance and moral impulse. I burst out into tears, but no longer tears of repentance. Having regained my composure, I determined again to write down the rules of life, and I was convinced that I would never again do anything wrong, would never pass an idle moment, and never be false to my rules.

I shall tell in the next, happier half of my youth, whether this moral impulse lasted long, in what it consisted, and what new principles it furnished for my moral development.



THE INCURSION

Story of a Volunteer

1852

THE INCURSION

Story of a Volunteer

I.

On the 12th of July Captain Khlópov walked in through the low door of my earth-hut, wearing his epaulets and sabre, in which uniform I had not seen him since my arrival in the Caucasus.

"I am directly from the colonel," he said, answering the interrogative glance with which I met him; "to-morrow our battalion will start."

"Whither?" I asked.

"To N——. The troops are to rendezvous there."

"And from there, I suppose, they will go into action?"

"No doubt."

"Where? What do you think?"

"Think? I tell you what I know. Last night a Tartar came galloping from the general, — he brought an order for the battalion to move and take two days' rations of hardtack along. But where, why, how long, my friend, that we do not ask; we are told to go, and that is enough."

"But if you only take two days' rations of hardtack, the troops will not be held there longer, it seems."

"Well, that does not mean anything yet —"

"How so?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Just so! When they went to Dárgi they took hard-tack for a week, and stayed almost a month."

"Shall I be allowed to go with you?" I asked, after a moment's silence.

"I suppose there will be no objection, but my advice is not to go. What is the use risking —"

"No, you must permit me not to take your advice; I have been living a whole month here only to get a chance to see an action, — and you want me to miss it."

"All right, go; only, really, do you not think you had better stay? You might wait for us here, and go out hunting in the meantime; and we should go with God's aid. It would be fine!" he said, in such a persuasive tone that in the first moment it really appeared to me to be fine; but I said with firmness that I would not stay for anything.

"What is it you have not seen there?" the captain continued to persuade me. "Do you want to find out what battles are like? Read Mikháylovski-Danilévski's 'Description of War;' it is a fine book: he describes there in detail where every corps is put, and how the battle takes place."

"On the contrary, that does not interest me," I answered.

"Well, then what? You just want to see, I suppose, how people are killed? Now, in 1832 there was a certain gentleman here. I think he was a Spaniard. He took part in two expeditions with us, wearing some kind of a blue uniform; the lad was killed. You can't astonish anybody here, my friend."

However annoyed I was because the captain so badly interpreted my intention, I did not attempt to disillusion him.

"Was he a brave fellow?" I asked him.

"God knows! He insisted on riding in the van; wherever there was an engagement he was sure to be."

"Then he was brave," I said.

"No, it does not mean bravery to push yourself forward where you are not wanted —"

"What do you call bravery?"

"Bravery? bravery?" repeated the captain, with the mien of a man to whom such a question is put for the first time. "Brave is he who acts as is proper," he said, after a moment's thought.

I recalled that Plato defined bravery as the knowledge of what one ought to fear and what not, and, in spite of the generality and obscurity in the captain's definition, I considered that the fundamental thought of both was not so different as might appear, and that the definition of the captain was even more correct than that of the Greek philosopher, because if he could have expressed himself like Plato, he no doubt would have said that he is brave who is afraid only of what one ought to be afraid of, and not of that which one should not fear.

I wanted to explain my idea to the captain.

"Yes," he said, "it seems to me that in every danger there is a choice, and the choice made, for example, under the influence of the feeling of duty is bravery, and the choice made under the influence of a base feeling is cowardice; therefore, a man cannot be called brave who risks his life out of vanity, or curiosity or greed; on the other hand, a man cannot be called a coward who declines a danger under the influence of an honest feeling of domestic obligation or simply from conviction."

The captain looked at me with a strange expression all the time I was speaking.

"I do not know how to prove that to you," he said, filling his pipe, "but we have here a lieutenant who likes to philosophize. You talk with him. He writes poetry, too."

I had become acquainted with the captain in the Caucasus, but had known of him before in Russia. His

mother, Márya Ivánovna Khlópov, a small landed proprietress, was living two versts from my estate. I had been at her house before my departure for the Caucasus. The old woman was very happy to hear that I should see her Páshenka (so she called the gray-haired old captain), and, being a living epistle, should be able to tell him about her life and transmit a package to him. Having treated me to excellent pastry and goose-meat, Márya Ivánovna went into her sleeping-room and returned with a black, fairly large amulet, to which was attached a black silk ribbon.

"This is Our Mother, the Protectress of the Burning Bush," she said, making the sign of the cross and kissing the image of the Holy Virgin, and handed it over to me. "Do me the favour, my dear sir, and try to get it to him. You see, when he went to the Caucasus I had mass celebrated, and made a vow I would order this image of the Holy Virgin, if he should be hale and unharmed. The Protectress and the holy saints have preserved him these eighteen years: he has not been wounded once, and yet he has been in all kinds of battles! As Mikháylo, who has been with him, told me, it is enough to make one's hair stand on end, you know. All I know of him is from strangers: he, my dove, does not write a word to me about his expeditions, — he is afraid he would frighten me."

Only in the Caucasus I learned, but not from the captain, that he had been severely wounded four times, and naturally he had written nothing to his mother about the expeditions, no more than about the wounds.

"So let him wear this holy image," she continued. "I bless him with it. The All-holy Protectress will defend him! Particularly in battles let him always have it on. Just tell him, sir, that his mother orders him to do so."

I promised to transmit her exact message.

"I know you will like him, my Páshenka," the old

woman continued. "He is just a fine fellow! Will you believe it, not a year passes without his sending me some money, and he helps liberally my daughter, Annushka; and all that comes out of his salary! I truly praise the Lord all my life," she concluded, with tears in her eyes, "for having given me such a child."

"Does he write you often?" I asked.

"But rarely, my dear sir: about once a year, and then only when he sends the money, so he adds a word, and sometimes not. 'If,' says he, 'I do not write you, mother, you know I am well and alive; and if anything should happen, the Lord prevent it, they will let you know without me.'"

When I gave the captain his mother's present (that happened in my quarters), he asked for a piece of wrapping-paper, carefully wrapped it, and put it away. I told him a good deal about the details of his mother's life: the captain was silent. When I was through, he went into the corner, and was uncommonly long in filling his pipe.

"Yes, a fine old woman!" he said from there, in a somewhat dull voice, "I wonder whether God will let me see her once more."

In these simple words were expressed very much love and sorrow.

"Why do you serve here?" I said.

"I have to serve," he answered with conviction. "You know double pay means a great deal for a poor fellow like me."

The captain lived frugally; he did not play cards, rarely caroused, and smoked common tobacco, which he, no one knew why, called "Sambrotalik" tobacco. I had taken a liking to the captain ere this: he had one of those simple, quiet Russian countenances, into the eyes of which it is pleasant and easy to look straight; but after this chat I felt a genuine respect for him.

II.

At four o'clock in the morning, on the following day, the captain came after me. He was dressed in an old, worn-out coat without epaulets, Lezgian broad pantaloons, a white fur cap, with its hair turned yellow and uncurling, and an unsightly Asiatic sabre over his shoulder. The white pony on which he rode walked with drooping head, in a slow amble, and continually switching his scanty tail. Though the figure of the good captain was not very soldierly, and was even unattractive, there was expressed in it so much indifference to everything surrounding him, that it inspired involuntary respect.

I did not keep him waiting even a minute, immediately mounted my horse, and we rode out together beyond the gate of the fortress.

The battalion was some fifteen hundred feet ahead of us, and appeared a black, solid, waving mass. One could guess that it was infantry from the fact that the bayonets could be seen like a forest of long needles, and now and then we heard the sounds of a soldier song, of the drum, and of the superb tenor of the singer of Company Six, which I had greatly enjoyed in the fortress. The road lay through the middle of a deep and broad ravine, along the bank of a small river, which at that time was "playing," that is, overrunning its banks. Flocks of wild pigeons circled near it; they now alighted on the stony bank, now, turning around in the air, and making large circles, disappeared from sight. The sun was not yet to be seen, but the higher places on the right of the ravine

were beginning to be illuminated. The gray and whitish rocks, the yellowish green moss, the dew-drenched bushes of the holly, the medlar, and the buckthorn were defined with extraordinary clearness and relief in the transparent golden light of the east; but the other side, and the hollow, which was covered with a dense mist that wavered in smoky, uneven layers, were damp and gloomy, and represented an indefinable mixture of colours, pale violet, almost black, dark green, and white. Right in front of us, against the deep azure of the horizon, were seen with striking clearness the glaringly white, dull masses of the snow-capped mountains, with their fantastic, but minutely exquisite, shadows and contours. Crickets, grasshoppers, and thousands of other insects were awake in the tall grass, and filled the air with their sharp, uninterrupted sounds: it seemed as though an endless number of the tiniest bells were jingling in your ears. The air was redolent with the water, the grass, and the mist — in short, redolent with an early, beautiful summer morning. The captain struck fire, and lighted his pipe; the odour of the Sambrotalik tobacco and the tinder seemed unusually pleasant to me.

We rode at the side of the road, in order to catch up with the infantry as quickly as possible. The captain seemed more pensive than usual, did not let his Daghestan pipe for a moment out of his mouth, and at every step urged on with his heels his pony, which, waddling from side to side, made a barely perceptible, dark green track over the tall, damp grass. From under his very feet a pheasant flew up, with its peculiar call, and with that noise of the wing which makes a hunter tremble with involuntary excitement, and slowly rose in the air. The captain did not pay the least attention to it.

We caught up with the battalion, when behind us was heard the tramp of a galloping horse, and immediately a handsome, youthful man, in the coat of an officer and a

tall fur cap, passed by us. When he lined up with us, he smiled, nodded to the captain, and swung his whip — I had time only to observe that he sat in his saddle and held the bridle with extreme grace, and that he had beautiful black eyes, a delicate nose, and a barely sprouting moustache. I was particularly pleased with his smile when he saw us admiring him. From this smile alone I could judge that he was very young.

"Where does he gallop to?" mumbled the captain, with a dissatisfied countenance, without taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"Who is he?" I asked him.

"Ensign Alánin, a subaltern of my company, — he came last month only from the military school."

"I suppose he is going for the first time into action," I said.

"That's what makes him so awfully happy!" answered the captain, thoughtfully shaking his head. "Oh, youth!"

"But why should he not be happy? I know that for a young officer that must be very interesting."

The captain was silent for two or three minutes.

"That's why I say, Oh, youth!" he continued in a bass voice. "It is easy enough to be happy before having seen anything! You don't feel quite so happy after a few expeditions. There are now some twenty officers in this expedition; somebody or other is going to be killed, or wounded, so much is certain. To-day I, to-morrow he, day after to-morrow somebody else, — then why not be happy?"

III.

THE bright sun had scarcely issued from behind a mountain, and begun to light up the valley over which we were marching, when the billowing clouds of mist were dispersed, and it grew warm. The soldiers, with their guns and sacks upon their shoulders, were marching slowly on the dusty road; in the ranks could be heard from time to time Little-Russian conversation, and laughter. A few old soldiers, in linen blouses, — mostly sergeants, — walked, smoking, at one side of the road, and carried on a sober conversation. Three-horse carts, laden to the top, moved in slow step, and raised a dense, immovable cloud of dust. The officers rode on horseback in front: some, as they say in the Caucasus, *dzhigitted*, that is, striking their horses with their whips, made them take four or five leaps, after which they checked them abruptly, and made them turn their heads back; others were interested in the singers, who, in spite of the oppressive heat, gave one song after another, without interruption.

About two hundred yards in front of the infantry, rode on a large white horse a tall and handsome officer in an Asiatic dress, surrounded by Tartars on horseback; he was known in the regiment as a desperately brave fellow and as one who would blurt out the truth to a man's face, whoever he might be. He was dressed in a black Tartar half-coat with galloons, similar leggings, new, tightly fitting shoes with trimmings, a yellow mantle, and a tall fur cap poised on the back of his head. On his breast and back were silver galloons, to which were attached the cartridge-

pouch in front, and a pistol behind; another pistol and a poniard set in silver hung down from his belt. Above all this he was girded with a sabre in a red morocco leather sheath, and over his shoulder was slung a musket in a black case.

From his dress, poise, carriage, and, in general, from all his movements, it was evident that he tried to look like a Tartar. He even spoke in a language that I did not know to the Tartars who were riding with him; but from the perplexed and derisive glances which they cast at each other, I concluded that they did not understand him either. He was one of our young officers, dzhigit-braves, who form their ideas from Marlínski and Lérmontov. These people look upon the Caucasus only through the prism of the "Heroes of Our Time," of Múlla-Nur, and so forth, and in all their actions are guided not by their own inclinations, but by the example of these heroes.

The lieutenant may have been fond of the society of refined women and distinguished men, — generals, colonels, adjutants, — I am even convinced that he was very fond of this society, because he was exceeding vain, but he considered it his absolute duty to turn out his rough side to all distinguished people, though he was but moderately impertinent to them; and when a lady appeared in the fortress, he regarded it as his duty to pass under her window with his chums, dressed in nothing but a red shirt and his shoes on his bare feet, and to cry and curse at the top of his voice, not so much in order to insult her as to show her what beautiful white feet he had, and how it would be possible to fall in love with him if he wanted it.

Or, he would frequently go in the night with two or three peaceable Tartars into the mountains, in order to lie in ambush for and kill hostile Tartars, although his heart told him more than once that there was no bravery in that; he regarded it as his duty to make people suffer

in whom he pretended to be disappointed, or whom he thought he had to scorn or hate. He never took off two things from his body: a large image which hung from his neck, and a poniard above his shirt, with which he even lay down to sleep. He was sincerely convinced that he had enemies. It was his greatest delight to persuade himself that he had to wreak vengeance on somebody and wash out an insult with blood. He was convinced that hatred, vengeance, and contempt for the human race were the most elevated, most poetical of sentiments. But his mistress, a Circassian woman, of course, whom I had occasion to meet, told me that he was a very kind and mild man, and that every evening he wrote his gloomy memoirs, cast his accounts on lined paper, and, kneeling, prayed to God.

How much he had suffered in order to appear to himself what he had set out to be, because his companions and the soldiers could not understand him as he wished! Once, during his nightly expeditions on the road with his chums, he happened to wound a hostile Chechén with a bullet in the leg, and to take him prisoner. This Chechén afterward lived for seven weeks with the lieutenant, and the lieutenant took care of him and attended to him, as if he were his nearest friend, and when he was cured, the lieutenant sent him away with gifts. Afterward, the lieutenant happened during an expedition to have wandered away from the cordon; while he was returning the fire of the enemy, he heard some one call him by name, and his wounded Tartar friend rode out and invited the lieutenant with signs to do the same. The lieutenant rode up to his friend, and shook hands with him. The mountaineers stood aloof, and did not shoot; but the moment the lieutenant wheeled his horse around, a few men shot at him, and one bullet grazed him below the spine. Upon another occasion I saw, at night, a conflagration in the fortress, and two companies of soldiers were trying to put it out. In the crowd,

which was illuminated by the blood-red glare of the fire, suddenly appeared a tall figure on a jet-black horse. The figure pushed the crowd aside, and rode up to the very fire. When the lieutenant came close to it, he leaped from his horse and rushed into the house that was burning in one corner. Five minutes later the lieutenant came out from it with singed hair and a burn on his elbow, carrying in his bosom two young doves which he had saved from the fire.

His name was Rosenkranz; he frequently spoke of his genealogy, in some way or other deducing it from the Varengians, and proved conclusively that he and his ancestors had been pure Russians.

IV.

THE sun had passed half of its journey, and cast its hot rays across the heated air upon the parched earth. The dark blue sky was entirely clear; only the bases of the snow-capped mountains were beginning to be clothed in pale violet clouds. The motionless air seemed to be filled with a transparent dust; it grew intolerably hot. Having reached a small stream, which crossed the road, the army halted. The soldiers stacked their arms, and plunged into the brook; the commander of the battalion sat down in the shade on a drum, and, expressing in his full face the degree of his rank, was getting ready to lunch with several of the officers; the captain lay down in the grass under the company's cart; brave Lieutenant Rosenkranz and a few younger officers spread out their felt mantles, and, seating themselves upon them, began to carouse, as could be seen from the display of flagons and bottles all about them, and from the extraordinary animation of the singers who stood before them in a semicircle, and in a piping voice imitated a Lezgian girl singing a Caucasian dancing-song:

"Shamil started a rebellion
In the years gone by —
Tray-ray, ra-ta-tay —
In the years gone by."

Among the number of these officers was also the youthful ensign who had caught up with us in the morning. He was very funny: his eyes were sparkling, his tongue

was a little heavy; he wanted to kiss everybody, and make love to them. Poor boy! He did not know that he might appear ridiculous by such actions; that his frankness and tenderness, with which he annoyed the others, would lead the others, not to love him, which he was striving for, but to ridicule him; nor did he know that when he, heated up, at last threw himself down on the mantle and, leaning on his arm, threw back his thick black hair, he was uncommonly handsome.

Two officers were seated under a cart and played "Old Maid" on a hamper.

I listened with curiosity to the conversations of the soldiers and officers, and attentively watched the expression of their faces, but not in one of them was I able to observe even a shadow of that restlessness which I myself was experiencing: the jokes, the laughter, and the stories expressed a general carelessness and indifference to the impending danger, as though it would be preposterous to suppose that some of them would never return along this road!

V.

After six o'clock in the evening we entered, dusty and tired, through the broad, fortified gate of Fort N——. The sun was setting and cast its slanting, rose-coloured rays on the picturesque little batteries and on the gardens with their tall poplars, which surrounded the fort, on the ripening fields, and on the white clouds which, crowding together near the snow-capped mountains, as if to imitate them, formed a not less fantastic and beautiful chain. A young half-moon was visible in the horizon, resembling a transparent cloud. In the village which nestled near the gate, a Tartar on the roof of a hut was calling the faithful to prayer. The singers burst forth with new abandonment and energy.

After resting and making my toilet I went to an adjutant who was an acquaintance of mine, and asked him to report my intentions to the general. On my way from the suburb where I lodged, I noticed something in the fortress which I had least expected. A fine-looking, two-seated carriage, in which I saw a fashionable bonnet and heard a French conversation, passed by me. From the open window of the commandant's house were borne the sounds of a "Lízanka" or "Kátenka" polka, played on a wretched piano, out of tune. A few scribes were sitting, with cigarettes in their hands, over glasses of wine, in the inn by which I had just passed, and I heard one telling the other: "Now, permit me, when it comes to politics, Márya Grigórevna is a first-class lady." A Jew with

stooping shoulders and sickly countenance, dressed in a threadbare coat, dragged along a squeaking, broken hand-organ, and over the whole suburb were borne the sounds of the finale from "Lucia." Two women, in rustling garments, wrapped in silk kerchiefs, and with brightly coloured parasols in their hands, sailed by me on the board sidewalk. Two maidens, one in a pink, the other in a blue dress, with bare heads, stood near the mound of a small house, and burst out in a forced, subdued laugh, with the evident purpose of attracting the attention of the officers who passed by. The officers, in new coats, white gloves, and shining epaulets, paraded in the streets and in the boulevard.

I found my acquaintance in the lower story of the general's house. I had just explained my wish to him, and he had told me that it was very likely it would be fulfilled, — when the fine carriage, which I had noticed at the entrance, rumbled by the window where we were sitting. A tall, stately gentleman in the uniform of the infantry, with the epaulets of a major, came out of the carriage, and went up to the general.

"Oh, pardon me, if you please," said the adjutant to me, rising from his seat, "I must announce him to the general."

"Who is it that has arrived?" I asked him.

"The countess," he answered, and buttoning up his uniform, rushed up-stairs.

A few minutes later, a rather small, but very handsome man, with a white cross in his buttonhole, came out of the entrance. He was followed by the major, the adjutant, and two other officers. In the gait, the voice, and all the movements of the general could be seen a man who was well aware of his high importance.

"*Bonsoir, Madame la Comtesse,*" he said, putting his hand through the carriage window.

A little hand in a dogskin glove pressed his hand, and

a pretty, smiling face in a yellow bonnet appeared in the window.

Of the whole conversation, which lasted several minutes, I heard only, as I passed, the general say, smiling:

"*Vous savez, que j'ai fait vœu de combattre les infidèles, prenez donc garde de le devenir.*"

Laughter was heard in the carriage.

"*Adieu donc, cher général!*"

"*Non, à revoir,*" said the general, walking up the steps, "*n'oubliez pas, que je m'invite pour la soirée de demain.*"

The carriage rattled away.

"Here is a man," I thought, returning home, "who has everything a Russian strives for: rank, wealth, distinction, — and this man, before the battle, of which only God knows the outcome, is jesting with a pretty woman, and promising her to take tea with her on the morrow, as though he had just met her at a ball!"

At this adjutant's I met a man who surprised me even more: it was a young lieutenant of K—— Regiment, who was distinguished for his almost feminine gentleness and timidity, and who had come to the adjutant to pour out his anger and annoyance upon the people who, he thought, had intrigued against him so as to keep him from an appointment in the impending action. He said it was contemptible to act thus, that it was not at all friendly to act so, that he would remember him, and so forth. However much I watched the expression of his face, however much I listened to the sound of his voice, I could not help convincing myself that he was not dissembling in the least, but was really provoked and aggrieved because he was not allowed to go to shoot Circassians and expose himself to their fire; he was as aggrieved as is a child who is unjustly whipped. I was absolutely unable to understand the thing.

VI.

THE army was to move at ten o'clock in the evening. At half-past eight I mounted my horse, and rode to the general's house; but surmising that he and his adjutant were busy, I stopped in the street, tied my horse to a fence, and sat down on a mound, expecting to overtake the general as soon as he should ride out.

The glare and heat of the sun had given way to the coolness of the night and to the dim light of the young moon, which was beginning to set, forming about itself a pale, semicircular halo against the deep azure of the starry heavens; lights appeared in the windows of houses and in the chinks of the shutters in the earth-huts. The stately poplars of the gardens, which were visible against the horizon beyond the whitewashed, moonlit earth-huts with their reed-thatched roofs, seemed taller and blacker.

The long shadows of the houses, the trees, and the fences fell picturesquely on the illuminated, dusty road. The frogs dinned[1] incessantly in the river; in the streets were heard, now hasty steps and conversation, now the galloping of a horse; from the suburb now and then the sound of a hand-organ reached me; now it was "The winds are blowing," now some "Aurora-Walzer."

I will not tell what I was pondering over; in the first place, I should be ashamed to confess the gloomy thoughts that oppressed my soul with obtrusive alternation, while all about me I saw nothing but mirth and joy; and, in

[1] The sound of the frogs in the Caucasus has nothing in common with the croaking of Russian frogs. — *Author's Note.*

the second place, because that does not fit into my story. I was so merged in meditation that I did not even notice the bell striking eleven, and the general passing by me with all his suite.

The rear-guard was still in the gate of the fortress. I made my way with difficulty over the bridge, that was crowded with cannon, caissons, company wagons, and officers noisily giving their orders. After leaving the gate, I galloped beyond the army that silently moved in the darkness, nearly a verst in extent, and overtook the general. As I passed by the artillery, with their ordnance in single file, and the officers riding between the ordnance, my ear was struck, amidst a silent and solemn harmony, by the offensive dissonance of a German voice, calling, "Satan, hand me the linstock!" and the voice of a soldier, hurriedly crying, "Shevchénko, the lieutenant is asking for some fire!"

The greater part of the sky was covered with long, dark gray thunder-clouds; only here and there stars shone dimly between them. The moon was hidden behind the near horizon of the black mountains, which were to be seen on the right, and cast a weak, quivering half-light against their summits, which sharply contrasted with the impenetrable darkness that covered their bases. The air was warm and so calm that not a blade of grass, not a cloud seemed to be in motion. It was so dark that it was impossible to tell objects at very close range; along the road I imagined now rocks, now animals, now some strange people, and I discovered them to be bushes when I heard their rustling, or felt the freshness of the dew with which they were covered. Before me I saw a dense, undulating, black wall, behind which followed a few moving spots; those were the vanguard of the cavalry, and the general with his suite. About us moved just such a gloomy mass, but it was lower than the first; it was the infantry.

In the whole detachment reigned such quiet that all the harmonious sounds of the night, full of mysterious charm, were clearly audible; the distant, moaning howl of the jackals, resembling now a wail of despair, now a burst of laughter; the sonorous, monotonous songs of the crickets, the frogs, and the quails; a roar which was ever coming nearer, and the cause of which I was unable to explain to myself; and all those nocturnal, barely audible movements of Nature, which it is impossible to comprehend, or to define, ran together into one full, beautiful sound which we call the stillness of the night. This stillness was broken, or, more correctly, coincided with the dull tramp of the hoofs, and the rustling of the tall grass, which were produced by the slowly moving detachment.

Now and then was heard the clang of a heavy ordnance, the sound of clashing bayonets, stifled conversation, and the snorting of a horse.

Nature breathed pacifyingly in beauty and strength.

Is this beautiful world, with its immeasurable starry heaven, too small for people to live together in peace? Can the feeling of malice, vengeance, or the passion for annihilating his kind survive in the soul of man, amidst this entrancing Nature? Everything evil in the heart of man, it seems, ought to vanish in his contact with Nature, — that immediate expression of beauty and goodness.

VII.

We had been riding more than two hours. I was getting chilled and drowsy. In the darkness I dimly discerned the same indistinct objects: at a certain distance a black wall, and just such moving spots; right close to me the crupper of a white horse which switched its tail and widely spread its hind legs a back in a white mantle, on which could be seen a rifle in a black cover, and the white handle of a pistol in a hand-made case; the fire of a cigarette, lighting up a red moustache; a beaver collar, and a hand in a chamois-leather glove. I bent down to the neck of the horse, closed my eyes, and forgot myself for a few minutes; then, I was suddenly struck by the familiar tramping and rustling: I looked round,— and it seemed to me that I stood in one spot, and that the black wall which was in front was moving up to me, or that the wall had stopped, and I was just about to ride into it. In one such moment I was still more struck by an approaching uninterrupted din, the cause of which I could not make out: it was the roar of water. We were entering a deep ravine, and approaching a mountain torrent which was then at its highest. The roar grew louder; the damp grass became thicker and taller; bushes were more frequent; and the horizon grew by degrees narrower. Now and then bright fires flashed in various places in the gloomy background of the mountains, and immediately disappeared again.

"Please tell me what kind of fires these are!" I said in a whisper to a Tartar who was riding at my side.

"Don't you know?" he answered.

"No."

"It is mountain-grass tied to a post and put on fire."

"What is that for?"

"That everybody should know that the Russians have come. Now," he added, laughing, "there will be a terrible hubbub in the villages, everybody will be taking all his possessions to some deep valley."

"Do they already know in the mountains that the army is coming?" I asked him.

"Oh, how can they help knowing? They always know: that is the way with our people!"

"So Shamil is now getting ready for the expedition?" I asked.

"No," he answered, shaking his head, in denial. "Shamil will not be in the expedition: he will send a superior officer, and himself will be up there, looking through a glass."

"Does he live far from here?"

"No. On the left, about ten versts from here."

"How do you know?" I asked. "Have you been there?"

"Yes. We have all been in the mountains."

"And have you seen Shamil?"

"No, we cannot see Shamil. One hundred, three hundred, a thousand guards are all about him. Shamil is in the middle!" he said, with an expression of servile admiration.

Looking up, one could see that it was dawning in the east in the clear heaven, and the Pleiades were low on the horizon; but in the ravine, through which we passed, it was damp and gloomy.

Suddenly, a little ahead of us, several fires were lighted in the darkness; at the same moment bullets whizzed by with a whining sound, and amidst the surrounding silence resounded reports of guns, and a loud, penetrating cry.

Those were the advance pickets of the enemy. The Tartars who composed them shouted, discharged their guns at random, and ran away.

Everything was silent again. The general called up the interpreter. A Tartar in a white mantle rode up and spoke to him for quite awhile, in a whisper, and gesticulating.

"Colonel Khasánov! Order the cordon to be scattered," said the general, in a quiet, drawling, but distinct voice.

The detachment walked up to the river, the black mountains of the cleft were behind us; day began to dawn. The vault of heaven, on which pale, indistinct stars were barely visible, seemed higher; the morning star began to shine brightly in the east; a fresh, chill breeze blew from the west, and a light, steam-like mist rose over the roaring river.

VIII.

THE guide pointed out a ford, and the van of the cavalry, and immediately afterward the general, with his suite, began to cross over. The water was up to the horses' breasts and rushed down with extraordinary force between white boulders, which in places could be seen at the surface of the water, and formed foaming, hissing streams about the legs of the horses. The horses were surprised at the roar of the water, raised their heads, and pricked their ears, but walked evenly and cautiously against the current over the broken bottom. The riders raised their feet and weapons. The foot-soldiers, literally in their shirts, raising above the water their guns, over which were slung bundles containing their wearing apparel, and holding each other's hands, twenty at a time, with evident effort, as was seen in their strained faces, tried to stem the current. The artillery riders drove their horses in a trot into the water, with a shout. The cannon and the green caissons, across which the water washed now and then, rang out against the stony bottom; but the good Cossack horses tugged together at their traces, made the water foam, and with wet tails and manes climbed the opposite bank.

The moment the crossing was accomplished, the general suddenly looked pensive and serious, wheeled his horse about, and started in a trot with the infantry over the broad, wood-girt clearing which opened up before us. A cordon of Cossack horsemen was scattered along the edge of the forest.

In the woods was seen a footman in mantle and fur cap; then a second, a third. Some one of the officers called out, "These are Tartars!" Then a puff of smoke appeared from behind a tree — a shot, another. Our frequent fusilade drowned that of the enemy. Only now and then a bullet flying by with a slow sound, resembling that made by a bee in its flight, proved that not all the shots were ours. Now the infantry with hurried step and the ordnance at a trot passed into the cordon; there were heard the booming discharges of the cannon, the metallic sound of case-shot, the hissing of rockets, the cracking of guns. The cavalry, infantry, and artillery were seen on all sides in the extensive clearing. The smoke of the cannon, rockets, and muskets intermingled with the dew-covered verdure and the mist. Colonel Khasánov galloped up to the general, and abruptly checked his horse at full speed.

"Your Excellency!" he exclaimed, raising his hand to his cap, "order the cavalry to advance! The pennons[1] have appeared," and he pointed with his whip to the Tartar horsemen, in front of whom rode two men on white horses, with red and blue rags on sticks.

"Very well, Iván Mikháylovich!" said the general.

The colonel turned his horse on the spot, unsheathed his sabre, and shouted, "Hurrah!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" it rang out in the ranks, and the cavalry flew after them.

Everybody watched with curiosity; there was a pennon, another, a third, a fourth —

The enemy did not wait for the attack, but concealed himself in the forest, and opened a musketry fire from there. The bullets flew more frequently.

"*Quel charmant coup d'œil!*" said the general, lightly

[1] The pennons have, among the mountaineers, almost the same value as flags, except that every brave may make and display his own pennon. — *Author's Note.*

rising, in English fashion, on his black, slender-legged horse.

"*Charmant!*" answered the major, pronouncing his *r* gutturally, and, striking his horse with his whip, rode up to the general. "*C'est un vrai plaisir, que la guerre dans un aussi beau pays,*" he said.

"*Et surtout en bonne compagnie,*" added the general, with a pleasant smile.

The major bowed.

Just then a cannon-ball from the enemy flew by with a rapid, disagreeable hiss, and struck against something. Behind me was heard the groan of a wounded man. This groan impressed me so strangely that the warlike picture lost all its charm for me in a flash. No one but me seemed to have noticed it. The major laughed, with greater enthusiasm, it seemed; another officer calmly repeated the unfinished words of his sentence; the general looked in the opposite direction, and with the calmest smile said something in French.

"Do you order the return of their fire?" asked the commander of the artillery, galloping up.

"Yes, scare them a little," carelessly said the general, lighting his cigar.

The battery took its position, and the cannonade began. The earth groaned from the discharges of the guns; fires kept on flashing, and the smoke, through which one could hardly distinguish the attendants moving near their guns, dimmed the eyes.

The village was taken. Colonel Khasánov again rode up to the general, and, having received his orders, galloped away into the village. The war-cry was raised once more, and the cavalry disappeared in the cloud of dust which it raised.

The spectacle was truly majestic. There was, however, one thing which entirely spoiled the impression for me, as a man who did not take any part in the action, and who

was unused to it: to me this motion, and animation, and the shouts seemed superfluous. Involuntarily the comparison occurred to me of a man who strikes the air with an axe from the shoulder.

IX.

THE village was occupied by our army, and not a single soul of the enemy was left in it, when the general rode up to it with his suite, with which I had mingled.

The long, neat huts, with their flat earth roofs and beautiful chimneys, were situated on uneven, rocky mounds, between which flowed a small brook. On one side were seen green gardens illuminated by the bright sunlight, with enormous pear-trees and plum-trees; on the other towered strange shadows, — tall, perpendicular stones of the cemetery, and long, wooden poles, with balls and many-coloured flags attached to their ends. These were the graves of the dzhigits.

The army stood drawn up beyond the gate.

A minute later the dragoons, the Cossacks, and the infantry with evident joy scattered over the crooked lanes, and the empty village suddenly became enlivened. In one place a thatch was battered down, an axe struck against the solid wood, and a board door was broken through; in another, a hayrick, a fence, a hut, were set on fire, and the dense smoke rose like a column in the clear atmosphere. Here a Cossack dragged along a bag of flour and a carpet; a soldier with a beaming face brought out of a hut a tin basin and some rag; another, stretching out his hands, was trying to catch a couple of hens that with loud cackling were fluttering against the fence; a third found somewhere a huge earthern pot with milk which he smashed on the ground with a loud laugh, after he had drunk his fill from it.

The battalion with which I had come from Fort N—— was also in the village. The captain was sitting on the roof of a hut, and puffing streams of Sambrotalik tobacco from his short pipe, with such an indifferent expression on his face that, when I saw him, I forgot that we were in a hostile village, and I imagined I was quite at home in it.

"Oh, you are here, too?" he said, noticing me.

The tall figure of Lieutenant Rosenkranz flashed, now here, now there, in the village; he was continually giving orders, and had the appearance of a man extremely worried about something. I saw him come out of a hut with a triumphant countenance; he was followed by two soldiers who were leading an old Tartar in fetters. The old man, whose whole attire consisted of a motley half-coat all in rags, and patched-up drawers, was so feeble that his bony hands, which were tightly fastened on his stooping back, barely seemed to be attached to his shoulders, and his crooked, bare feet moved with difficulty. His face and even a part of his shaven head were furrowed by deep wrinkles; his distorted, toothless mouth, surrounded by a closely cropped gray moustache and beard, moved incessantly as though chewing something; but in his red eyes, which were bereft of their lashes, still sparkled fire, and was clearly expressed an old man's indifference to life.

Rosenkranz asked him through an interpreter why he had not gone with the rest.

"Where should I go?" he said, calmly looking about him.

"Where the others have gone," remarked somebody.

"The dzhigits have gone to fight the Russians, but I am an old man."

"Are you not afraid of the Russians?"

"What will the Russians do to me? I am an old man," he said again, carelessly surveying the circle which had formed itself around him.

On my way back, I saw the same old man, without a

cap, with his hands tied, shaking behind the saddle of a Cossack of the line, and looking about him with the same apathetic expression. He was needed for the exchange of prisoners.

I climbed on the roof, and took a seat near the captain.

"It seems there were but few of the enemy," I said to him, wishing to learn his opinion of the past action.

"Enemy?" he repeated, with amazement. "Why, there were none. Do you call these the enemy? You wait for the evening when we retreat; you will see then what company we shall have! There will be enough of them!" he added, pointing with his pipe to the young forest which we had crossed in the morning.

"What is this?" I asked, anxiously, interrupting the captain, and pointing at a number of Don Cossacks collected a short distance from us.

We heard in their midst something resembling the cry of a baby, and the words:

"Oh, don't cut — stop — they will see us. Have you a knife, Evstignéich? Give me your knife."

"They are dividing up something, the scamps," calmly remarked the captain.

Just then the handsome ensign suddenly came running from around the corner, with a flushed and frightened face, and, waving his hands, flew at the Cossacks.

"Don't touch it, don't strike it!" he cried, in a child-like voice.

When the Cossacks saw the officer, they stepped aside and let a white little goat escape out of their hands. The young ensign was very much embarrassed, mumbled something, and stopped in front of us with a confused countenance. Noticing the captain and me on the roof, he blushed still more and ran trippingly up to us.

"I thought they were about to kill a baby," he said, smiling timidly.

X.

THE general had gone ahead with the cavalry. The battalion with which I had come from Fort N—— remained in the rear-guard. The companies of Captain Khlópov and Lieutenant Rosenkranz were retreating together.

The captain's prediction was completely verified: the moment we entered the narrow young forest which he had mentioned, mountaineers on horse and on foot continually flashed by us on both sides, and at so close a range that I clearly saw some of them, bending down, and, with musket in hand, running from one tree to another.

The captain took off his cap, and piously made the sign of the cross; some of the older soldiers did likewise. In the forest were heard the war-cry and the words: "Iay, Giaour! Iay Urus!" Dry, short musket reports followed one after another, and bullets whizzed on both sides. Ours answered silently with a running fire; in our ranks, occasionally, were heard remarks like these: "Where does he[1] shoot from? It is easy for him behind the trees! We ought to bring out the cannon," and so forth.

The ordnance was drawn out, and, after a few discharges of case-shot, the enemy seemed to weaken, but a moment later the fire, the shouts, and the war-cry increased with every step which our army was taking.

We had retreated less than six hundred yards from the village, when the cannon-balls of the enemy began to

[1] "He" is a collective name by which the soldiers in the Caucasus understand the enemy in general. — *Author's Note.*

whistle above us. I saw a soldier killed by a ball — but why tell the details of this terrible picture, when I myself would give much to forget it!

Lieutenant Rosenkranz himself fired off his musket, without stopping a minute to rest, in a hoarse voice gave orders to the soldiers, and at full speed galloped from one end of the cordon to the other. He was somewhat pale, and that was quite becoming to his martial countenance.

The handsome ensign was in ecstasy; his beautiful black eyes sparkled with daring; his mouth smiled lightly; he continually rode up to the captain and asked his permission to charge the enemy.

"We will drive them back," he said, persuasively, "really, we will."

"Not now," replied the captain, gently, "we must retreat!"

The captain's company occupied the edge of the forest and returned the fire of the enemy while lying down. The captain, in his threadbare coat and dishevelled cap, slackened the reins of his white pony, and, bending his feet in his short stirrups, stood silently in one spot. (The soldiers knew their business so well that there was no need of giving them orders.) Only now and then he raised his voice and called out to those who lifted their heads. The captain's figure was not very martial, but there was so much truthfulness and simplicity in his countenance that I was exceedingly impressed by it. "Here is a truly brave man," I said, involuntarily, to myself.

He was just as I always saw him: the same calm movements, the same even voice, the same expression of guilelessness on his homely but simple face; by his more than usually bright glance one could tell the attention of a man quietly occupied with his business. It is easy to say "just as always;" but how many different shades have I noticed in others! One wants to appear calmer, another

sterner, another gayer, than usual; but one could see by the captain's face that he did not even understand why one should dissemble.

The Frenchman who said at Waterloo, "*La garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas,*" and other heroes, especially French heroes, who have made noteworthy utterances, were brave, and really *have* made noteworthy utterances; but between their bravery and that of the captain is this difference, that if, upon any occasion, a great word had actually stirred in the soul of my hero, I am convinced he would never have uttered it; first, because, having uttered this great word, he would have been afraid that it would spoil his great deed; and secondly, because when a man feels in himself the power to do a great deed, no saying of any kind is needed. This, in my opinion, is a peculiar and sublime feature of Russian bravery. How, then, can a Russian help being pained when he hears our young soldiers use trite French phrases, with their pretence of imitating an antiquated French chivalry?

Suddenly a scattered and subdued hurrah was heard in the direction where the handsome ensign stood with a detachment. Upon looking round, I saw some thirty soldiers, with muskets in their hands and sacks on their shoulders, with difficulty run over a newly ploughed field. They stumbled, but moved ahead and shouted. In front of them, with drawn sabre, galloped the young ensign.

They were all lost in the forest —

After a few minutes of shouting and crackling of muskets, the frightened horse ran out of the forest, and in the clearing appeared some soldiers carrying the dead and the wounded; among the latter was also the young ensign. Two soldiers supported him under his arms. He was pale as a sheet, and his handsome head, on which was visible only a shadow of that martial transport that had animated him but a minute ago, seemed peculiarly sunken between his shoulders, and fell down on his breast. On the white

shirt, beneath his unbuttoned coat, could be seen a small blood-stain.

"Oh, what a pity!" I said, involuntarily turning away from that sad spectacle.

"Of course, a pity," said an old soldier who, with gloomy face, stood near me, leaning on his gun. "He is afraid of nothing. How can one do so?" he added looking fixedly at the wounded man. "He is still foolish, so he is paying the penalty."

"And are you afraid?" I asked.

"Well, no!"

XI.

Four soldiers were carrying the ensign on a litter Behind it a soldier from the suburb led a lean, foundered horse laden with two green boxes that contained the surgeon's instruments. They were waiting for the physician. The officers rode up to the litter and tried to encourage the wounded man.

"Well, brother Alánin, it will be some time before you dance again with the castagnettes," said Lieutenant Rosenkranz, who rode up, smiling.

He evidently thought that these words would sustain the courage of the handsome ensign; but, so far as one could judge by the cold and sad expression of the latter's countenance, they did not produce the desired effect.

The captain rode up, too. He looked steadily at the wounded lad, and on his ever indifferent and cold face was expressed genuine pity.

"Well, my dear Anatóli Iványch," he said, in a voice full of tender sympathy, such as I had not expected from him, "it was evidently God's will."

The wounded lad looked up; his pale face was lighted by a sad smile.

"Yes, I did not obey you."

"Say rather, it was God's will," repeated the captain.

The physician, who had in the meantime arrived, took from the assistant some bandages, a probe, and another implement, and, rolling up his sleeves, walked up to the wounded man with an encouraging smile.

"Well, I see they have made a little hole in your

healthy body," he said, in a jesting and careless tone; "show it to me!"

The ensign obeyed, but in the expression with which he glanced at the mirthful doctor were surprise and reproach, which the latter did not see. He began to probe the wound, and to examine it from all sides; but the wounded man lost his patience and with a heavy groan pushed away his hand.

"Leave me alone," he said, in a barely audible voice, "I shall die anyway."

With these words he fell on his back, and five minutes later, when I went up to the group that had formed itself near him, and asked a soldier, "How is the ensign?" he answered, "He is going!"

XII.

It was late when the detachment, drawn out in a broad column, approached the fortress with songs. The sun had disappeared behind the snow-covered mountain range, and was casting its last, rosy rays on a long, thin cloud which was hovering in the clear, transparent horizon. The snow-capped mountains were beginning to disappear in a lilac mist; only their upper contour was delineated with extraordinary clearness against the blood-red light of the sunset. The transparent moon, which had long been up, was growing white against the dark azure sky. The verdure of the grass and the trees looked black, and was covered with dew. The dark masses of the troops moved, with an even noise, across a luxuriant field; tambourines, drums, and merry songs were heard from all sides. The singer of Company Six sang out with all his might, and the sounds of the pure chest-notes of his tenor, full of sentiment and power, were borne afar through the transparent evening air.

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